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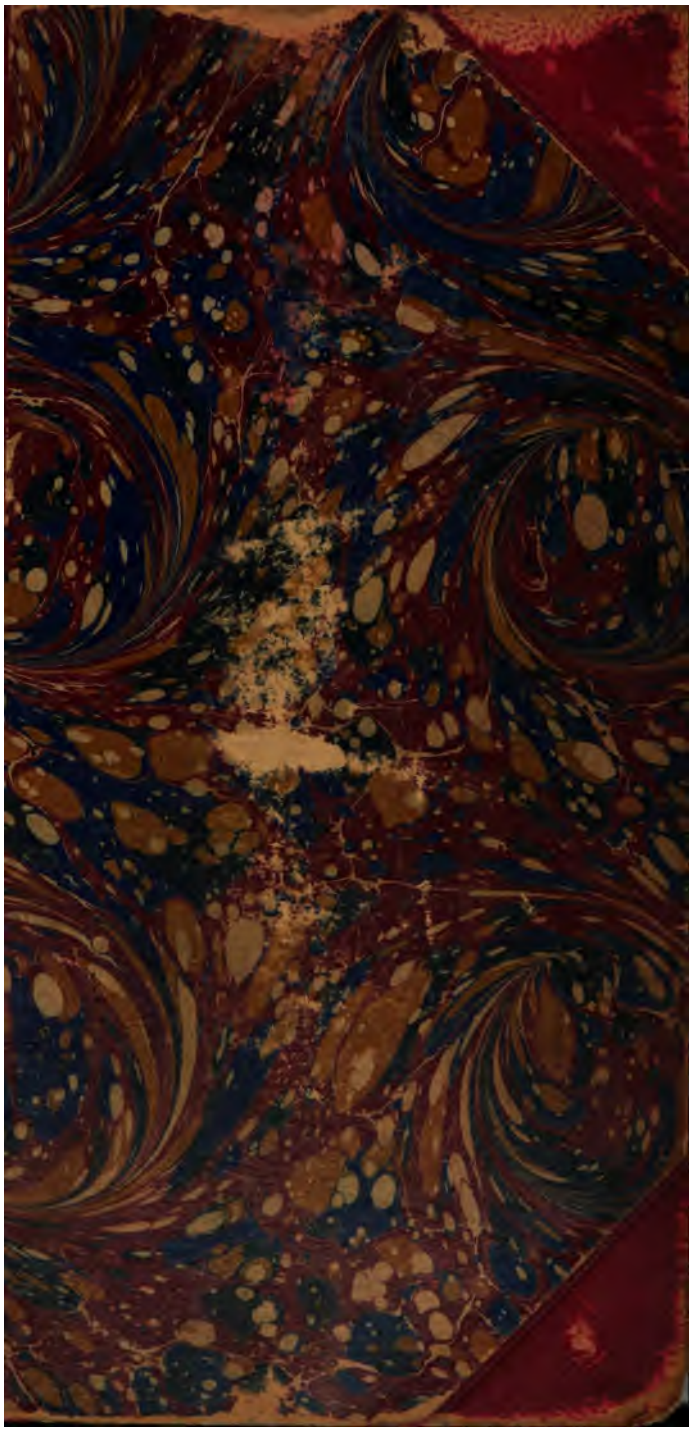

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DR. EUGEN KÖLBING.
A. O. PROFESSOR DER ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE AN DER UNIVERSITÄT BRESLAU

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OSBERN BOKENAM'S LEGENDEN HERAUSGEGEBEN VON C. HORSTMANN

HEILBRONN
VERLAG VON GEBR. HENNINGER
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EINLEITUNG.

Den namen des dichters dieser legenden, Osbern Bokenam, hat uns die schlussnote am ende des manuscripts aufbewahrt; er selbst will seinen namen nicht nennen, damit die unbedeutendheit desselben seinem werke nicht zum schaden gereiche (s. Prol. 33 ff.) und um bösem willen keinen anlass zum spott zu geben (s. ib. 196). Trotz dieser zurückhaltung erzählt er selbst an verschiedenen stellen seiner legenden so viel über sein leben, dass wir aus seinen angaben ein gutes stück seiner biographie construiren können — eine andere kunde über sein leben besitzen wir nicht.

Nach seiner eigenen angabe wurde er am tage der heiligen Fides, also am 6. october geboren (s. 5, 462), volle 50 jahre vor seiner dichtung der Margareta (s. 1, 8), die er am 7 september 1443 begann (s. Prol. 187—191), also wahrscheinlich im j. 1393. Ueber seinen geburtsort erfahren wir aus dem Prolog (135—170), dass er bei einer alten priorie „of blake chanons" liege, in welcher der eine fuss der h. Margareta mit fleisch und bein aufbewahrt werde, jedoch ohne die grosse zehe und die ferse, die in einem nonnenkloster von Reding[1] verehrt würden; jener fuss wirke viele wunder, besonders wenn man in zeit der noth ringe oder broschen, womit man ihn bei einem früheren besuche berührt, zurück zu bringen und der heiligen zu widmen verspreche — so sei er selbst vor 5 jahren in der nähe von Venedig durch einen solchen ring, mit dem er „at his parting" die reliquie berührt, aus einem sumpfe, worin ihn ein bösewicht (a cruel tyraunt) aus einer barke getrieben, gerettet worden. Den namen dieser priorie verschweigt er — durch die nennung der wunderkräftigen reliquie glaubte er sie seinen zeitgenossen deutlich genug bezeichnet zu haben. Leider fehlt es uns an nachrichten über diese reliquie,[2] so dass es schwer wird, den geburtsort des dichters mit sicherheit nachzuweisen. Vermuthlich[3] ist sein geburtsort Bokeham (jetzt Bookham) in Surrey, ein 8 engl. meilen von dem im anfang des 13. jhdts. gegründeten Augustinerkloster von Reygate gelegenes dorf; — diese vermuthung gründet sich auf seinen namen, den er in diesem falle von seinem geburtsort erhalten haben würde (wie Lydgate). Seine heimath in Suffolk anzunehmen, ist jedenfalls kein zwingender grund vorhanden. — Ueber seinen stand erfahren wir, dass

1 Reading ist also nicht geburtsort des dichters, wie ich in den Altengl. eg. n. f. unrichtig angegeben. Ueber die reliquie vgl. Monast. Angl. IV 48.

2 Unter den in den Act. ss. Boll. Jul. V aufgeführten reliquien der h. Margareta sind gerade die in England befindlichen ausgelassen; auch das Monasticum Anglicanum bietet keinen anhalt.

3 Diese auf den namen des dichters gestützte vermuthung danke ich Prof. Zupitza.

er ein Austyn frere (Prol. 32) war, nach der schlussnote vom Convent of Stokclare (in Suffolk): er selbst nennt Clare als den ort, wohin er von seiner italienischen reise vor 5 jahren die geschichte der translatio der h. Margareta mitheimgebracht (Prol. 122). Nach der schlussnote war er Doctor of Divinity; dass er ein gelehrter und mit der theologie seiner zeit wohlbekannter mann war, zeigt er in seinen legenden häufig genug. Mehrfach erwähnt er seine reisen: so war er mindestens zweimal in Italien (s. Prol. 108); das letzte mal war er in Rom und lernte auf seiner rückkehr in Montefiasko, wo er vom regen aufgehalten wurde, die geschichte der translatio der h. Margareta kennen (Prol. 107—122; wohl auf derselben reise, die 5 jahre vor seiner dichtung der Margareta stattfand (Prol. 159), wurde er bei Venedig durch das genannte Miraculum gerettet. Ausserdem machte er im jahre 1445, vor dem beginn seiner dichtung der Magdalena, eine pilgerfahrt nach S. Jago, aus anlass des dortigen gnadenjahres (vgl. 8, 110—126).

Er war ein treuer sohn seiner kirche — er würde jeden irrthum gegen die kirchliche lehre widerrufen (2, 43), er beklagt, wenn auch mit vorsicht, den verfall der kirchlichen zucht in seinen tagen (13, 383 ff.). Wenn er öfter von der „wrecchydnesse of his forelyuyng" spricht (9, 1050; 10, 905), so muss man diese phrase nicht allzu streng nehmen. Nach seinem werke zu urtheilen, war er eine naive, harmlose, gutmüthige natur, jeder schärfe abhold, vorsichtig, dabei zufrieden mit sich und der welt, etwas eitel und selbstredig; aber die sünden eines grossen characters hat er schwerlich gekostet. Er ist eine friedfertige gelehrtennatur, in engen kreisen befangen. Er liebt es, sein licht in gelehrten digressionen (so weiss er selbst über dysenterie zu reden 12, 43—70) und feinen distinktionen (wie im anfang des Prologs) leuchten zu lassen, doch tritt seine gelehrsamkeit nicht prahlerisch hervor. Selbst seine satire ist vorsichtig (so bei seiner klage über den verfall der kirchlichen zucht 13, 395 ff.) und gutmüthig (wie da wo er gegen die kunstvollen hofdichter mit ihren schmachtenden baladys und amalettys ausfällt, 8, 245 ff.).

Eine weiche natur wie unser dichter ist ein freund der damen. Die hälfte seiner legenden sind auf bitten geistiger freundinnen gedichtet; auch hochstehende frauen, wie die lady Bowser, Countess of Eu, schwester des Herzogs Richard von York (des vaters von Eduard IV.), und Elisabeth Ver, Countess of Oxenforth zählt er zu seinen bekannten. Selbst auf die heiligen erstreckt sich diese vorliebe — so hat er Caecilia, Fides und Barbara zu seinen „Valentyns" erkoren (10, 901). Diesem zuge entspricht es, dass er gerade und ausschliesslich heilige frauen und jungfrauen zum gegenstand seiner dichtung gewählt hat; dass er sich mit absicht auf diese beschränkt hat, erfahren wir aus Magd. 60. — Vermuthlich hatte er die absicht, sein werk zu einem grösseren cyclus weiblicher heiligen zu erweitern, wobei ihm in der idee Chaucer's Legend of good women vorgeschwebt haben mag — ist aber an der vollendung desselben, wahrscheinlich durch den tod, gehindert worden. In seiner jetzigen gestalt fällt es in eine reihe

einzelner legenden auseinander, ohne ordnung und ohne andere einheitlichkeit als die des gleichen charakters der heiligen. Als ganzes betrachtet, ist es unfertig.

Er begann seine legenden heiliger frauen, als er bereits „volle 50 jahre“ alt war (1,8), schon „fer runne in age“ (2, 10), in einem alter, wo, wie er sagt, er besser thäte „to leue makynge of Englysh“ und die sünden seines lebens zu büssen. Dass er alle diese stücke erst im alter dichtete, ergibt sich aus 8, 60. Dieses werk ist offenbar sein erstes grösseres in englischer sprache[1] — frühere werke hätte er gewiss zu erwähnen nicht unterlassen. Dafür hat er vorher bereits ein lateinisches gedicht in balade ryme (7 zeil. strophen) verfasst (s. 2, 685—7), dessen inhalt er nur mangelhaft bezeichnet — wir erfahren blos, dass er darin über die 3 töchter der h. Anna und ob sie von einem oder drei vätern stammen, handelt; vielleicht (?) war es ein Marienleben. — Die reihe der legenden beginnt mit Margareta, welche er im jahre 1443 am Tage der Vigilia Nativ. b. Mariae, 7. sept., anfing (Prol. 187); nach beendigung der vita machte er eine pause von 9 tagen, von 8. Matthaei vorabend bis Michaelis, und dichtete dann die Translatio (s. 1, 670 ff.). Dass der dichter in der that mit dieser legende begonnen, zeigt der einleitende character des Prologs, der, obwohl speciell zur Margareta gedichtet, seiner anlage nach und in seinem ersten theil wie eine erste allgemeine einleitung aussieht.[2] Ein weiteres datum gibt der dichter für seine Magdalena, die er, auf die am Dreikönigstage 1445 an ihn gestellte bitte der Lady Bowser, sogleich nach der rückkehr von seiner im laufe desselben jahres gemachten pilgerfahrt nach S. James (S. Jago), also wohl noch vor ende des jahres 1445 begonnen hat (s. 8, 1 ff.). In derselben legende, v. 55 ff., führt er die bis dahin von ihm gedichteten legenden auf, in folgender reihe: Anna, Margareta, Dorothea, Fides, Christina, Agnes, 11000 Virgines, ausserdem Elisabeth, welch' letztere er jedoch damals erst begonnen habe. Die ersten 7 waren also i. j. 1445 bereits fertig. Katharina, Caecilia, Agatha

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1 Der herausgeber der Roxburgh Ed. schreibt ihm auch den im Monast. Anglic. (s. v. Stok-Clare, VI, 1600) in begleitung lat. hexameter abgedruckten engl. dialog zu. Derselbe führt den titel: This dialogue betwixt a Secular asking and a Frere answervng at the grave of Dame Johan of Acres shewith the lyneal descent of the lordis of the honoure of Clare, fro the tyme of the fundation of the Freeris in the same Honoure, the yeere of our lorde MCCXLVIII, unto the first day of May the yere MCCCLVI. Er sagt darüber: the English verses, to whomsoever the Latin may belong, are certainly Bokenam's, as the style and phraseology are wholly his. Although containing the information given in the Latin, they can hardly be called a translation. In the following stanza he mentions the Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV (l. father of Edward IV), in a way that accords with the date of the legends (vgl. 8, 24 ff.):

What hight that ladie whos issue had grace
This lordship tatteyne? — Dame Anne I-wis,
To the erle of Cambrigge and she wife was,
Which both be dede, god graunte hem blys.
But hir son Richard, which yet liveth, is
Duke of Yorke by discent of his fadir,
And hath Marchis londis by right of his modir. (Vgl Beil. p. 269.)

2 Ich habe daher diesen Prolog von der verszählung der Margareta abgetrennt und für sich gerechnet, vielleicht nicht ganz mit recht, da er immerhin speziell zur Margareta gehört.

und Lucia können demnach erst später gedichtet, Elisabeth später vollendet sein; und zwar bleibt für diese, da die hs. bereits im jahre 1447 geschrieben ist, nur das jahr 1446 als Entstehungszeit übrig. Wie schnell er dichtete, ersehen wir aus seiner angabe in S. Katharina (v. 1056) dass er diese lange legende (1065 vv.) in 5 tagen vollendet habe. Für die ersten 7 legenden hatte er kaum mehr als ein jahr gebraucht. — Wenn die ordnung, in welcher er jene 7 ersten legenden aufzählt, mit der des ms. nicht übereinstimmt, so erklärt sich dies aus gründen des metrums und reims. Da die im jahre 1445 noch nicht gedichteten stücke auch im ms. auf jene ersten folgen und Margareta offenbar die reihe anfing, so scheint der schluss gerechtfertigt, dass die ordnung des ms. auch die der entstehung ist.

Mehr als die hälfte der legenden hat der dichter auf bitten oder zur erbauung von freunden und freundinnen geschrieben: so Margareta auf bitten seines „sone and fadyr" Thomas Borgh, eines klosterbruders zu Cambridge (s. Prol. 175 ff.) — es ist dies derselbe Thomas Burgh, der nach der schlussnote (die ihn ebenfalls „hys sone" nennt) die abschrift des werkes besorgte; diesen freund mahnt er besonders, seinen namen nicht zu verrathen und die frager auf falsche fährte zu leiten (Prol. 195 ff.). Anna dichtete er für seine freundin Katharina Denston (p. 66), frau des John Denston, deren tochter nach der Heiligen Anna hiess und denen er im schlussgebet auch einen sohn wünscht (v. 697 ff.); Dorothea auf bitten des John Hunt und seiner ehefrau Isabel (7, 241); Magdalena auf die aufforderung der Lady Bowser, Countess of Eu, schwester des Herzogs Richard von York, wie er weitläufig in der einleitung dieser legende erzählt; Katharina zur erbauung für Katharina Howard und Katharina Denston (9, 54 u. 1053); Agatha für Agas Fleg (11, 56); Elisabeth auf bitten der Elisabeth Ver, Countess of Oxenforth (vgl. 8, 65; 13, 82 u. 1159). Fides scheint er besonders desshalb aufgenommen zu haben, weil er am tage dieser Heiligen geboren wurde; auch gehörte sie zu seinen besonderen lieblingen (10, 901).

Die legenden erscheinen mit dem apparate von prologen, wie er damals mode war; ohne prolog sind nur Christina, 11000 Virg., Fides und Dorothea. Bei Margareta und Magdalena geht ausserdem ein längeres vorwort (bei Magd. Prolocutorye betitelt) voran; das zur Marg. behandelt das was und warum des werkes, das zur Magd. die veranlassung der dichtung; beide sind sehr persönlicher natur. Eine besondere, gleichfalls persönliche überleitung findet sich zwischen den 2 theilen der Margareta (v. 630—700). Die eigentlichen prologe behandeln besonders die etymologische deutung des namens der Heiligen und schliessen mit einem gebet; doch enthalten auch sie vielfach noch persönliche bemerkungen oder die widmung u. a. Den schluss der legenden bildet in der regel ein schlussgebet, in Agnes ein förmlicher epilog.

Die legenden sind in wechselnden versmassen gedichtet. Häufig haben prolog und vorwort wieder andere versmasse als die eigentlichen legenden: so ist in Marg. und Magd. das vorwort in reimpaaren, der prolog in 8zeiligen, die legende selbst

in 7zeiligen strophen geschrieben; in Elisabeth die ersten 12 verse in reimpaaren, der prolog in 7zeil., die legende in 8zeil. strophen; in Agnes der prolog in 8zeil., die legende in 7zeil. strophen; in Anna der prolog in 16zeiligen doppelstrophen, die legende in 7zeil. strophen; in Katharina der prolog in 7zeil. strophen, die legende in reimpaaren; in Lucia der prolog in 8zeil. strophen, die legende in reimpaaren. Die beliebteste versform ist die 7zeil. strophe (reim ababbcc), worin 11000 Virg., Fides, Dorothea ganz, ferner, den prolog abgerechnet, Margareta, Anna, Agnes, Magdalena, endlich auch die prologe zu Katharina und Elisabeth gedichtet sind. Für die prologe ist sonst die 8zeil. strophe (reim ababbcbc) häufiger verwendet: so bei Margareta, Magdalena, Agnes, Lucia; Christina ist ganz in dieser strophe gedichtet, in Elizabeth die eigentliche legende. Die 16zeil. doppelstrophe (mit durchgehendem reime) erscheint nur im prolog zu Anna; doch zeigt sich auch in Christina häufig die neigung, zwei 8zeil. strophen durch den reim zu binden, indem die zweite strophe mit dem schlussreim der vorhergehenden beginnt (vgl. z. b. 488 u. 9, 496 u. 7, 504 u. 5, 512 u. 3, 520 u. 1, 528 u. 9, 536 u. 7 u. ö.). In reimpaaren sind Caecilia und Agatha ganz (mit prolog), Katharina und Lucia ohne den prolog, ferner die einleitungen zu Margareta und Magdalena gedichtet.

Die hauptquelle des dichters ist die Legenda aurea des Jacobus a Voragine, Erzbischofs von Genua, den er häufig unter der bezeichnung Januense (d. i. Genuensis) citirt. Doch ist nur ein theil der legenden aus dieser quelle entnommen, nämlich 11000 Virg., Magdalena (doch benutzt er für den ersten theil auch die evangelien, vgl. 751), Elisabeth, Caecilia, Agatha und Lucia, auch Dorothea.[1] Ferner die etymologieen in den prologen zu Margareta (vgl. v. 42), Agnes (v. 34), Katharina (v. 9). Andere quellen benutzt er für Margareta, Anna, Christina, Fides, Agnes; in Katharina hat er die L. A. vielleicht theilweise benutzt, daneben aber eine andere quelle (abweichend von der L. A. sind besonders v. 105—138, 447—485, 590—694, 938—42, 966—981, ausserdem manche einzelheiten, so kommt der name Cursates v. 782 in L. A. nicht vor). Für Margareta benutzt er eine der fabelhaften varianten der apocryphen Acta (ed. Surius und Lipomani), worin die erscheinung des drachen (v. 448 ff.) wunderbar ausgemalt wird — am meisten ähnlichkeit mit seiner schilderung des drachen zeigt unter den bekannten versionen die bei Mombritius tom. 2a, fol. 103[2]; die Translatio schöpfte er aus einem ms welches er in Montefiasco kennen lernte — es ist dies die in den Acta SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 41 abgedruckte geschichte, von der die darstellung des dichters jedoch in manchen punkten abweicht. Für Christina benutzt er eine ausführliche version, die mit der der Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 524 nur eine theilweise ähnlichkeit zeigt (vgl. auch Vinc. Bell. Spec. hist.

1 Dorothea stimmt genau mit der version im anhang der L. A. (cap. CCX), nur haben die eltern der Heiligen hier andere namen (Dorus u. Thea); vgl. Act. SS. Boll. 6. Febr. Bd. I, 772.

2 Vgl. darüber Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 28.

verba (i. r. ist dieses meist ohne endung, wie in drawe, blow, knowe, seye, bete forgete, take, bounde, begunne, aber born lorn neben bore lore; i. t. ist yn weniger selten); der vorschlag y vor dem part. fehlt ganz. Für das part. praes. begegnet neben yng zweimal i r. noch ende: lyuende 9, 377, dredende 12, 252. Eigenthümlich ist der gebrauch der hülfsverba im infinitiv: shuln, wyln, moun, kun (dieselben formen auch im plur. praes.: we wyln, ye shuln, moun). Neben haue begegnet im inf. und plur. praes., auch 1 sgl. praes. (2, 464), die form han hane, wie neben take im inf. und part. tan. Das pron. fem. ist she, acc. hire; das der 3. person plur. þai þei (auch þe), acc. hem und them, poss. here und there. Ausser chyldryn, oxyn, eyne endet auf yn auch bothyn (dafür auch bothne), gen. bothyns. Statt der conjunction that erscheint nicht selten auch at (im ms. ist dieses von anderer hand meist in þat corr.). Eine eigenthümliche conjunction ist ne hap = nisi forte, ne; merke ferner less = unless. Die adverbien enden nur auf ly. — Der dialekt ist also von der art wie sich bei seiner lage an der südöstlichen grenze des mittelländischen dialectes erwarten liess. — Zu bemerken ist noch in graphischer beziehung der eigenthümliche zusatz von h[1] nach, auch vor, t und s, wie in greth, outh, lefth, crafth, tyraunth, perfeth, courght, smyht, meryht, contryht, despyht; vshe, confush, wysh, auyhs, vertuhs und vertush, offyhs, nyhs, sacryfyhs u. a.; ferner die schreibung cht neben ht ght in nycht u. a (wofür mit abbrev. auch ny[t] geschrieben wird).

Die sammlung ist uns nur in einem ms. erhalten: ms. Arundel 327. Diese hs., perg., 8°, 201 foll. zählend — doch ist bei der zählung von fol. 161 nach 168 übergesprungen — ist sehr schön und sauber geschrieben. Nach Margareta ist eine lücke von $2^3/_4$ foll.; wahrscheinlich ist diese legende besonders geschrieben und den andern vorgesetzt. Es lassen sich verschiedene Hände unterscheiden, die je einzelne graphische eigenthümlichkeiten zeigen; so sind Margareta, Anna, Christina je von verschiedenen händen geschrieben. Die der Margareta schreibt th st. þ, Schluss-n und (seltener) m mit verlängerungsstrich, unterstreicht die eigennamen, setzt abtheilungsstriche (eine art von interpunktion) inmitten der verse; w und y sind anders geformt als später. In Anna fällt das nur hier einigemale vorkommende ȝ auf (in abouȝt nyȝt), ferner die schreibung þe þt þu, die häufige abbreviation g̃ = ge, die abbrev. cõn = cion, das häufige e in den endungen es ed (ede) statt des sonst üblicheren ys yd, auch der gebrauch von u statt y in afrur lengur blyssud clepud chaumbur, selbst wyntour (2, 259). In Christina haben die abbreviationen für *er*, *e*, *is* (an ll') dieselbe form; hier zuerst erscheint die schreibung cht neben ht ght, ou in ould tould foulk. Von Christina ab scheint die hand dieselbe zu bleiben. — Obwohl in Cambridge von verschiedenen händen geschrieben, erscheint das ms. als eine möglichst getreue abschrift des originals — was besonders auch mit rücksicht auf die zuverlässigkeit der dialektischen formen von wichtigkeit ist; der einfluss der schreiber erstreckt sich höchstens

1 Dieses h scheint Längezeichen zu sein.

auf wenige graphische unregelmässigkeiten. Für die treue der abschrift spricht die saubere schrift mit sorgfältig ausgeprägten buchstaben, auch die vielen schreibfehler, welche bei solcher schrift zu entstehen pflegen, indem der schreiber über der feinen ausprägung der buchstaben den sinn verliert; fehler wie in euchyddyst st. quenchyddyst 3, 621 lassen sich nur auf diese art erklären. — Zu bemerken ist noch, dass sich an mehreren stellen die störende hand eines correctors zeigt: derselbe hat u in tuo ould tould foulk (in Christina), n in malyncoly, e in offreyn (3, 195) auspunctirt, wyntour in wyn*t*re (2, 259), blessud clepud (in Anna) in blessyd clepyd corrigirt, vor at (= that) þ, nach þe (= they) i übergeschrieben; doch sind diese laute und formen oft genug unverbessert geblieben. Diese correcturen sind wenig später als das manuscript.

Nach dem der schlussnote von anderer hand in kleineren lettern angehängten zusatz hat der bekannte freund des dichters, Thomas Burgh, klosterbruder in Cambridge (vgl. Prol. 207), für den der dichter seine Margareta schrieb, die hs. im jahre 1447 in Cambridge mit unkosten von 30 shillingen anfertigen lassen (doon wrytyn) und dieselbe einem nonnenkloster — name und ort desselben sind nicht genannt — geschenkt, zum gedächtniss für ihn und seine schwester, Dame Betrice Burgh, die diesem nonnenkloster angehört haben mag. Diese notiz ist in eben diesem nonnenkloster (þis holy place of nunnys) hinzugefügt, zu einer zeit, wo Thomas Burgh und seine schwester bereits verstorben waren, wie sich aus den schlussworten (of þe wych soulys Jhesu haue mercy) ergibt. Wir besitzen also in ms. Arundel die von Thomas Burgh besorgte abschrift. Auffällig erscheint in dieser notiz, dass die abschrift der ganzen Sammlung von Thomas Burgh, dem doch nur die Margareta bestimmt war, besorgt ist, nicht am orte des dichters, sowie, dass sie bereits im jahre 1447, wo der dichter eben erst die letzten stücke beendet haben kann, angefertigt ist. Hieraus vermuthe ich, dass Thomas Burgh überhaupt erst die sammlung zusammenstellte oder veröffentlichte, und schliesse, dass der dichter damals soeben verstorben war und Thomas Burgh, dem der dichter seinen nachlass anvertraut haben mag, eben desshalb diese abschrift, also die erste, anfertigen liess.[1] So würde es sich auch erklären, warum der dichter seine sammlung, die doch nur aus wenigen stücken besteht, nicht fortgesetzt hat. Diese annahme des todesdatums Bokenam's erscheint umsomehr gerechtfertigt, als der dichter selbst bereits sein nahes ende vorausgefühlt zu haben scheint — darauf deuten die worte in S. Anna v. 10—6.

Vermuthlich[2] ist daher das jahr 1447 als todesjahr Bokenam's anzunehmen.

1 Hierdurch wird es auch erklärlich, warum Thomas Burgh, den der dichter doch so dringlich gebeten seinen namen zu verschweigen (Prol. 201 ff.), den namen des dichters in der schlussnote verrieth; der tod des dichters enthob ihn eben jeder verpflichtung.

2 Diese annahme ist natürlich unhaltbar, wenn das in der Roxb. Ed. dem dichter zugeschriebene gedicht (s. beilage p. 269), welches im jahre 1456 gedichtet scheint, wirklich von Bokenam herrühren sollte; doch scheint mir dies keineswegs gewiss.

Abgedruckt wurde die hs. bereits für den Roxburgh Club, unter dem titel: The Lyvys of Seyntys[1], Translatyd into Englys be a Doctour of Dyuynite clepyd Osbern Bokenam, Frer Austyn of the Convent of Stokclare. London 1835. Trotz der sorgfältigen wiedergabe der lettern sammt den (oft falsch gezeichneten und nicht hinlänglich geschiedenen) abbreviationen des ms. ist diese ausgabe sehr fehlerhaft und unzuverlässig. Sie ist ein einfacher abdruck, ohne interpunktion und ohne jede philologische bearbeitung des textes. —

Schliesslich versäume ich nicht, an dieser stelle meinem geehrten freunde, herrn prof. Zupitza, für einige freundliche beiträge meinen besten dank auszusprechen.

1 Dieser titel stützt sich auf die worte der schlussnote: In thys boke be wretene þe seyntys lyuys; doch rührt diese note wohl von Thomas Burgh her, nicht vom dichter, der seiner sammlung von legenden heiliger frauen gewiss einen anderen titel gegeben haben würde.

INHALTS-VERZEICHNISS.

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OSBERN BOKENAM'S LIVES OF SAINTS.

(PROLOG.)

Two thyngys | owyth euery clerk
To aduertysyn, | begynnyng a werk,
If he procedyn wyl | ordeneelly:
The fyrste is „what", | the secunde is „why."
In wych two wurdys, | as it semyth me,
The foure causys | comprehendyd be
Wych, as philosofyrs | vs do teche,
In the begynnyng | men owe to seche
Of euery book: | and, aftyr there entent,
The fyrst is clepyd | cause efficyent,
The secunde they clepe | cause materyal,
Formal the thrydde, | the fourte fynal.
The efficyent cause | is the auctour,
Wych aftyr hys cunnyng | doth hys labour
To a-complyse | the begunne matere:
Wych cause is secunde; | and, the more clere
That it may be, | the formal cause
Settyth in dew ordre | clause be clause; —
And these thre thyngys | longyn to „what",
Auctour, | matere, | and forme ordinat.
The fynal cause | declaryth pleynly
Of the werk begunne | the cause „why",
That is to seyne, | what was the entent
Of the auctour fynally, | & what he ment.
Lo, thus ye seen mown | compendyously
How in these two wurdys | „what" & „why"
Of eche werk | the foure causys aspye
Men mown, | requyryd be philosophye.

Der Prolog und Marg. ist von anderer hand geschrieben als der rest des Ms.; am schlusse sind $2^3/_4$ seiten leer gelassen.

But to oure purpoos. | if be „what“ or „why“
Be questyoūn maad of thys tretyhs, | pleynly:
As for the fyrste, | who-so lyst to here,
Certeyn, the auctour was an Austyn frere;
Whos name as now | I ne wyl expresse,
Ne hap | that the vnwurthynesse
Bothe of hys persone | & eek hys name
Myht make the werk | to be put in blame,
And so for hate of hym | and eek despyht
Perauenture fewe | shuld haue delyht
It to redyn | and for this chesoun
Throwyn it in the angle | of oblyuyoun.
And yet me thinkyth, | it were pete
That my werk | were hatyd for me.
For this, I suppose, | alle men weel knowe,
No man the rose | awey doth throwe
Althow it growe | vp-on a thorn;
Who is so nyce | that wil good corn
Awey caste, | for it growyth in chaf?
Men also drynkyn ale | and lef the draf,
Al-be-it | that ale thorgh draf dede ren;
Gold eek, | as knowe weel alle wyse men,
In foul blak erthe | hath hys growyng,
And yet is gold, | as a precyous thyng,
Streyhtly be-schet | in many a cophyr;
A margerye perle. | aftyr the phylosophyr,
Growyth on a shelle | of lytyl pryhs,
Yet is it precyous; | and no man whyhs
The verteuous crepaude | despyse lest
Thow a todys crowne | were hys fyrst nest.
And to thys manyfold | of nature
Exaunplys | acordyth weel scrypture:
For, as the old testament | beryth wytnesse,
The sone hys fadrys wykkydnesse
Shal not bere, | but if he it sewe;
And if he do, | thanne is it dewe
That he be partenere in peyne
As he was in blame, thys is certeyne.
Wherfore, | if my werk be sure,
Lete not disdeyn | it disfigure

Of the auctour, | I lowly beseche;
For, sekyr, | that were a symple wreche,
As a lytyl to-forn | now here seyd is,
Tellee (!) the chyld | for the fadrys mys.
The matere wych I wil of wryte,
Althow but rudely | I kun endyte.
Is the lyf | of blyssyd Margarete,
Virgyne & martyr, | whom dede hete
The loue of Jhesu | in hyr tendyr age
So feruently, | that for al the rage
Of fers Olibrius | and hys tyrannye
Than Cryst forsaken | she had leuere dye —
As pleynly declaryth | hyr legende,
As they shul heryn wych lyst attende.
The forme of procedyng | artificyal
Is in no wyse | ner poetycal
Aftyr the scole | of the crafty clerk
Galfryd of Ynglond | in his newe werk,
Entytlyd thus, | as I can aspye:
„Galfridus anglicus", | in hys newe poetrye,
Enbelshyd wyth colours of rethoryk
So plenteuously, | that fully it lyk
In May was neuere | no medewe sene
Motleyd wyth flours | on hys verdure grene; —
For neythyr Tullius, | prynce of oure eloquence,
Ner Demostenes of Grece, | more affluence
Neuere had in rethoryk, | as it semyth me,
Than had this Galfryd in hys degre.
But for as meche | as I neuere dede muse
In thylk crafty werk, | I it now refuse
And wil declaryn | euene by and by
Of seynt Margrete, | aftyr the story,
The byrthe, | the fostryng, | and how she cam
Fyrst to the feyth | and sythe to martyrdam,
As ny as my wyt | it kan deuyse
Aftyr the legende; | & sythe what wyse,
Be whom, | & how oftyn, | she translatyd was,
And where now she restyth | & in what plas,
As I dede lerne, | wyth-owte fayle,
The laste tyme I was in Itayle,

Bothe be scripture | and eek be mowthe —
Wych story is | no-thyng vnkowthe
At Mownt-Flask — | who me not leue,
Lete hym go thedyr | & he shal it preue —
On thys half Rome | ful fyfty myle
Or ellys more; | where men begyle
The wery pylgrymys | kun ful wel
Wyth Trybyaŋ | in stede of Muskadel; —
Where from Rome | homward ageyŋ
Whil I was taryed | wyth greth reyŋ,
Thys blyssyd virgyne | I dede visyte,
And al the processe | I dede owt wryte
Wych I purpose | now to declare
On ynglysh, | & it brout wyth me to Clare. —
But who so wyl aske me fynally
Of thys translacyoun | the cause why
In-to oure language, | I sey: causys two
Most pryncypally | me meuyd ther-to.
The fyrst cause is, | for to excyte
Mennys affeccyoun | to haue delyte
Thys blyssyd virgyne | to loue & serue,
From alle myscheuys | hem to preserue,
Aftyr the entent | of hyr preyere
Beforŋ hyr deth, | as ye aftyr shul here.
And no maŋ wundyr | thow I diligence
Do to plesyn | the wurthy excellence
Of thys holy maydyn! | for euene by
Wher I was borŋ, | in an old pryory
Of blake chanons | hyr oo foot is,
Bothe flesh and booŋ, | I dare seyn this;
Where thorgh a cristal | bryht and pure
Men may beho(l)deŋ | eche feture
Ther-of — saf the greth too only
And the hele: | wych in a nunry
Beeŋ, | Redyng clepyd, | as they there seyn.
But as for the foot, this is certeyn:
Many a myracle | hath ther be shewyd
Bothe on lernyd | & eek on lewyd;
And specyally, | if wyth broche or ryng
The foot men towche | at here partyng

Vp-on the bare | and w*yth* hem it bere:
If they ben in ony dreed or fere
To myscheuy*n*, | lete hem be-hete
Thedyr to bere | and there to lete
The same thy*ng* | that towchyd the fote,
And they shul sone haꝝ helthe & bote,
If they it doo | wyth good deuocyoūn —
Thys is fully | myꝝ opynyoūꝝ.
For, treuly, | vp-on my conscyence,
I had her-of | good experyence,
Not mykyl past, | yerys fyue,
Whan lytyl fro*m* Venyse | me dede dryue
A cruel tyraunth | in-to a fen
Owt of a barge, | and fyue mo meꝝ;
Wher I supposyd | to haue myscheuyd,
Had not me | the grace releuyd
Of god | be the blyssyd medyacyouꝝ
Of thys virgyne, | aftyr my*n* estimacyouꝝ:
For, sone aftyr | I had be-hyht the ryng
Wyth wych I towchyd | at my party*ng*
Hyr foot bare, | to bryngy*n* ageyꝝ,
I was releuyd | ryht sone, certeyꝝ —
Now blissyd mote be | that holy vi*r*gyne
Wych to sy*n*ful pr*e*yers | lyst hyr ere enclyne!
And thys is oo skyl | why I am steryd the mor*e*
Hyr lyf to translate, | as I seyde to-for*e*.
Anothyr cause | wych that meuyd me —
To make thys legende, | as ye shal se,
Was the i*m*portune | and besy preyere
Of ooꝝ whom I loue | wyth herte entere,
Wych that hath a synguler deuocyouꝝ
To thys virgyne, | of pure affeccyouꝝ;
He me requyryd | wyth humble entent —
Whos request to me | is a comau*n*dement —
That, yif I hym louyd, | I wold it doo.
I durst not hastyly | assente hym to,
Weel knowyng myn owyn infyrmyte,
Tyl I had a whyle | weel auysyd me;
And tha*n*ne, the yeer of grace | a thowsend tr*e*uly
Foure hundryd | and also thre and fourty,

In the vigylye | of the Natyuyte
Of hyr that is gemme of virgynyte,
The seuenete day euene of Septembre,
Whan I gan inwardly to remembre
Hys request growndyd | in pete,
Me thowt it were | ageyn cheryte
Hys desyr lengere | for to denye.
And yet I sore feryd me of enuye,
Wych is euere besy | and eek diligent
To depraue priuyly | others trewe entent;
Wherfore, hyr malyhs to represse,
My name I wil not | here expresse,
As toforn is seyd. | wherfore I preye
And requere eek, if I it dare seye,
Yow, sone and fadyr, | to whom I dyrecte
This symple tretyhs: | that ye detecte
It in no wyse | wher that vylany
It myht haue, | and pryncypally
At hoom at Caunbrygge, | in your hows,
Where wyttys be manye | ryht capcyows
And subtyl, | wych sone my lewydnesse
Shuld aspye. | wherfore, of ientylnesse,
Kepyth it as cloos | as ye best kan
A lytyl whyle; | and not-for-than
If ye algate shul | it owth lete go,
Be not aknowe | whom it comyth fro,
But seyth, | as ye doon vndyrstand,
It was you sent | owt of Ageland
From a frend of yourys | that vsyth to selle
Goode hors at feyrys | & doth dwelle
A lytyl fro the Castel | of Bolyngbrok
In a good town | wher ye fyrst tok
The name of Thomas, | & clepyd is Borgh
In al that cuntre | euene thorgh & thorgh;
And thus ye shul me weel excuse
And make that men shul not muse
To haue of me | ony suspycyoun!
But for to drawe to a conclusyoun
Of thys long tale, | now fynally
I you beseche, frend, | ryht enterly,
That ye vouchesaf | for me to preye

199 hyr aus her corr.

On-to thys *v*ir*g*yne, | that, ere I deye,
Thorgh hyr merytys | I may purchase
Of my mysleuy*n*g , a pardoũn of grace
And of myn old | & newe tra*n*sgressyoun,
That I may haue | a plener remyssyoun,
And aftyr the ende | of thys owtlawrye
Wyth hyre a-boue | for to magnyfye
God in hys blysful | eternyte.
Where neuer*e* shal ende | felycyte:
In wych place | vs bothe to dwelle,
The lord vs graunte, | that harwyd helle. Amen.

I. VITA SCAE MARGARETAE, VIRGINIS ET MARTIRIS.

PROLOGUS.

Of sey*n*t Margare*te*, | the virgyne pure,
Wych lyknyd is | to a p*re*cyous margaryte —
And that wurthyly, | as in old scrypture
It is wrytyn, | I me now delyte
The lyf to tra*n*slate, | if me wil respyte
Attropos a whyle | and not to hastyly
My fatal threed | a-sundyr smyte
Wych Lachesys hath twynyd | ful yerys fyfty.
And co*n*uenyently | this u*ir*gyne gloryous
May to a margaryte | comparyd be,
Wych is whyht, lytyl, | and eek v*er*teuous,
As seyn auctours, | of thylk propyrte.
Whyht was Margrete | be virgynyte,
Be meknesse lytyl, | and most singulerly
Verteuous be hyr excellent cheryte,
In myraclys werkyng | shewyd ple*n*teuously.

Louyd she nowt weel | virgynyte
And of body and soule | to kepe clennesse,
Whan Olibrius hyr *pro*fryd | his wyf to be
And that she shuld be clepyd | a pryncesse
And greth tresore shuld haue | & rychesse,
Lust, | welthe, | and wurshepe | excellently,
And for clennesse sake, | as I do gesse,
Alle hys greth *pro*fyrs | she set nowt by?
Greth meknesse she had | for Cristys sake
Whan the tytyl | of hyr natal dygnyte
In hyr yung age | she dede forsake
And hys handmayd*yn* | she chees to be,
Not settyng be hyr fadrys enmyte,
And wyth hyr noryhs | dwellyd wylfully
In poure astate | and in low degre,
Kepyng hyr sheep | ful dilygently.
And if we wyl speken | of cheryte,
I-wys, she had | ryht greth hab*un*daūnce,
As in hyr passyoun | weel shewyd she:
For, as hyr legende | makyth reme*m*braūnce,
She steryd the pepyl eu*er*e to rep*en*taunce
And to wy*n*ne hem to god | was ful besy
And, whan she shuld deye, | w*yth* greth co*n*staunce,
She maad a preyere | most cherytabylly.
More-ouyr, | as I doo wretyn fynde
In a book, clepyd „the goldene legende“,
And it is takyn | of the auctours of ky*n*de:
The margaryte, | if of blood descende
Greth flux, | is good it to amende;
And the cardyacle passyoun | meruelously
From hurt of the herte | it wyl defende;
And ma*n*nys spyrtys | it coūnfortyth sou*er*ey*n*ly.
And for this thre-fold manere of propyrte
Of the margaryte | may seynt Margrete
On-to that gemme | weel comparyd be,
For alle thr*e* propyrtees | to hyr were mete.
And as for the fyrst, | I you behete,
Whan hyr blood owt ran | ful copyously,
She was so enflawmyd | w*yth* heuenely hete
That she it al suffryd | ful stedefastly.

49 this, fold u. of sind übergeschr.

As for the cardiacle, | that *tem*tacyoun
Betoknyth, | as clerkys doon declare,
Of oure gostly enmye | wych is euere boun
Mankende to trappe | and wil not spare
Hem to brynge | in-to sorwe and care:
Yet hurt he hyr neuere, | thow he were sly,
Ne no-wyse hyr kecche myht in his snare,
But euere of hym she had the victory.

In that the margaryte is a *con*fortatyf
Of mannys spirytys, | it was weel sene
In oure Margarete, | wych al hyr lyf
Was in hyr spirytys bothe pure & clene:
Thorgh whos clennesse | many oon be-dene
Were in here spirytys | counfortyd inwardly,
And thorgh hyr doctryne, | as I do wene,
Steryd to leue synne | and eek foly.

Thus for this sexefold | propyrte
Of the margaryte, | wych deuly longe
To seynt Margarete | be congruyte
Of simylytude, we may vndyrf*onge*
That in sexe vertuhs she was stro*nge*:
As in chastyte, | mekenesse, | & suyngly
In cheryte, | in co*n*staunce | of suffry*ng* wro*nge*,
In goostly counfort, | and in vyctory.

These sexe vertuhs | be fyguryd mystyly
In the sexe wengys | wych that Isaye
Of the cherubyns | in hys vysyoun sy
Vp-on the hy throne, | wyth hys gostly yhe,
Stondyng— | and to oure purpos now | signyfye
That this blyssyd mayde Margrete wurthyly
Be these sexe vertuhs to heuene dede stye,
Ther in ioye to dwellyn | perpetuelly.

Now, blyssyd *vir*gyne, | wich *in* heuene aboue
Art crownyd in blysse | ful gloryously,
To them in erthe | that the serue and loue
Be euere propycyous! | and specyally
Vouchesaf of thy singuler grace, lady,
My wyt | and my penne | so to enlumyne
Wyth ku*n*nyng & eloque*n*ce, | that suffycye*n*tly
Thy legende begunne | I may termyne! — —

Whylom, as the story | techyth vs,
In Antyoche, | that gret cyte,
A man ther was, | clepyd Theodosius,
Wych in gret state stood | and dignyte:
For of paynymrye | the patryark was he
And had the reule | and al the gouernaunce,
To whom alle prestys | dede obecyaunce.
This Theodosius had | a wyf ful mete
To hys astate: | of whom was born
A doughtyr fayr | and clepyd Margarete;
But ryht as of a ful sharp thorn,
As prouyded was | of god beforn,
Growyth a rose | bothe fayr and good,
So sprong Margrete | of the hethene blood.
For thow hyr fadyr & modyr *in* ydolatry
Were born & fostryd | and eek dede fyne
Here lyf in the same | and myserabylly
Aftyr here deth went to helle pyne,
Yet hyr dede grace | so illumyne
That she bothe crystnyd | & martyrd was
And went to heuene, | that gloryous plas.
Hyr fadyr ful glad was | of hyr byrthe,
Hopyng she shuld haf be his counfort
In his olde dayes, | and maad gret myrthe;
To whom meche peple | dede resort
Bothe men and wummen | & maad disport,
Thankyng here goddys w*yth* herte glad
That here patryark | so fayr yssu had.
I kan in no wyse | remembre me
That euere I red | in the hethene gyse
What rytys were vsyd | & what royalte
In namys yeuyng; | but as I deuyse,
It was doon | in ful solemne wyse
An w*yth* many a cerimonye, | & specyally
In the chyldryns berthe | of statys hy.
Aftyr this, | as it was the guyse
In thoo dayes — | and yet it is so
Among astatys, | in ful goodly wyse —
A noryhs here doughtyr | they prouydyd to
Not fer fro hoom, | the wych shuld do

Al hyr dilygence | and eek besynesse
The chyld to fostryn | in al tendyrnesse.
This noryhs dwellyd | from the cyte
Of Antyoche | fourelongys but fyftene;
And priuyly | a cristene wummaṇ was she,
And in al hyr conuersacyoūṇ | bothe pure & clene,
As in that folwyth | it was weel sene:
For Margarete she fostryd | in al vertu
And tawth hyr the feyth of Crist Jhesu.
But whan hyr moder was | from hens past,
Wych deyid whil she was | tendyr of age,
Margarete hyr affeccyounṇ | set so fast
Vp-on hyr noryhs, | bothe wyhs & sage,
That she forsook | al hyr hey lynage
And purposyd hyr fully | ther to soiourne —
For to hyr fadyr | she nold hom returne.
And for she dede wurshepe | Crist and loue
And wold not ageynturne | to paynymry,
Hyr fadyr hyr hatyd | & dede reproue,
And yaf no force | what vylany
She had had. | but the souereyn lord on hy
Thergeyn hyr fyllyd | wyth so gret vertu,
That in fewe yerys | she perfyht greu.
And not only | this excellence she had in grace,
But eek, to spekyn | of hyr nature,
Of al that cuntre | in the rownd compace
Was no-wher | so fayr a creature;
For shap | & colour | and eche feture
Were comproporcyond | in swych equalyte,
That she myht be merour | of al bewte.
Wherfore, if the crafth | of descrypcyoūṇ
I cowde as weel bothe forge and fyle
As cowd Boyce | in hys phisycal consolacyoūṇ,
Or as Homer, | Ouyde, | or ellys Virgyle,
Or Galfryd of Ynglond: | I wolde compyle
A clere descripcyoūṇ | ful expressely
Of alle hyr feturys | euene by & by.
But, sekyr, I lakke bothe eloquens
And kunnyng | swych maters to dilate,
For I dwellyd neuere | wyth the fresh rethoryens
Gower, | Chauncers, | ner wyth Lytgate —

Wych lyuyth yet, | lest he deyed late; —
Wherfore I preye | eche man hertly
Haue me excusyd | thow I do rudly.
And not oonly this *vir*gyne | had singlerly
Of the yiftys of kynde | gret plente,
But also wyth *ver*tuhs | ful excellently
In hyr soule inward | endewyd was she;
For she had feyth, | hope, | and cheryte —
The deuyne vertuhs, | and therwyth-al
The foure gret vertuhs, | clepyd cardynal.
And whan she to fyftene yer of age
Was come | and herde how cruelly
Cristene blood | thorgh the fers rage
Of tyrauntys | was sheed euene by & by,
For Crist to deye | she hyr maad redy;
And in the mene-whyle | she dede keep
In the feld eche day | hyr noryhs sheep. —
This same tyme | on-to Antyoche
A tyraūnt, | the prefect of that cuntre,
From Asia — ward | proudly dede aproche,
And Olibrius be name | clepyd was he;
But, as he went, | wher he myht see
Ony cristene men, | ful cruelly
He hem destroyed | w*yth*-owte mercy.
And casuelly as be the same weye
He rood | wher Margarete dede pasture
Hyr noryhs sheep: sodeynly his eye
On hyr he kest | of contenaunce demure;
And anoon hyr bewte | so sore dede lure
Hys herte, | that euene stylle he stent
And of hyr he took | more auysement.
And whan he sey hyr forheed | lely-whyht,
Hyr bent browys blake | & hyr grey eyne,
Hyr chyry chekys, | hyr nose streyt & ryht,
Hyr lyppys rody, | hyr chyn wych as pleyne
Pulshyd marbyl shoon, | & clouyn *in* tweyne:
He was so astoynyd | of that sodeyn caas
That vnnethe he wyste | wher that he was.
He lokyd no ferthere | than in hyr face,
Where of natural yiftys | plente was I-now,
Hym thowte that neuere | in so lytyl space
He had more scyn: | wych his herte drow

As the magnet doth iryn. | but whan of his swow
As a man a-masyd | he sodeynly dede abreyde,
Thus wyth sad contenaunce | to his men he seyde:
„Goth forth faste yund | wher ye see
A ful fayr maydeη | hyr sheep kepyng,
And wetyth veryly | whethyr bonde or fro
She is, | and bryngyth me sekyr tydyng!
If she be fre, | I wyl wyth a ryng
Hyr wedde | and bryngе to gret honour
And endewe hyr | in many a castel & tour;
If she be bonde | and vndyr seruage:
For I wyl nooη othyr maη do wronge,
Hyr lord wyl I yeue | ryht good wage
And to my paramour | hyr vndyrfonge.
Hastyth you forth | and taryith not longe,
For from this place | I nyl parte, certeyη,
Til ye an answere | me brynge ageyη."
Whan this was seyd, | ful hastyly
Hys meη hem hyed | til, where she was.
They come; | to whom ful manerly
Of here comyng | they told the caas.
And anooη al the blood | owt of hyr faas
For sodeyn feer | was styrt awey,
And deuoūtly to god | she thus dede prey:
„Haue mercy, lord Jhesu, | vp-on me
And leſe not my soule | wyth vnpetous meη,
Make me, lord, | euere to ioyin in the
And wyth thy seruauntys | the to preyse, ameη;
And sende an aungel | me wyt to keη
And wysdam | how that wyth-owte fere
I may this wykkyd prefect answere!
I see me, lord, | as an innocent sheep
Wyth rauennous wuluys | enuyround be;
Help now, good lord, | & from hem me keep,
If it plese thy souereyη maieste!"
Whan they this herd, | they gunne to fle
As from a wycche, | and wyth-inne a breyd
To here lord they come | & to hym thus seyd:
„Lord, whom enhaunsyd | hath Fortune
And set in the estat | of gret dignyte,
In no wyse thy power | may comune

Be to hyr | to whom that sent were we;
For Crist as hyr god, | lord, wurshepyth she,
And to oure goddys | she nyl do seruyse
But hem blasphemyth | in wundyr wyse."
Whan Olibrius | these wurdys herd,
He chaungyd bothen | colour and chere
And as a man mad | anoon he ferd,
And what he myht do | he stood in dwere.
And aftyr auysement | he bad that nere
They hyr shuld fecche; | & whan she come was,
He hyr thus areynyd | wyth a pale faas:
„Sey me, damysel, | of what kyn thou art
And whethyr thou be bonde | or ellys free?"
„Seruage in me | had neuere no part,
For cristene I am, | sekyr, sere", quod she.
„I aske of what kynrede | thou art", quod he.
„I serue, she seyth, | that souereyn godheed
That hedyr-to hath kept my maydynheed."
„Than folwyth it thus | ful consequently
That thou clepyst Crist thy god, quod he,
Whom that my fadrys dede crucyfye."
„May no-thyng be seyd sothere, quod she,
Thy fadrys naylyd Crist vp-on a tre,
Whom I do wurshepe wyth hool herte,
And they in helle suffryn peynys smerte."
Whan Olibrius herd this conclusyoun
Of mayde Margarete, | he wex ner wood,
And to be shet | in a ful strong presoun
He hyr comaundyd wych fast by stood,
Euere musynge | in his marryd mood
How and be what maner of sotylte
He myht bereuyn hyre | hyr virginyte.
Aftyr this | in ful pompous wyse
He entryd in-to Antyoche cyte
And to his goddys | maad a sacrifyse,
As it was the custom | of that cuntre.
And on the next day | comaundyd he
Margrete to (be) brouth | to hys presence,
And thus he seyd hyr | his sentence:
„What is the skyl | and the cause why,
Margarete, | of thy gret cruelte,

272 areynyd = arraigned. 293 Ms. bereuyr st. bereuyn. 299 be fehlt.

That of thy-self | thou ne hast mercy
And thus wylt spylle | thy gret beute?
Leue al thys foly | and consente to me,
Be my councel, and I the wil auaunce
Of gold and syluyr | wyth gret habundaunce."
Quod Margrete: „if thou, o wykkyd man,
Wystyst how lytyl | that I sette by
Alle thy profyrs, | thou woldyst not han
This besynesse | a-bowte me, trewly;
For from the weys of trewthe | neuere wyl y,
But hym I wurshepe | whom euery creature
Dredyth, | whos regne shal euere endure."
„Margrete, quod he, | lyst what I seye!
If thou my goddys | no wurshep wylt do,
Wyth my swerd, sekyr, | thou shalt deye —
Trust me veryly, | it shal be so!
And if thou wylt mekely obeye me to,
It shal be gretly | for thy behoue:
For thy body I wyl | syngulerly loue."
„My body, quod she, whan-euere thou lest
To exercyse in me | thy tyranny,
Wyth holy virgynys | that I may rest,
To goddys sacryfyse | I offre redy;
For this I wyl | thou knowe vttyrly:
I no-wyse doute | for Cristys sake,
That for alle men deyed, | deth to take."
Whan he herd this, | of gret cruelte
He comaundyd hyr be hange | in the eyr heye
And to betyn wyth yerdys. | where whan that she
Tormentyd was, | to heueneward hyr eye
Deuoutly she lyft | and thus dede seye:
„In the, lord, I truste | and in thy mercy,
Lete me not confoundyd be, | lord, endelesly!"
And whil she thus ocupyed | was in preyer,
The tormentours hyr shorgyd, | so cruelly
That lyk as watyr | in a ryuer
So ran hyr blood owt | plenteuously.
And whyl they betyn, | a bedel dede cry:
„Beleue, Margarete, | I counsele the,
And past alle maydens | weel shalt thou be."
And not only this bedel, | but eek the men

And wummen also | wych stood be-syde,
Whan they thus seyn | hyr blood owt reŋ,
Wepyng ful sore | thus on hyr they cryde:
„Margrete, for the we sorwe this tyde,
Olibrius in his ire | the hastyth to spylle:
Beleue hym, we counsele, | & lyue yet stylle!"
Whaŋ Margrete among hyr sharp shours
Of tormentrye these wurdys dede here,
Quod she: „O ye wykkyd counselours,
Men and wummeŋ, | what do ye here?
Goth to your werk! | for wyth-owte pere
The lord that syttyth | in throne ful hy,
Is myn helpere, | this weel troste y.
Also, more-ouyr, | I wyl ye knowe —
And in youre mende | doth it aduertyse:
That, whan Gabriel | his horŋ doth blowe
In the day of the gret | and last assyse
Whan men in body & soule vpryse,
Than shal my soule | be this torment
Be sauyd from that hard iugement.
Wherfore, | if ye wyl sauyd be
Thilk tyme, | I counsel you feythfully:
Alle fals goddys | forsakyth ye
And leuyth in my god, | wych is myhty
In vertu | and heryth alle men gladly
Wych to hym preye | puryd from vyhs
And opnyth hem the gatys of paradyhs!
Alle fals goddys | doth ye forsake
Hastyly therfore, | be counsel of me,
Wych be not ellys, | I vndyrtake,
But gold | or syluyr, | stonys | or tre,
That gooŋ ne mowŋ, | speke, | here | ne see,
Formyd be maŋ — | and if my sentence
Ye not beleue, | makyth experience,
And ye shul weel prouyn sensybylly
That they han feet | & mow not gooŋ,
Erys not heryng, | and eyne sothly
Not seyng, | for in hem is nooŋ
Spyryt of lyf | ner flesh ne booŋ
On here bodyes; | to swych godhede
No wyhs maŋ owyth | to taken hede.

Wherfore, my counsel | if ye wyl do,
My soule for yours. | ye shul saf be.
But thou, o tyraunt, | wych wylt not so
And Sathanas werkys | eu*er*e doost, q*uod* she,
Thy fadyr, | and ageyn the hey maieste
Of oo god berkyst as a dogge shameles,
In helle thy peyne | shal ben endeles."
Olibrius, this hery*n*g. | fel in a rage,
Euene as a man | owt of hys mende,
And bad his torme*n*tours | i*n* that owtrage
Hyr tendyr flesh | to race and rende,
So hopyng of hyr to maken an ende.
And in this mene-whyle | she vp hyr eye
To heuene dede lyfte | and thus gan seye:
„Besegyd I am | wyth wykkyd counsel,
And many doggys | han enuyround me
Wych ben ageyn me | fers and cruel:
Wherfore me counfort, | lord, I prey the,
And send down from heuene, | my*n* helpe to be,
A culuyr whyht, | lord, of thy grace,
Er than I deye, | her in this place!
And also, lord, | if it plese the,
I wold beseche wyth al myn herte
That I myht onys | my*n* aduersarye se
Wych w*yth* me fyhtyth | & me wold p*er*uerte:
And I hym shuld make | ful sor*e* to sm*er*te,
And yeuyn exaunple | be my victory
Alle virgynys to truste | in thy m*er*cy."
In the mene-tyme | of hyr preyer
They rent hyr flesh | on euery syde,
So dispetously | that than a ryuer
Hyr blood to grounde | swyftlyer*e* dede glyde;
That the vnpetous p*r*efect | his eyne dede hyde
Wyth his mantel | & myht not suffr*e* to se
Blood renny*n*g owt | so gret plente.
And whan he sey hyr han swych stedfastnesse
In suffrau*n*ce: | „Margarete, he lowde dede crye,
Consente to me | and wyth hertly meknesse
Wurshepe my goddys, | ne hap thoue euyl dye!"
„Thy counsel, q*uod* she, | I fully denye;
For, if I of my flesh | shuld haue mercy,

My soule perysh shuld, | as shal thyn, sothly."
Whan he sey this, | to takyn hyr down
Hys tormentours | from that hy iebet
He bad, | and in-to a ryht derk presoun
He comaundyd | anon she shuld be shet.
And euene as the clok | seuene had smet,
She entryd in-to that place lothly,
Hyre blyssyng, | and thus she seyd mekely:
„Behold me, lord, wych am the only
Doughtyr of my fader | and he hath me
For the forsakyn, | and so hym haue y:
Hens aftyr wil thou | my fadyr be!
And graunt that I may | myn enmy se
Wych wyth me fyhtyth | face to face,
Geyn whom I not | what I trespace!
Of alle thyngys, lord, | thou art iuge:
Twyn hym and me | deme ryhtfully;
And for thou art only | my refuge,
On hym I pleyne | that hurt am y
And woundyd also | ful greuously; —
Yet, if thou, lord, | be not wroth wyth me,
I set ryht nowt | be al his enmyte."
And whil that she thus | ocupyed was
Ful deuoutly | in hyr preyere,
An huge dragoun, | glasteryng as glas,
Sodeynly from a corner dede apere
Of the presoun, | wyth an horryble chere;
Hys herys were gylt, | his berd was long,
Hys teth of iryn | were myhty & strong;
Owt his nosethryllys | foul smoke he blew,
Hys eyne glastryd | as sterrys be nyht,
Hys tunge ouyr his crowne he threw,
In his clawys a swerd | burnyshed bryth;
And anoon the presoun | wex ful of lyht
Of the feer | wych owt dede renne
From his mouth | & fast gan brenne.
Whan Margrete hym sey, | ful pale of cher
She was | and for very fer trewly
She had forȳete | that god hyr preyer
Had herd | in wych she thus dede cry
„Shew me, lord, onys | myn enmy

Er than I deye". | and aftyr th*us* seyd she:
„Lete not this dragoun, | lord, noyen me!"
This horrible beste | vp-on hyr heed
Put his mouth, | whil she th*us* seyde,
And eek his tu*n*ge, | wych was fer-reed,
Vndyr hyr hele | anoon he leyde,
And swelwyd hyr in | euene at a breyde.
And wha*n* hyr cros *in* his mouth dede encrees,
He brast on-two, | & she scapyd harmlees.
And whan she thus | had the victory
Of hym | thorgh grace of god entere,
On the lefth syde | euene faste hyr by
Anothyr deuyl sodeynly | ther gan apere;
Wych on hyr dede loke | w*yth* a lothly chere,
And at the laste | he thus owt abrayde
Wyth a sneuely*n*g voys | & to hyr sayde:
„Ryht now | my dere brothyr Ruffyn
In a dragons lyknesse | to the I sent,
And whan (he) had the hool swelwyd in,
Vnwarly, | er he wyst what it ment,
W*yth* thy wycche-craft | his lyf was shent,
For w*yth* tokne of a cros | thou dedyst hy*m* breke;
Whos deth I now am come to wreke."
As sone these wurdis | as he had seyd,
Be his longe herys | she gan hy*m* kecche,
And vndyr hyr ryht foot | she hy*m* leyd,
And thus seyde: | „O thou woful wrecche,
Lete be this cursyd | and froward tecche
My maydy*n*heed to temte! | for my*n* helpe, sothly,
Is Crist, | whos name duryth endelesly."
Euene at this wurd | a ful greth lyht
Illumyned sodeynly | that derk presoun,
And a cros aperyd | in heuene ful bryht,
On wych a dowwe | descendyd a-down,
And seyde: „Margrete", | w*yth* a swete sown,
„Alle seyntys in heuene | do the abyde,
And the gatys of p*ar*adyhs | be*n* opnyd wyde".
Than Margrete, | aftyr to god dew tha*n*ky*n*g,
To the fend hyr turnyd | & th*us* dede seye:
„Telle me of whens | thou art, foul thy*n*g!"
„Seruau*n*t of Crist, q*uod* he, I the preye,

Fro my nekke | thy foot remeue aweye,
And alle my werkys | I wil the telle
Doon bothy*n* in erthe | and eek *in* helle."
Aftyr this anoon | of hyr ientylnesse
Owt of his nekke | hyr foot remeue
Softely she gan | and of his distresse
Whan he hyr felt · hym so releue,
„Gramercy, he seyd, | & be your leue
Now wil I, lady, | on-to your demaunde
Answere brefly, | as ye me comaunde.
My surname, treuly, | is clepyd Belchys,
Sathanas oure reulere is | & oure kyng,
And in the bookys pleynly | wrytyn is
Of Jamnes & Mambres | oure ofpryng,
Oure gouernaunce | & al oure werky*n*g.
But to your purpos, | if ye it lyst to here,
I wyl shortly declare | how we come here.
Salomon, of the childryn of Israel
The wysest kyng | that euere was,
Of vs dede shette, | as storyes doon tel,
Many thowsendys onys | i*n* a vessel of bras.
And whan Babylonyes com *in*-to that plas
And wende greth tresore | to haue founde,
The vessels they broke | & vs vnbounde.
And thus whan we | vnboūnde were,
Al erthe in-vyroun | we dede fulfylle,
Serchy*n*g whom we myght noye & dere —
For this pr*o*pyrte | longith euere (vs) tylle."
„This gou*e*rnance q*uod* she, | for sothe, is ylle;
Wherfore go, Sathanas, | hom to thy kyn" —
And w*yth* that wurd | the erthe swelwyd hy*m* yn.
The next day aftyr fers Olibrius
Hyr comaundyd be browt to his pr*e*sence.
To who*m* ful softly | he seyd euene thus:
„Consente, I counsel, to my sentence
And to oure goddys | offre frankencence,
Deuouthly knely*n*g | vp-on thy kne,
And past alle wu*m*men | I wil loue the."
„Laboure, q*uod* she, | no more in veyn,
But take this answere | euene for fynal:
Thy goddys neu*e*re wurshepe shal I, certeyn,

520—1 vgl. Ev. Nicod. v. 447 ff. 535 vs fehlt.

Ner be thy loue | I set ryht nowt at-al;
For not lo*n*ge here*a*ftyr | deye thou shal
And aftyr thy deth | be beryed in helle —
Wherfore wyth the | me not lyst to melle."
Whan Olibrius herd this, | he gan to crye:
„Torme*n*tours, | torme*n*tours", | as he wood were,
„W*yth* glowyng ferbro*n*dys | faste you hye
This wycchys sydys to bre*n*ne & sere,
As longe as ye ony flesh fynde there;
And whan she weel warmyd is *in* this wyse,
In fayr cold watyr | doth hyre baptyse!"
As he comaundyd, | doon was anoon,
That very pete it was | it to beholde
How on bothe sydys | euene to the boon
Hyr flesh was brent w*yth* bro*n*dys manyfolde,
And aftyr boundy*n* | how *in*-to watyr colde
They hyr kest, | that this chau*n*ge sodeyne
From hete to cold | shuld encrecy*n* hyr peyne.
But god, his seruauntys wych neue*r*e forsake
Wil | ner suffre hem to myscheue,
Sodeynly maad | the erthe to quake
And queynt the fyr | that hyr dede greue,
And so in the watyr | hyr dede releue
That vnboundy*n* & harmles | she cam owte —
Wych wu*n*dyr was to he*m* | that stood abowte.
For wych miracle | fyue thousand anoon
Were there conue*r*tyd, | and martyrd also.
And whan Olibri*us* sey | the mater th*us* goon,
Bethynky*n*g | what best was for to do
And dredyng more peple wold turne hyr to
If she lengere lyuyd. | wyth-owte more let
Sentencyd hyr heed | of to be smet.
Of wych sente*n*ce | ful glad she was,
Hauyng ful trust | *in* goddys goodnesse.
And whan she was brouth | *in*-to the plas
Where she shuld receyuy*n* | hyr iuwesse,
Fully replenyshed | w*yth* cherytabylnesse
Malchus she preyid | w*yth* hu*m*ble chere
Of leyser | to make a short preyere.
And whan he hyr had grauntyd space,
She set hyr down | on eythyr kne

585 Ms. repleuyshed.

An vpward to heuene | lyftyng hyr face,
Thus gan for to preye: | „in eternyte
O lord euere-regnyng, | haue mercy on me!
And for thy gret pyte, | o blyssyd Jhesu,
There trespas foryeue | that me pursu!
More-ouyr, lord, | lowly I the beseche
For them specyally | that my passyoun
Othyr rede or wryte | or other do teche,
Or cherche or chapel make | if they moun
Or lyht | or launpe fynde | of deuocyoun
To me-ward: | lord, for thy gret grace
Hem repentaunce graunte, | er they hens pace!
Also, if wummen | in trauaylyng be,
Oppressyd wyth peyne | & greuaunce,
And for helpe deuoutly do preye to me,
Graunth hem sone | good deliueraunce!
And generally, lord, | in ony male-chaunce
If to me for socour | men calle & crye,
Graunt hem sone counfort | & remedye!"
Whan she thus endyd | had hyr preyere,
Sodeynly from heuene | this voys cam down,
So lowde | that alle men | myht it here:
„Herd is, Margarete, | thyn orysoun
And grauntyd | that, who wyth deuocyoun
In ony dyshese | doth preye to the,
For thy sake sothly | the herd shal be."
And wyth this wurd | hyr face to Malchus
She turnyd & seyde | wyth ful glad cher:
„Brothyr, | that the do bad Olibrius,
Now to performe | do thy deuer!
For I not lengere | what to doon her."
And Malchus anoon | wyth-owte more let
Euene at oo strok | hyr heed of smet.
But vnnethe hyr body | sonere to grounde
Fel than hyr soule was | in heuene-blys. —
Now, gloryous lady, | lete thy pyte habounde
Oure soulys to bryngе | wher thy soule ys —
For than of ioye | shul we neuere mys.
Whedyr vs mote brynge | the holy trynyte,
Sey eche man Amen, pur cheryte! —

Lo, sone, | now haf I acomplysyd
Brefly, | lych as I you promysyd
In the prologe, | aftyr the story
Of the legende | euene by & by
The byrthe, | the fostry*n*g | & the successiou*n*
Of lyf | and eek fynally the passyo*un*
Of sey*n*t Margr*e*te, | the bly̆ssyd v*ir*gyne,
So as vouchedsaf | to illumyne
My wyt | & my pe*n*ne | the heuenely grace.
And now of you | I aske leyser & space
Of reste a whyle; | for, certeynly,
Euene as a pilgrym | so far*e* now y,
That feyntly walkyth be the weye
And neythyr lyst to iape ner pleye
Ne talke | ne sy*n*ge | ne make no cher,
Til to his herberwe he gy*n*ne drawe ner,
Wher he may reste | & cou*n*fortyd be
W*yth* mete & drynk | aftyr his necessyte
And his bonys aftyr | i*n* a bed to beyke,
W*yth* labour maad | bothe wery & weyke;
But whan he suppyd hath | a good meel
And slep*t* ynow | and restyd hym weel,
And on the morwe | doth erly ryse,
Than fynt he hy*m*self | in sundry wyse
More strong to p*er*formyn̄ | his iourne.
Ryht so, as I seyde, | it faryth be me:
For, sykyr, my*n* ha*n*dys | gy*n*ne to feynte,
My wyt to dullyn, | and my*n* eyne bleyn*t*e
Shuld be, | ner helpe | of a spectacle;
My pe*n*ne also | gynnyth make obstacle
And lyst no le*n*gere | on paper to re*n*ne,
For I so ofte haue maad to grenne
Hys snowte vp-on my thombys ende
That he ful ny | is waxyn̄ vnthende(!) —
For eu*er*e as he goth, | he doth blot
And i*n* my book makyth | many a spot,
Meny*n*g therby | that for the beste
Were for vs bothe | a whyle to reste,
Til that my wyt | and also he
Myht be sum craft | reparyd be.

663 Ms. vnthendo st. vnhende.

Wherfore, sone, | of your ientylnesse
Respyht vs bothyn | tyl myhylmesse —
And that is not longe, | as I thus preue:
For this day is | seynt Mathevs eue
And to-forn myhilmesse | but the tente day.
Aftyr wych tyme, treuly, I wil assay,
If god vouchesaf | of his specyal grace
Of lyf me graunte | leyser and space,
To performe the remnanth | of my promys —
For lengere leyser | I nyl aske, ywys.
This grauntyd, | fare weel! | now am I fre
Nyne dayes heraftyr | for to pleye me. —

Now myhilmesse-day | is come & past,
To acomplyse | I wyl me hast
The promys | wych that I behyht,
Of my cunnynge | aftyr the myht:
That is to seyne, | whow & whan,
Fro whens | & wheder | & be what man,
And also fyrst | be what occasyoun,
Of seynt Margarete | the translacyoun
From Antyoche was maad | in-to Itayle.
And in this procesee | that I not fayle
Of the treuthe, | I lowly beseche
Hym that treuthe is | & treuthe doth teche,
The lord that syt | a-boue the skye,
That he in treuthe | vouchesaf to gye
On-to the laude | of the virgyne swete
And blyssyd martyr, | seynt Margarete,
Bothe my wyt | & eek my pen;
I prey eche treuman to seyn Amen.

(TRANSLATIO.)*

(I). From the tyme of the incarnacyoun
Of Jhesu Crist | nyne hundryd yer
And eyghte, | be trewe computacyoun,
Whan Sergius was vnyuersel clauyculer
Of holy cherche, | and the sool emper
Had Berengarye: | this caas befel
Wych I her shal touche | rathere than tel.

* Vgl. Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V, p. 41 (mehrfach abweichend).

The secunde yer | of the forseyd pope
Sergye, | & thwelfte indiccyoun,
As be cronyculers | I vndyrgrope,
Fel a ful greuows dissencyoun
Be-twix the *pa*triark | of Antyoche toun,
Eusebye, | & hym that was be tyran*n*ye
That tyme prynce | of ther polycye —
Andronic*us* hyht | that pry*n*ce, sothly;
Wych, whil that Eusebye abs*en*t was,
As I seyd to-fore, | be tyranny
Vsurpyd the pry*n*cehood | of that plas.
Wherof fel | a ful heuy caas:
For thorgh there tweynys | debat & stryf
Ful many a man | dede lese hys lyf.
The *pro*cesse to declar*e* | were to long,
And it askyth | ful many a circu*m*staunce,
To telle clerly | how gret wrong
This prynce dede | & to what myschaunce
The cyte he brouth | thorgh mysgou*er*naunce,
And be what treytourye | his sone-i*n*-lawe,
Sinward, | be nyht he brouth a dawe.
I wyl not tellyn now | what accyoun
He feynyd | the patryark to pursu,
And how & be what similat faccyoun
Meche peple | to hys fauour he dreu;
Wherfore, | prolyxyte | to escheu,
I wil lete passe | al man*er* digressyoun
An shortly goon | on-to the co*n*clusyoun. —
Whan of Antyoche | thorg his surquydy
Ner destroyd was the fayr cyte
Wyth feer & swerd | ful cruelly,
Many a fayr cherche | ther bre*n*t he,
That reuthe & pyte it was to se;
Amo*n*g wych | of sey*n*t Margar*e*te was oon,
Wherof he left neipir stykke ne stoon.
In this seyd cherche | was an abbeye,
A sole*m*ne of mu*n*kys, | whil that it stood;
Of wych the abot was, | as cronycles seye,
That tyme a religyous ma*n* & good,
Austy*n* be name, | & of nobyl blood,
Born in a cu*n*tre | clepyd Lu*m*bardye,

726 in Act. SS. heisst er Symardus, Symetri principis filius.

And of a cyte | callyd Pauye.
Whan this Austyn sey | the gret mischef
Bothe of the cyte : and of his abbeye,
And the inpossybylnesse | it to relef,
Hys spyryt ner went | from hym aweye,
Hym thowte ! he yaf no fors to deye.
And whan he thus longe | had stonde confush,
At last in hymself | he thus dede muse:
„I am but a foreyn | in this cuntre
And haue here no frend | me to auayle;
Werfore me thynkyth | it best for me
Ageyn to returne | in-to Itayle,
Wher of good frenshepe | I may not fayle;
For ther is the issu | of my genealogye,
And specyally in the cyte of Papye.“
And whan in this purpos he fyxyd was
Hys owe cuntre | to goon hom to,
He kest to caryin | owt of that plas
The bodyes of holy virgynys two:
Seynt Margarete | & seynt Euprepye also,
To profyht of the cherche | and eek honour
In Pauye | of seynt Sire the confessour.
For lernyd he hadde | ful secretlye
Of a prest | in his last confessyoun,
Vbald be name, | whan he shuld dye —
Wych was a man | of gret deuocyoun —
How of seynt Margrete | he fynde shuld moun
The body | & where that it dede rest
Of gold & syluyr | in a fayr chest.
And for he myht not | alone do
That he desyryd, | of his men tweyne
Pryuyly oo tyme | he clepyd hym to —
Wych Lucas & Robert | were clepyd, certeyne,
And feythfully of hem | he gan to freyne
If they to hym wold | trewe men be
And wyth hym goon hom | to his cuntre;
And if they wold so, | he them there hyht
Of gold an tresore | gret habundaunce,
And that he shulde | doon al hys myht
Wyth sporys gylt | hem bothe to auaunce
And that they shulde ryde | wyth spere & launce.

And they hym assuryd w*yth* scrypture & seel
Euere cloos to kepyn | al hys counseel.
„Felawys, q*uod* he, | treuly, myn entent
Meuyd is euene, | of pure deuocyoun̄,
Owt of this place | wych is her brent
And browt, as ye see, | to gret desolacyoun̄,
Of su*m*me relykys to make a tra*n*slacyoun̄,
And specyally | of that blyssyd & holy v*ir*gyne
Sey*n*t Margarete, | an in Pauye he*m* do shryne."
Whan they thys herde, | wyth ryht glad cher
Fully they approuyd | al his entent
And seyden: | whan-euere in this mater
He wolde procede, | they shuld assent;
„For here, q*uod* they, | it arn but shent;
Wherfore to performyn | this holy decre
We trowe that god hath inspyryd the."
And sone aftyr this | they cam alle thre
Pryuyly be nyhte | on-to the place
Where Austyn had lernyd | this relykys hyd be
Of seynt Margarete, | be goddys grace;
And anoon̄ so depe | they dede in race
Tyl at the laste | a chest they founde,
Wyth iryn and bras | myhtyly bounde;
And euene w*yth*-owte was this scripture
Wrytyn abouyn | vp-on the chest:
„Here wyth-inne | of the virgyne pure
Seynt Margare*t*e | the body doth rest."
And wyth-oute let | they it al to-brest:
And *in* a sylu*er*ene vessel, | w*yth* ge*m*mys freshly
Arayed, | they founde | this blyssyd body.
Wych whan they seyn̄, | they were ful glad,
And anoon̄ tokyn it vp | ful reuerently,
And to a ma*n*nys hous | pr*e*uyly it lad
Wych Austy*n* the abot | louyd enterly —
Crisper be name, | wych dwellyd ther ny; —
But what they brouht, | they nold hy*m* telle.
Wher foure dayis aftyr | they dede dwelle.
In wych mene-tyme | they maad he*m* redy
In hasty wyse to takyn | forth here iourne;
But the sylueren ark | they broke, sothly,
And trussyd the body | in a loker of tre,

That of tresore | shuld no suspycyoun be.
And aftyr leue takyn, | to shyp they went,
And god of his grace | hem fayr speed sent.
For anoon, wyth-owtyn | eythyr peryl or feer,
To the port of Brundusye | they dede applye.
And whan they weel had refresshyd hem ther,
Anoon thre hors | they dedyn hem bye
And forth to Rome | they hem faste dede hye.
Wher dylygently | and wyth deuocyoun
They labouryd to purchasyn | holy pardoun.
And whan they ful ner | dayes fyftene
Hemself wyth a deuouth carage
Had excercysyd | and maad ful clene
And goon to many | an holy stage,
Of the reed flyx | the gret owtrage
Sodeynly dede Austyn | so sore oppresse,
That to deyin he trowyd | of that seeknesse.
Wherfore, as goodly | as he cowde or myht,
Seyng no lyklynesse to ben amendyd,
Of hys host | he took his leue that nyht
And payid for al | that he had dispendyd,
On morwe, whan he hym had commendyd
To Petyr and Poule, | his hors he nam
And vnnethe that nyht | to Souters cam.
Wyth gret labour they come | the nexte day
On-to the cherche | of blyssyd Vyctory
The virgyne, | wych stant, as men se may,
In the hey-weye | Venus halle by.
Wher they hym receuyd | ful honestly,
Wych tyme as shuld the solemnyzacyoun
Been of that cherche | the fyrst dedycacyoun —
Wych on the seuente day | dede falle
Of Octobre, | euene as there wrytyn ys.
Wher Austyn offryd vp in a palle
Oon of seynt Margaretys rybbys.
And whan the peple ther dwellyng sey this,
They it receyuyd | wyth ful glad cher
And in hyr honour | dede halwe a auter.
Fro whens wyth-inne dayis two,
Wyth gret syknese | whan they dede pace,
In the vale Palantes (!) | they come to

856 A. S.: ad templum b. Victoriae in via publica juxta veterem (!) aulam.

Of seynt Petyr | a relygyous place
Of mu*n*kys blake, | and Bo*n*yface
The Abot hyht; | wher wurshepfully
Austyn was receyuyd | & cherytabylly.
And whan he sey | that his seeknesse
Eche day encrecyd | more and more,
And cowd see no weye | of lyklynesse
To ascapyn, | anoon he sent fore
The Abot Bonyface | & wepy*n*g ful sore
To hym, in presence | of his hool couent,
He pleynly declaryd th*us* hys entent:
„Allas, q*uod* he, | euene as a straunger
And as vnknowyn also | in this cu*n*tre
Ineuytabylly | I must deyin her,
For alwey encrecyth | myn infyrmyte;
Nertheles | vertu of necessyte
I wyl make | and therfore now
To god my soule | I *com*me*n*de & to yow.
More-ouyr, also, | I wil ye wete:
Two p*re*cyous relykys | I her haue w*yth* me,
That is to seyne | of seynt Margrete
The body, | and of the vyrgyne fre
Eup*re*pye the heed, | in a cophyn of tre:
Wyche from Antyoche | I haue brouth,
And to Pauye them led | it was my thouth.
But syth I see deth | me faste nyhe to
And I to lyue may haue | no le*n*gere space,
Whil my wyttys be fresch | and my my*n*de also
This relykys I yeue | to this holy place,
You therfore asky*n*ge | this oonly grace
That ye for me wil preyn specyally
And therto my annyu*er*sarye kepy*n* yerly."
Whan they herd thys, | god principally
They thankyd, | and hym, | wyth herte entere;
And that he desyryd | so deuouthly,
They hym grauntyd | wyth ful glad chere.
And anoon alle the munkys in-fere
Te deum laudamus | deuoūthly sunge
And alle here bellys | ful solemnely runge.
And the abot copyd, | w*yth* his mu*n*kys alle,
Wyth torchys | & tapyrs | brennyng ful cler,

869 A. S.: ad ecclesiam b. Petri Vallis perlatae (!) juxta lacum Vulsinium.

These *pre*cyous relykys, | curyd w*yth* a palle,
Bar and set vp-on the hey-awter.
And eyghte dayis aftyr | w*yth* ful glad cher
They maad greth feste | & solemnyte;
And meche peple thydyr it cam to see.

In wych mene-tyme | this blyssyd man
Austyn, | wych that yaf on-to that place
These holy relikys, | whan he had tan
Alle hys ryhtys, | to goddys grace
He *com*men*d*yd his soule | & hens dede pace,
The sextend kalen*d*ys, | as wryty*n*g doth p*re*ue,
Of Noue*m*byr, | euene on sey*n*t Lukys eue.

And whan they his dirige | *in* goodly maner
Had seyd, | to here cherche | ful relygyously
Hys body they bore | & besydyn an awter
Of seynt Blase | it beryid ful wurshepfully;
And aftyrward hem besyid | riht diligently
To performyn vp | the solemnyzacyoun
Of these holy seyd relikys translacyoun.

For, thow Kalixtys day, | martyr & pope,
Wych fallyth of Octobyr | the threttend day,
As be old wrytynge | I vndyrgrope,
The fyrst day were | of this sole*m*ne aray
Wych reuelacyou*n* | or tra*n*slacyou*n* | clepyd be may
Of sey*n*t Margretys body, | yet eyghte days more
They solemne kept, | as seyd is before.

In wych eyghte dayis | ther god wrowt
Manye grete miraclys, | as I wryty*n* haf see —
Albeit for hast | that I reherce he*m* nowt,
Or, for to other thyngys | I wold spede me,
And also, to eschewyn prolixyte,
Stepdam of fauour | aftyr the sente*n*ce
In a vers | of Mathu Vindocine*n*ce. —

But for as meche | as nothy*n*g p*er*petuel
Is in thys werd | ne stabyl in oo staat,
For the grete werrys | that sone aftyr fel
In thylk cuntre | thorgh stryf & debat
Of sundry cytees, | this place desolat
W*yth*-inne fewe yerys was | & stood aloon,

Whos dwellers thens for feer | dede flen euery-
chon.
Sone aftyr this, | whan it was knowe
That this abbeye was | in swych desolacyoun,
And be the trumpet of fame | aboute blowe,
The Ruuyllyans | madyn a congregacyoun
And alle the clerkys gadryd in processyoun
Of oure ladyis cherche, | and wyth gret reuerens
Seynt Margaretes body | they fecchyd thens.
And whan they had | this body brout
In-to oure ladyes cherche | wyth solemnyte,
In tablys of marbyl | coryously wrout
They it shrynyd | wyth seynt Felycyte,
Whos feste fallyth, | as men may se,
Wyth seynt Clement — | and, as I remembre,
It is the nynte kalende of Decembre. —
(II). Where whan these two virgyns in-sam
An hundryd yer or more | had shrynyd leyn,
Swych myschef | to Ruyllyan cam
That down it was bete | & maad pleyn;
And so longe it so abood, certeyn,
And wyth trees & buschys | so wylde grew,
That, where it was, | anethe ony knew.
But whan it plesyd | the souereyn goodnesse
Of god, wych syt | in heuene aboue,
To delyuyrn owt of that wyldyrnesse
These two virgyns | wych he dede loue,
To counfort of meche folk | & behoue:
He chees a persone | of straunge cuntre
Of there translacyoun | mynystyr to be.
Whan the yer of grace | on the nounbyr ran
Of a thousand | foure hundryd | and fyue,
The fyrst yer | of the secund Vrban,
The pope of Rome, | as cronycles dryue,
And Herry the thredde | was alyue
And had the sool reule of the empere:
This reuelacyoun maad was | that ye shul here.
Twyx Naplys that tyme | and Teracyne
In a wode | of the Markeys | of that cuntre
Two hermytys dwellyd, | whom god illumyne
Vouchydsaf wyth grace | in that degre

980 Nach A. S. i. J. 1185, Urbano III pontifice, Frederico imperatore.

To lyuyn | and his seruauntys to be —
Jon hyht the toon; | to whom dede appere
Seynt Margrete, seyng on this manere:
„Jon, Goddys seruaunt, | as fast as thou kan,
On myn erand | Mounth-Flask go to
And vn-to the pryour | of seynt Flauyan
Wych is ther, clepyd Burgundio,
And sey hym: | god wil | that he his deuer do
That neythyr I | ner seynt Felycyte
In solytarye place | lengere lefth be."
„Who art thou, quod Jon, | that spekyst to me
And byddyst me doon, | that I ne kan?"
„I am Margrete, goddis handmayde, quod she,
That in Antyoche dede martyrdam tan
Vndyr fers Olybrye | wych prefect was than;
But whan that cyte wyth scysme | was ner nowt,
Oon Austyn to Tuskayne | fro thens me browt."
„Lady, quod Jon, | I not knowe that place
Ner in what-maner | cuntre it is."
„Kare not, quod she, | for, whil that grace
Of God the guydyth, | thou mayst not mys —
For, wher-euere thou go, | it shal the wys;
And al that longyth | to thy necessyte,
Shal be prouydyd | be god and me."
Whan Jon this herd, | wyth-owte lettyng
He tok his felawe | and gan hym forth hye
Vp-on his iurne, fully trostyng
That the grace of god | shuld hym riht gye.
And so it dede: | for ryht sone, sothlye,
To Mounth-flask he cam. where she ageyn
To hym apperyd | and thus dede seyn:
„Go sey the pryour | that he sende hastly
To Ruuyllyan, | wych now is wildyrnesse,
And to the place where of seynt Mary
The cherche was: | & there wyth besynesse
Of deluyng they shul fynden expresse
In tablys of marbyl wyth a scripture
My body | & Felicites, | I hem ensure."
And anoon Jon | to the pryour went
And gan hym tellen | euene by and by
Of whom | & why | he thedyr was sent,

1021 Ms. the st. he. 1040 Ms. but bt.

And preyd hym to performyn it hastyly —
For, were it doon, | he hym hom wold hy.
But he no credens yaf | to his talkyng.
Wherfore Jon went | awey wepyng —
He was ful sory | that he had lost
So meche labour, | hym thoute, in veyn.
And as he went homward | to his ošt,
In the opyn strete | seynt Margrete ageyn
Apperyd to hym | & thus dede seyn:
„Jon, be not heuy, | but ayen hym to
Go and eftsonys | thyn herand doo!"
„I-wis, lady, quod Jon, | he nyl credens
In no wyse my wurdys yeue to."
„Yet go! quod she, | and er thou come thens,
He shal wyth grace | inspiryd be so
Happyly that he shal | assente to do
Lych as thou seyst | & hold the trewe —
Or ellys forsothe | he shal it rewe."
„Lady, quod he, | in this matere
Me thynkith best were, | saf youre reuerence,
That ye youreself | to hym dede appere
And shewyd hym pleynly | youre sentence;
For than he nedys must | yeue credence."
„Nay, Jon, quod she, nay, | god wyl not so,
But be the he wyl | this massage be do."
Whan Jon herd this, | & othere also
Wych stood besyden, | ful many oon,
Herdyn this talkyng | betwyx hem to,
They seyde they wold | wyth hym goon
On-to the pryour, | and that anoon,
And of alle these wurdis | bothe more & lesse
Pleynly they wold hym bere wytnesse.
Whan this was doon, | the priour dede leue
Jonys wordys; | & wyth-owte lettyng,
The treuthe herof | that he myht preue,
Men thedyr he sent | to make serchyng.
And they there labouryd in deluyng
In the cherche paument | fro morwe tyl eue;
But they founde nowt — | that dede hem greue.
And anoon for angyr | they hom ageyn
Turnyd and seyde | euene thus to Jon:

„Thou hast vs maad | to labouren in veyn,
For of oure labour | fruht is come noon."
„Serys, q*uod* he, | yif ye lyst to goon
Ageyn wyth me, | be goddys grace
I shal you brynge | euene to the place."
They folwyd his wyl | & turnyd ageyn.
And al-be-it he neuere cam there toforn,
„Here is the place", | q*uod* he, | „certeyn,
Where growe bry*m*blys | & many a thorn;
Here shal I hope no labour be lorn."
Wher they dede delue | & w*yth*-inne a stounde
More than they sowten | ther they founde.
For wyth the bodyes | of the v*ir*gyns two,
Felycyte an eek | Seynt Margarete,
Thre rybbys ther they foundy*n* also
Of Cosme & Damyan, | smelly*n*g ful swete.
And an epitaphye | of marbyl was wrete
On this wyse: | „lo, her in this chest
Margretys body | & Felicites doth rest."
Whan they this seyn, | w*yth* gret gladnesse
To Mounth-Flask anoon | they wurd sent.
And thanne the priour | w*yth* gr*e*t besynesse
Gadryd a p*r*ocessyoun | and thedyr went
And them hom to bry*n*ge | was dylygent;
And al the pepyl folwyd ful besyly,
Syngynge | and preyng | deuouthly.
And whil they th*us* ocupyed | i*n* sy*n*gy*n*g were,
Sodeynly nyht | hem dede a-take
And anoon they we*n*t | they wyst not where,
And euere-more grew mo clowdys blake.
And they for feer | tremely*n*g gu*n*ne quake,
And wyth oo voys | they lowde dede cry:
„Seynt Margar*e*te on vs | now haue m*er*cy!"
And anoon as they thus | preyd had,
A gret bryhtnesse | ouyr hem dede sprede
As thow heuene | euene opy*n* ben had;
Wych to Mounth-Flask | ryht dede h*em* lede;
And euere as they forth dede p*r*ocede,
The lyht went euene wyth h*em*, sothly,
Tyl they come vp in the toun on hy.
And whan they come | beforn the hous

1086 A. S. duo costas.

Of oon that Bencase | men dede calle,
These reliquys so heuy | & so ponderous
Dede growe anoon. | that vnder hem alle
Myht them not beryn | past his stalle.
Wherfore men conceyuyd | that they lest
In that place stylle | abydyn & rest.
Vp-on wych they alle in-fere
To Bencase seyde: | „syth god wyl
That a cherche | shuld be maad here
For these relykys, | thyn hows ther-tyl
Yiue vp, we counsel, | wyth good wyl!
And if thou wyt not so, | we wyl it bye
Or yeue the a bettyr therfore, treulye."
Bencase seyd nay, | it shuld not be.
And sodeynly began | swych a tempest
Of thundyr & leuene, | that dayes thre
It contunyd stylle | & neuere dede rest.
Whan Bencase thys sey, | hym thouth it best
To take a nothyr | and hys hous relece;
And so he dede, | & the tempest gan sece.
Aftyr this in ful solemne wyse
In-to that hous | the relikys they bere;
And as goodly | as they cowde deuyse,
Anoon a cherche | they dede make there.
In wych yet restyn, | as I dede lere,
The bodyes of the two virgynys swete,
Seynt Felicyte | & eek seynt Margarete.
Many a myracle | ther shewyd was
In the tyme of thys translacyoun,
And ofte sythyn hath ben | in that holy plas,
Wych to wrytyn | were gret ocupacyoun;
For, sekyrly, | aftyr myn estymacyoun,
If they were wrytyn, | it contune more
Wold than al the remnaunth before.
This secunde translacyoun | of the virgyn swete,
Treuly, as I me now kan remembre,
I mene the blyssyd martyr Margarete,
The seuenetende day | was of Nouembre
And the fyftende Kalende | of Decembre,
Wych day entytlyd is | in-to the honour
Of gloryous Huhe, | byschop & confessour. —

1113 A. S. Benencasae. 1124 Ms. wyt st. wylt.

Now, blyssyd v*ir*gyne, | wych at Mou*n*th-Flaske
Lyist shrynyd | in a ful fayr awter,
Graunth me the bone | that I now aske:
First | that I may purchase pardone her
Of alle my synnys, | and aftyr partener
Of the ioye be | wher thou doost dwelle,
Wych how gret is | no tu*n*ge kan telle. Amen.

*Mer*cy Jhesu & *gramer*cy.

1160 vor be ist to ausradirt.

II. Vita Scae Annae, matris Scae Mariae.

PROLOGUS.

Iff I hadde cunnyng and eloquens
My conceytes craftely to dilate
As whilom hadde the firſh (!) rethoryens
Gowere, Chauncere, & now Lytgate,
I wolde me besyn to translate
Seynt Anne lyf in-to oure lang*ge.
But sekyr, I fere to gynne so late,
Lest men wolde ascryuen it to dotage;
For wel I know that fer in age
I am runne & my lyues date
Aprochith faste & the fers rage
Of cruel deth — so wyl my fate
Ineuytable — hath at my gate
Set hys carte to carye me hens,
And I ne may ne can, thau I hym hate,
Ageyn hys fors make resistens.
Wherfore me thinkyth, & sothe it ys,
Best were for me to leue makynge
Of englysh, & suche as ys amys
To reformyn in my lyuynge;
For that ys a ryght souereyn cunnynge
A man to knowen hys trespaſce,
Wyth ful purpos of a-mendynge,
As ferforth as god wyl grawnte hym grace.

3 Ms. firsh st. first?

Der Rest von f. 26a und b ist leer, ebenso fol. 27 u. 28. S. Anna beginnt auf fol. 29 oben, von anderer Hand.

For whil a man hath leysere and space
Here in þis wordlys abydynge,
Or than that deth his brest enbrace,
To ransake his lyf in alle thynge
And wyth his conscience to make rekenynge
& ryhtyn ageyn al þat wronge is,
He may not fayle, at his partynge
Owt of his lyf, to gon to blys.
Neuerthelesse onto þ° souereyn goodnesse
Of Jhesu I truste & of Marie,
His moder fre: thow I my besynesse
Do diligently to claryfye
Her moderes lyf & hyr genalogye,
To excyten wyth mennys deuocyon,
Aftyr thentent of the storye:
They wyl accepten myn entencyon.
For, treuly, I make a protestacyon
To seynt Anne & to hyr dowter Marye:
That, yf eythyr errour in myn opynyon
Geyn good maners, or heresye
Ageyn the feyth I cowde aspye,
Wyth alle diligence & besynesse
Alle my wyttes I wolde applye
It to reforme & to redresse.
But ere than I ferther forþ° procede
In this matere, I lowly beseche
Alle þat schul thys story rede,
That they loke aftyr no coryous speche;
For Tullyus wolde me neuer non teche,
Ner in Parnase, wher Apollo doth dwelle,
I neuer slepte, ne neuer dede seche
In Ethna flowrs wher, as Claudian doþ° telle,
Proserpina was rapt, nor of þ° sugird welle
In Elicona, my rudnesse to leche,
I neuer dede taste; to me so felle
Wher euer the muses, & þ° cruel wreche
Of Orpheus whiche hys wyf dede seche
In helle, of me wolde neuer take hede
Nor of his armonye oo poynt me teche
In musical proporcyon rymes to lede.
Zet not-forthan I wyl not blynne,

60 wher st. were.

For youre sake, my frende Denston Kateryne,
Lyche as I can, this story to begynne,
If grace my penne vochesaf to illumyne.
Preyth ye enterly þat blyssed virgyne
Whiche of seynt Anne þ° dowter was,
That she vouchesaf some beem lat shyne
Vp-on me, of hyr specyal grace,
And þat I may haue leyser & spaas,
Thorgh help of influence dyuyne,
To oure bothe confort & solace
This legende begunne for to termyn
Orthan deth the threed vntwyne
Of oure fatal web whiche is ryht thynne,
And saue vs bothe from endles pyne
And here vs kepe from shame & synne.
O perles princesse of uirginyte,
Synguler gemme, whiche in eche nede
Art euer redy helper to be
To them that the for grace to grede,
Entende, lady, of thy womanhede,
To my prayer and me soccour,
Whiche purpose of thy kynrede
Sum-what to seyn thorghe thy fauour,
And specyally on-to the honour
Of thy modyr, whiche, as I rede,
Rote was of the, o most swet floure,
And wyth hyr mylke dede foster & fede
The ful thre yer & aftyr dede lede
On-to the temple & ther offerde the;
Now, lady, graunt to me mede
In blysse eterne yow bothe to se! —

Aftyr the reulys of interpretacyon
Anne is as myche to seyn as „grace“;
And worthyly thys appellacyon
To hyr pertenyth: for wyth-in the space
Here that is of grace the welle
Of hyr wombe sche dede enbrace,
Lady of erthe & empresse of helle;
I mene that blyssed & holy virgyne,

68 to aus te corr. 69 Ms. þe st. ye. 95 l. me to.

Modyr of Jhesu oure sauyour,
Marye, of synners souereyn medycyne,
And in alle dystresse synguler soccour,
Aftyr hyr sone; — & of this floure,
Whiche is so redolent & so soote,
This gracyous Anne was stoke & rote.
The whiche is commendyde, as I do rede,
Of thynges thre most syngulerly:
Ferst of hyr nobyl & royal kynrede,
Conueyede from Dauid down lyneally;
Of perfyht leuynge also; and fynally
Of plenteuous fruht. & Ysachar hyr fadyr
Was clepyd, & Nasaphath hyht hyr modyr.
As for the fyrst, I wil ye knowe,
Be doctryne of scripture whiche wyl not lye:
Dauid in Jerusalem hade on a rowe
Fowre sones be oon cleped Bersabee,
Whilom the wyf of wurthy Vrye;
But to oure purpoos, the thryde hyht
Salomon, & the fowrthe Nathan be ryht.
More-ouyr I wyl ye know also,
As Jerom & Damascen do testifye:
The custome of scripture not vsyth, lo,
Of wymmen to wryte the genealogye;
Wherfore, as þe lyne of Marye
Is knowe be Joseph, & non othyr wyse,
So is Annes be Joachym, as þey two deuyse.
Also, for more cler vndurstondynge
Of þis genealogyal descencyon,
I wil ye wyte that for no thynge
The olde law wold suffre permixtyon
Of sundry kynredes; for whiche conclusyon
Joachym toke Anne of hys ny alye,
And Joseph was streyned to wedde Mary.
These thyngys knowen, lyst what I mene:
Of Nathan longe aftyr descended Leuy,
Whiche of his wyf Estha, seyth Damescen,
Too sones gat: Pantar & Melchy;
Pantar gat Barpantar, & he lyneally
Joachym, whiche that husbonde was
To Anne, the moder of oure solas.

134 Ms. urspr. the st. ye.

On þat oþer syde down descendynge
From Salomon euen vnto Mathan
Cam Jacob, aftyr Matheus wrytynge;
But, as Damascen wyl declare can,
Melchy, of þe lyne of Nathan,
Pantars brother & þe sone of Leuy,
Weddyd Jacobes modyr & gat Ely —
So Jacob & Ely were brethern vteryne,
Thow Jacob of Sal(o)mon, & Ely cam of Nathan.
And whan Ely issules his lyf dede fyne,
Jacob, to reyse his brother seed, dede tan
Hys wyf, as comānded the lawe than,
And gat Joseph, spouse to Marye.
Lo, thus endyth þis double genealogye.
And yf yt lyke, on-to moralyte
To draw þe names of the progenytours
Of Marye, chef gemme of uirginyte,
Of helful doctryne ful redolent flours
We schul fynde, of ryht swete odowrs,
Yf we hem dewly kun applye
And ordenelly aftyr the ethimologye.
Aftyr þe sentence of the holy doctour
Seynt Austeyn, Dauid dowth signyfye
„The souereyn heuenely progenytour";
And Salomon „pesyble" aftyr ethimologye
„The prince of pees" betoknyth, sothly,
Whom the fadyr down sent pees to make,
Perfyth oure kynde whān he dyde take;
Be Nathan, Dauid sone also,
„ȝyfth" or „thynge ȝouyn" is signyfyed;
Be whom descens Leuy is made to,
Where-in we be mystyly certyfyed,
And „taken vp" betoknyth, or, applyed,
That be hem oure nature assumpt shul be
To þe secunde persone of þe trinite.
Bvt yet had it not ben sufficyent
The vptakyng of oure frele nature
Whiche wyth synne was almost schent,
But recuryd had ben oure brosure
And he vengnyshd þat causyd þ^e lesure:

Wherfore in þe ordyr of oure rep*ara*cyon
Descens it to Jacob, toknynge „supplantacyon“;
Jacob supplanted hys brother Esau,
Whiche toknythe „row“ or ellys „hery“:
And it signifyeth þat oure lorde Jh*es*u
Supplanted the deuyl, oure ruggyd enmy,
Whan he on þe crosce ful schamfully
Heng nakyd, fastnyd w*yth* nayles sm*er*te,
And w*yth* a scharpe spere stunge to þ^{e} herte.
Aftyr Jacob Joseph, as seyth þe text,
Whiche toknyth „encres“, stondyth next
In descence of the genealogye,
Spouse of Annes doughter Marie,
Modyr of Jh*es*u: whiche to sygnyfie
„A byttyr see“ and „saluacyon“;
Where-of lo a bref moralizacyon:
Joseph, encrescynge in goodnesse,
Must wedde Marye. the bytt*er* see
Of penaunce, be constant stabylnesse;
And yf Anne penãnces modyr be
Whiche toknyth „gr*a*ce & charyte“,
He schal co*n*ceyuen be the hu*m*ble v*er*tu
Saluacyon, tokned be þis name Jh*es*u.
Now haue I shewed more co*m*pendyously
Than it owt haue ben, þis noble pedegre;
But in þat myn auctour I folow, sothly.
And also, to eschewyn prolyxite,
And for my wyt is schort. as ye may se,
To the secunde part I wyl me hye
Of my p*ro*cesse, & Annes lyf descrye. — —
Thys blyssud Anne of þe blode royal,
As to-forn is s(e)yde, of Dauid þe kynge,
In a cyte þat Bedleem men calle
Was born & hade hyr fyrst fostrynge
In alle that myht to v*er*tu hyr brynge,
As diligently as hyr fadyr cowd do,
Isachar, & Nazaphat, hyr modyr, also.
And whan she to ȝeris of dyscrescyon
Was comyn, aftyr ther lawes guyse,
Not ou*er* yonge aftyr myn estymac*i*on,

187 Ms. it st. is. 199 to st. do (3. plur.), oder be fehlt. 217 Ms. syde.

But what yer of age I ne can deuyse,
Wedded sche was & ful solenne wyse
Into a cuntre clepyd Galyle
And to a man a-cordyng to hyr degre:
I mene to Joachym, in the cyte
Off Nazareth dwellynge, & of Dauid hows,
A ryche man & of gret dignyte,
Whos lyf of youthe was euer vertuous,
Symple, ryhtfulle & eke petous,
Aforne god & man ryht comendable:
To whom Anne was wyf ful couenable.
For aftyr the doctryne of philosophye
In Jhesus Syrach, whoso it rede can,
Lyche to lyche euere doth applie;
As scheep to scheep & man to man,
Pertryche to pertryche & swan to swan,
So vertu to vertu is agreable: —
Werfore Anne to Joachym was wyf ful able.
For liche as they in ther yunge age
Were bothne forthe-browthe vertuously,
Ryght so, conioyned be maryage
Whan þey were, more diligently
In vertush they grew — & cause is why:
For, as longe to-forne be a poete was tolde,
What newe shelle taketh it sauouryth olde.
And for they wolde lyuen conformely
To goddes plesaunce, here possessyon
They deuyded on partes thre, treuly:
The ferst they youen wyth deuocyon
To the temple, þe secunde to sustentacion
Of pylgrimys & pore men seek & olde,
The thrydde they kept for her howsholde.
Thus ryhtful to god & to man petous
Twenty wynter þey lyued wyth-out issw
In chast maryage and not vycyous.
And thow of here seed no fruht grew,
Zet to god for grace they dede pursew
At hys temple thryes in the yere
Wyth offrynge & deuoūht preyere
And maden vowes wyth holy entent

227 & st. in. 231 Ms. dd˜ = dauid. 238 Ms. Ind st. In. 259 Ms. urspr. wyntour, corr. (v. a. H. ?).

That, yf god wolde of his specyal *grace*
Ony fruht hem sende, þey wolde it *present*,
Were it man or woman, beforn hys face,
Euen in the temple, þ*at* holy place,
Ther hem to sence bothe clene & pure,
As longe ther-of as they had cure.
Long aftyr, vpon a festful day,
Clepud of þe temple the dedycacyon,
Joachym in his best aray
To Jer*usalem* went, w*yth* deuocyon̄
To make his ofrynge, as he was won̄,
Wyth other burgeys of hys cyte,
Eche man as longyd to hys degre.
At þat tyme byschop was Isakar
In the temple, as tellyth þe story.
And whan he amonge o*per* was war
Of Joachym stondynge, ful sturdyly
He him rebukyde & askyde why
He, þ*at* bareyn and frutles was,
Presumyde to apperen in that plas;
„Thy yiftes, q*uod* he, ben vnworthy
And to god no-pinge acceptable:
For þis I wyl þ*ou* knowe pleynly
That bareynesse to god is repr*o*uable
And cursed is yche man & *con*dempnable —
As holy scr*i*pture vs doth telle —
That no fruht forth-bryngþ° in Isr*ael*.
Werfore, Joachym, I charge the,
Neu*ere* aftyr vse þis presu*m*pcyon
Here to offre, tyl assoylled þ*ou* be
Of þis legal malediccyon̄;
And whan þ*ou* hast get an absolucyon
Of þis curs, and hast fecundyte,
Than schul they yiftes acceptable be."
Whan Joachym þus rebukyde was
Of þ° byschop in þ° temple opynly,
He was so aschamyd of þat caas
That agyn hom he nolde goon pleyn*ly*,
Ne hap his neyb*ur*es which dwellyd hy*m* by
Hy*m* wolde repr*e*ue anothyr day:
And þ*er*fore he toke al another way,

273 clepud in clepyd corr. 283 Ms. hem st. him. 299 they st. thy.

And to his herdemen he dede hym hye
Which in wyldernesse fer dede pasture
That tyme his schep ful diligently,
Which in too dayes were his most cure —
For wyth þat encrecyde of here genderrur*
He & his wyf were wonte to fede
Pore folke whiche god dede loue & drede.
Whyl Joachym hym þus dede ocupye
Abouȝt his scheep in wast wyldyrnesse,
And Anne his spouse cowde non aspye
Of hym tydynges neyþer more ne lasse
Ful monythes fyue, wyth gret trestesse
Oppressede & prostrat she gan to preye
And in here prayer she þus dede seye:
„O souerayne euere-lastynge maieste
Whiche hast been euere & be schal
Regnynge in stable eternyte,
Whos regne may neyþer bowe ne fal,
To whom eeke eche creature mortal
Must obey: now, lorde, in þis nede
Vp-on me rew, for thy nobylhede!
A, lorde of Israel most myhty,
Syth þou no chylderne hast youe me to,
What haue I trespaſcyd geyn thy mercy
That þus my spouse þou takyst me fro?
For ful fyue monythes be passyd & go
Syth I of hym had no tydynge
Wether he be dede or ellys lyuynge.
Now help me, lorde! I the beseche,
And graunte me grace to haue knowynge
Were I myht my husbonde seche!
For, yf I knew where, wyth-owt letynge
I wolde hym seke, yf he were lyuynge,
And yf he ded were, his sepulture
I wolde enbelshyn wyth besy cure.
For, lorde, þou knowyst how affecteuously
I hym now loue, and euere haue do
Syth we fyrst knyt were lawfully,
Past alle creatures — lorde, helpe me so! —
And yf þe knot be now vn-do
Of oure spousayle, I noon but the

310 too st. thoo. V. 336 im Ms. nach 338 versetzt.

Know, lorde, that may my confort be."
Whan she þes wordes & many mo
Which at þis tyme I ne can expresse,
Had seyd, sobbynge for very wo
And sykynge for hertys byttyrnesse,
In-to an herber she can hyre dresse
Besyden hyr hows, & ther, certayn,
Hyre prayer hertly she made ageyn.
And whan she roos from hyr prayer
And casuelly lyftyde vp hyr eye,
In a fayr, fresh & grene laurere
A sparow fedynge hyr bryddes she seye
In a nest made of mossh & cleye;
And a-non she fel down sodenly
Vp-on hyr knees & þus gan crye:
„O lorde almyhte, which hast ouere al
Souerente & to euere creature,
Fyssh, ful, & bestis, boþe more & smal,
Hast grauntyd be kyndly engenderrure
To ioyen in þe lykenesse of ther nature
And in ther issu, iche aftyr his kynde,
To worshyp of thy name wyth-owten ende;
And I thank þe, lorde, þat þou to me
Hast don as it is to thy plesaunce,
Fro þe yefte of thy benygnyte
Me excludynge — swych is my chaunce —;
Zet, if yt þe had lykede me to avaunce
Wyth sone or dowgter, in humble wyse
I wolde it han offrede to thy seruyse."
And whan she thus had hyr entent
Expressed wyth a ful mornynge chere,
Sodeynly, or she wyst what yt mente,
An aungel be-forne hyr gan a-pere,
Clad in lyht than þe sunne more clere,
And wyth debonayr chere & gret reuerence
To hyr he shewyd thus his sentence:
„Be not aferde, Anne, thow vnwarly
I thus appere in thy presence:
For from heuen down sent am I
Of glad tydynges the to encence:
How þe fruht of þi body in reuerence

370 tilge And. 372 Ms. For st. fro. 384 Ms. vnwardly mit auspunkt. d.

& honour schal be & in mennys mende
Thorgh alle kynreddes to þe werdys ende."
Whan þ° aungel þus his ambacyat
Had brefly doon, he vanysshed a-vay.
And she astoyned & so dysconsolat
Was, þat she nyst what she myght seye,
And to hyr chaumbur anon she toke þe way;
Wher wyth-owt bodyly confort or chere
A day & a nyȝt she lay in hyr prayer.
And aftyr what tyme she dyd up ryse
Alle by-wept from hyr prayer,
She clepyd hir mayde; to whom þis-wyse
She seyde: „ȝyth þou sey me here
So longe lyenge wyth-owt confort or chere
Of ony wyht, how mayst þe guyte
That lyst not onys me to vysyhte?
Allas, lorde, yf it schuld be seyde,
Al mannys confort þou hast from me
Wyth-drawen, & also of myn handmayde
Which awt, me thynkyth, my confort han be!
But al þis þou dost, þat only in the
I schuld trust, lorde, & syngulerly
Al my hope puttyn in thy mercy."
To whom þis damysel grucchyng can sey:
„Thow God thy wombe wyth bareynesse
Hath shet & thyn husbonde takyn a-way,
Wenyst þou these myscheus I myht redresse?
Nay, nay." than Anne for veray heuynesse
Of þis answere fel sotheynly down
& wepte wyth-owten consolacyon.
In þis mene-tyme an aungel shene
In lykenesse of a ful fayre yunglynge
To Joachym apperyd in þe mountes grene,
As he was amonge his schepe walkynge,
And to hym he wsyde þis talkynge:
„What is þe cause, telle it me pleyn,
Why þou gost not hom to thy wyf ageyn?"
„Zung man, quod Joachym, I wyl trewly
Telle þe now euen lyk as yt is:
I loue my wyf as affectually,
I dar wel seyn, as any man doþ° his;

404 l. quyte. 407 tilge of. 414 Ms. ondly mit auspunctiertem d. 448t h in sotheynly über Rasur

But þis twenty wyntur whiche beforn þis
We to-gedur han ben, or more, I trow,
The seed is lost which I haue sowe.
I wante þe argumentes of a man
& whan men be reknyd, I am lefth behynde,
For no-maner isseu may I han,
Neythyr son ne dowghter, lyke me in kynde;
& syth in my felde no fruht may fynde,
To telyn it lengur it were but veyne,
As me thynkyth, þis is certayne.
For he þat sowyth his feld yerly
Wyth gret dilygence & hys appyltre
Eche day watryth by and by,
& nout ther-of growth, faryth as he
To staunche his thrust which drynkyth of þ° se
Or betyþ° þ° wynde or in grauel doth sowe
Or eryth þ° bank, were nouȝt wyl growe.
So haue I longe, as it seyde be-fore,
Labouryde in vayne, yf I xal not lye,
Ful xx^{ti} ȝere — but I wyl no more.
And also whan I thynk on þe vylany
Whiche I hadde whan þe byschop me hye
Bad owt of þe temple & myn offrynge
Despysed, cause I haue of mornynge.
These thyngys peysed & oþer moo,
Thus auysede, what-euere be-tyde
Hom ageyn I wyl neuer more go,
But here wyth myn herdys I wyl abyde,
& wyth good avyhs I wyl prouyde
To sende þe part whiche longeþ° hem to,
Bothe temple & wyf & pore men also."
& whan he thus declaryde had his menynge,
This yunglyng answerde ful demurely:
„I am an aungel of þe heuenly kynge,
Whiche han apperyde þis day, sothly,
To Anne thy wyf, wepynge contenuely,
& now am y sent to declaren þe
How youre prayers & almes of god herd be;
I haue also seyn thy gret schame
& þe hatful reprof of bareynesse,
To þe obiectyd wyth-owt thy blame.

451 Ms. byschow?

& þis I wyl þou know for sekyrnesse:
Þat god ys wenger of wyckydnesse,
& whan he þe wombe of his welbelouyde sothly
Schettyth, he it opnyth þe more meruelusly.
Sare, þe princes of youre kynrede,
Tyl foure-score yer sche was baren
& þanne she had Isaac, *to* whoos seede
The blessynge of folk promyssed was, certeyn;
Bareyn was Rachel, þ° sothe to sayn,
Tyl she hade Joseph, of Egipt gouernour
& of many folk from hungur þ° saluatour.
Who amonge dukys was myghtyere
Than was Sampson, telle þou me,
Or who amonge Juges was holyere
Than Samuel: whos modres boþ° þerde
Bareyn. thy wyf stant in lyke degre:
For a doughter she hath, sothlye,
Whos name clepyd shal be Marye.
She shal be offred from hyr natiuyte
To goddes temple, of youre bothens vow,
& wyth þ° holy gost fulfyllyd schal sche be
From hyr modir wombe. wherefore þou
Hom to þ' wyf go hastely nowe!
For blessyd is hyr seed, whos dowghter shal be
Modyr of blysse euer-lastynge, perde."
Of þes tydynges Joachym affryht
Worchyped þe aungel & þus can seyn:
„Ser, yf I haue fownde grace in thy syht,
Com & suppe wyth me, I þe pray,
In my tabernacle here be-syde þe wey,
& blesse þ' seruaunt!" Onto whom ageyn
Thus þis aungel benygnely gan seye:
„Conseruaunth, not seruaunth, I wyl þou me cal —
For of o lorde aboue bothe we seruauntes be.
& for my mete is inuysible & my drynk celestyal,
It may not be seyn in þis mortalyte;
Werfore to þy tabernacle compelle not me,
But, swiche as þou schuldest gyf to my seruyse,
To god do offren it vp in a brent sacrifice!"
As sone as þis worde was seyd. Joachym can renne
Vn-to þe shepys folde & brought a lamb clene,

482 Ms. & st. to. 487 Ms. Tho st. Who. 490 were fehlt. 492 l. shal haue.

& at þe aungels byddynge he it gan to brenne.
& anon, oþer-wyse þan Joachym dede wene,
This aungel, whiche was both bryht & shene,
Or than he awar was, euen beforn his syht
Wyth þe fume he toke to heuen his flyht.
Than Joachym fel down sodenly
Grouelynges & abasshed ful sore;
& so from sexe tyl nyht, sothely,
On þ° yorth he lay as he dede were.
& than hys herdys had purposyde hym bore (!)
To his graue, wenynge he dede had ben; —
& þan to hymselfe he cam ayeyn.
And whan he þus ageyn was com
& wel adawed of his swouwnynge,
he tolde his seruantys al þe cas
& what was cause of his fallynge.
& anon þei hym conseled, for any þynge
Al þat þe aungel dyde to hym seye
Wyth-owt taryeng he it shulde obeye.
Aftyr this, as Joachym gan thynk
In his hert what best was to do,
Slepe aftyr heuynesse made him to wynke.
& anon þis aungel, euene ryht so
As he had vakynge, appered him to
Whyl þat he slepte, & on þis wyse
his massage to hym þus he dede deuyse:
„I am þe aungel þe whiche at assignement
Of god am comaundyde thy kepere to be,
& of my comynge, lo, þis is þe entent:
In hasty wyse þat þou home hye the;
Zoure prayeris ben harde, & ther-fore ye
Swich a chylde shul haue as neuer to-fore
Ne neuer schal aftur of woman be bore."
And whan Joachym of his slepe awoke,
he made hym redy wyth-owt lettynge,
& þankyd god; & aftur þat he toke
homward his weye, wyth hym ledynge
Bothe herdemen & bestys, forþ° softe goynge;
& euer be þe wey as þey dyde walke,
Of goddes goodnesse þey dede speke & talke.
And whan þey had ful ner spent

526 tilge had, l. hym ha bore. 538 u. 540 Ms. hem st. him.

Thryes ten dayes in here Journey,
An aungel from heuen to Anne was sent:
Whiche bad hyr goon to þe hy cyte
Of Jer*usalem*, wher she shulde ce,
At þe gate whiche hath name of golde,
Hyr spouse, the ioye of hyr h(o)usholde.
Owt of hyr pr*a*yers a-non dede ryse
Thys blessude Anne & on hyr veye
To Jer*usalem*-warde, as dede deuyse
The auungel, she gan hyr fast *con*ueye.
& whan at þe golde*ne* gates she sey
Hyr dere spouse comyn w*yth* his herdemen,
As fast as she myhte she gan to ren.
She toke heed of non oþer thyng*e*
But of hy*m* alone — for in veraay blysse,
Here þowte, she was for his comyng*e* —
& a-non she gan hy*m* halsen & kysse,
No ioye wenyng*e* þ*at* she myht mysse
Syth she hym hadde, & þus she gan crye:
„W*elle*-come, dere spouse, & god gramercy!
I was a wedowe, now I am non;
I was also bareyn and rep*re*uable,
But nowe bareynesse is from me gon
And to conceyuyn I am made able,
Be goddes p*ro*uidence eterne & stable;
& for his goodenesse shewyd vnto me
Magnyfyed mot eu*er*e his name be!"
Whan þis miracle abowte was blowe
Be þe trompet of fame in þ*at* cuntre,
To alle þo þ*at* hem dede loue or know
Ful gret ioy was of þ*at* nouelte,
And specyaly to alle ther *a*ffynyte.
& after þis hom þey went, sothly,
The p*ro*mysse abydyng*e* of god mekely.
After þe nyhnte monyth, as I remembre,
Whan Phebus *in* V*ir*gine had his curs ny runne —
I mene þe eyghte day of September:
To þe werd appered a newe sunne,
& of Annes wombe sprange þe oyle-tunne
Of *grac*yous helthe to alle þ*at* beth seke,
W*yth* a deuouht hert if þey wyl it seke.

561 ce st. se. 563 Ms. husbonde. 568 Ms. goldede. 571 Ms. Tshe. 577 Ms. welke come. 589 Ms. offynyte.

This is to seyne þ*at* þis day was born
þe glorious gemme of v*ir*ginyte,
Syche as neu*er* non was beforn
Nor neu*er* aftyr oþer lyke it shal be,
Whos singuler p*ri*uylege was þis þ*at* she
Shulde mayde be & modyr eke of Myssye;
& hyr name þey dede clepe Marye.
This lady to preysen as it were skyl
Aftyr þe meryte of hyr worthynesse,
Fer pasyth my wyt, thow not my wylle, —
I pleynley knowleche myn owne rudnesse.
But who-so wyl knowen, as I do gesse,
In englysshe here laudes, lat hem looke
Of owre ladyes lyf Jhon Lytgates booke!
And who *in* latyn haue luste to know
þis ladyes p*ray*synge retorycally
Exp*re*ssed, ten bookes on a row
He muste seke, entytlyd sothly
„Of þe weddynge dytees", metryd coryously.
In which tow werkys he shal mow fynde
Al þ*at* of me is now lefth behynde. —
Aftyr þis, whan Phebus. — whiche eu*er*y day
Chāungith his herberwe, no-wher stabylly
Vsyd to a-byden, for he meuyþ alway —
The XII signes thryes by & by
In þe ȝodyak cercle had passyde coursly
& in þe ende of V*ir*go taken his hostayge,
Than was blessyd Mary ful thre ȝer of age.
And Joachym dysposed hym, & his wyf
Anne, deuowthly her vow to fulfille:
To offren hyr dowgthter to the lorde of lyf
In þe temple, þer to dwelle stylle
As long as it plessyd his blessyd wylle;
& to Jer*usal*em for þe same entent
At þe next feste both two they went.
To-forn þe entre of þe temple than
were XV grees of marbyl grey and broūn,
As olde sc*rip*tures wel declare can,
Be whiche to þe te*m*ple was þ^e^ ascencyon;
& at þe netherest was Maria set down.
& she anon ryht vp ouyr alle dede pace

l. pleynly. 621 Ms. Chaūmgith. 622 menyþ. 639 Ms. vp ouyr on.

w*yth*-owt ony help, saf only of grace.
A wondurful þyng it was to see
That of alle þe while of hyr passage,
Whil she stey vp from gre to gree,
Not-w*yth*-stondyng*e* hyr tendyrnesse of age
She neuer of bak turnyde hyr vysayge
Nor af*ter* fader or modyr onys dyde calle,
Tyl she had clomben vp þe grees alle;
Ryht vp also & nothyng*e* stoupyng*e*
Al þe tyme she we(n)t, & eu*er*e hyr eye
On þe temple she was lyftyng*e*
& neu*er* hyr syht kest oþer-weye.
& whan Anne hyr modyr þis marvel seye,
Fulfyllyde wyth þe holy gostes grace
þus gan to seyn in þ*at* same place:
„Owre lorde god, most of puysshaunce,
Past alle oþer, eu*er*e blessyde mot be,
Of his holy worde wich haþe remembr*a*unce
& of his hy *gra*ce hathe vysedetyd me,
That I no lengere repreuyd shal be,
Whil þ*at* I lyue, of bareynnesse —
Euer worshype to hy*m* for his goodenesse!
And not only from shameful bareynesse
I am delyuerde þus singuler(l)y;
But eke hys peple which was in dystresse
He hathe vysyted so marcyfully
Þat thoroghe my fruht — lorde, *gra*mercy! —
Not I alone, but al mankynde
Shal comforth fynde w*yth*-owten ende."
Aftyr þis w*yth* an holy entente
Joachym & Anne, bothe two in-fere,
In þe temple dede vp presente
Mayde Marye w*yth* ful humble chere,
Preyng*e* to god w*yth* herte entere
Þat he vouchesaf of hys mercy
Here p*re*sent to acceptyn beny*n*gly.
Whan þis was don̄, they lefte hyr þer,
Joachym & Anne, & hom ageyn
To Nazareth went, wher they dwelle er;
& holyly lyuedyn, þis is certayn.
But how longe aft*ur*, I can not seyn,

648 Ms. vpon mit auspunkt. on. 649 Ms. wet. 678 l. dwelled.

Joachym lyued; but wyl know I:
Anne had thre dowghters, & iche hyht Mary —
But whepher be oon husbonde or ellys be thre,
At þis tyme I wil not determyne:
For in þis mater what best plesyth me,
I haue, as I can, declaryd in latyn
In balaade-ryme. wherfore here to fyne
Seynt Annes lyf I fully me conuerte,
Þus hyr besechynge wyth ful louly herte:
O gracyous Anne, wich hast worthyly
Of grace þe name, outh of whom dede sprynge
She that of grace most meruelously
& of lyf eterne þ° welle dede forth brynge
In-to þis worlde: graunt, at my partynge
Be þe fatal cours from þis mutabilyte,
Me in blysse eterne stablisshed to be!
Prouide, lady, eek, þat Jon Denstone,
& Kateryne his wyf, if it plese þe grace
Of god aboue, thorgh þ' merytes a sone
Of her body mow haue, or they hens pace,
As they a dowghter han, yung & fayre of face,
Wyche is Anne clepyde in worshyp, lady, of þe,
& aftyr to blysse eterne conuey hem alle thre!
AMEN lorde, for charyte.

697 A. R. steht v. a. H.: John Denston, Katherina vxor eius, Anna filia.

III. Vita Scae Christianae.*

Whilom be-syde the lake Vulsyne
Stood a cyte wych Tire clepyd was,
As olde storyes do termyne,
Weldful and ful off werldly solas;
Itt wontyd not ellys but goddys grace:
For Crystis feyth it wold no-wyse tan,
Wych fersly dede pursewyn in euere place
The cruel emperour that tym, Dioclicyan.
Off this seyde cyte was a worthy man,
To spekyn as off werldly dignite
Prefect, whos name was clepyd Vrban,

* Bei Christine scheint wieder eine andere Hand zu beginnen.

And mayster off knychtys also was he.
A wyff he hade acordyng to hys degre,
Wych yssuyd out off the blode emperiall.
But hethyne they were both two, perde,
And off the sect wych man peynyms call.
But lych as oftyn off a full scharp thorn
Flouris spryngyn fayre and delycious,
And off foull erthe grouyth good korn,
Gold eek and siluyr ant stonys precious:
So off these hethene foulk and vicyous,
Wych in ydolatrie here lyfe dyde fyne,
A mayde both fayre and eke gracious
Was born; whos name thei clepyd Cristyne.
And whan Cristyne twelue yere was off age,
Nott oonly sche had grete bodyly beute,
But also sche was wys, prudent & sage,
Past all the wommen off that cyte;
And to loue & serue oonly purposyd sche
Off heuene and erth the lord omnypotent,
And fore a mene-tyme she kept secre
Fro fadyr & modyr hyr holy entent.
Vrbane consyderynge the frech coloure
Off Crystyn, hys doughtyre, and the grete beute,
Dyde maken ane hye and a full solemne toure,
In wych wyth tuelue maydyns put was she:
For he wolde not opynly she seyn shuld be,
Dredyng the peryls that myght befalle;
And goldene goddys hyr ordeynyde he,
Wych she shulde wurshepe & fore help to calle.
Wowerys there come ful many oon,
Desyryng to haue hyr in maryage;
But hyre fadyr heme a-voydyd euer-ychon̄,
Alleggyng the tendyrnes off hire age,
And more-ouyr he seyde that hire curage,
As he wele kneu, was goddys to serue,
From whos seruyce she nolde outrage
For no man, thow she shuld sterue.
And no dout, thys blessyd Cristyne
Disposyd was all on a nothyr wyse
Than hyr fadyr wende or cowde devyne:
For hooly hyr hert to goddys seruyse

21 Ms. foulk mit Punkt unter u, v s. li. (so öfter). 31 and st. but? 33 l. frefh.

Applyed was. wher-fore sacryfyse
To ydols done she ne wolde,
As hir fadyr bedyn had, but hertly dede despyse
All hys goddis forgyd off syluyr & golde.
Wherefore the gummys an the frankencence
Wych he had ordanyd offryd to be
Off hir to þe honour & to þe reuerence
Off hys goddis, in a wyndou set she,
Wych estward stode; where she myght se
Both sunne & mone & many sterrys clere
Coursly furth paſcyn ych in his degre.
Where-off she merueld & seyd on þis degre:
„Grete is þat god & magnifyid to be
Most worthy, wych t(h)rogh his good grace
Oonly, & for none opir necessite,
Alle þeese hath ordeynit for mannys solace.
But my fadris goddis wyth here goldene face
Kan not do so, aftyr myne entent.
Wherfore his name be gloryfyed in euere place
Whos dwellyng is aboue the firmament!
Hym I oonly wyl seruyne, & none othyr,
Whyl at I lyue, thow þat I schuld deye;
For schal I neuer, for fadyr nere modyr
Ner for no creature, turne othir-weye.
In þis me stablych, lord, I þe preye,
And suffre me neuyre to goon þerefro!
For þow I þe not se wyth my bodely eye,
Yett in þe I trust oonly, lorde, & in no mo.',
Thus þis Cristyn full dayis seuene
For-went & wolde no sacrifyse
To othyr doon but to god off heuene.
And þan þo tuelue maydynis, to hir seruyse
Wych hir fadir specialy dede deuyse,
Beforn hir knelyng wyth grete reuerence,
All to-gedyr, in full humbyl wyse
Thus to hir expressyd þere sentence:
„O lady, whos face is emperyall
And ouer to regnyn moost worthy,
To whom may neythir greth nere small
In beute comparyd bene egally,
We gretly merualyn the cause why —

74 at = þat (so öfter). 82 Ms. forth mit überschr. th. 90 Ms. regnym

And yete us loth were þe for to greue —
That, as us semyth, vnresonabylly
Thou erryst from þi fadyr[s] beleue;
Thou worshepyst a god wych we not knowe
Nere noon off oure aunsetrys us beforn.
And yf þis fame to þi fadyr be blowe,
This is doutlese we be but lorn,
Bot us were bettir neuyr ha be born:
For he wyl seyn þat be our suggestyoūn —
And noon oþir beleue, thow we it had sworn —
Brough þou were in þat opynyoūn.
And yf algatis þat it cum þere-too
That he it us bere on hande styfly,
Whethir schul we fle, what schul we doo?
Allas, we confoundit ben vttyrly!
Haue on þi-self, we besech, mercy
Fyrst & formest, & aftyr on us,
And suffre not for a lytil foly
Both us & þe to perysshe þus!"
Whan these maydyns on þis manere
Had made here compleynt þus petously
Wepyng. Cristyne wyth a sad chere
To hem answeryd thus benyngly:
„Why sey ye þus, maydyns? wold ye þat I
Schuld to these ydols for socour craue,
Wych, as I wel know sensibylly,
Mow me nere other hurt nere saue?
Not so, damysels; but þis hold I best
Hym to worschip & seruyn wych wyl & may
Both body & soul makyn to rest,
Here and in Joye þat lestyth ay,
Wher neuer is nyht but euyr day,
A thousend-fowld bryhter þan ony is here;
Hym wyl I worchip, þis is no nay.
Euyr whyl I lyue, wyth hert entere."
And whyl þei were thus in here talkyng,
Hyr fadir cam jn, to behold & se
Iff his doughtir made deuly hir offryng
To his goddys, as comaundyd had he.
But sche to hym attende wold in no degre,
But opnyng hir wyndoo, wyth a wepyng eye

Vpward to hevyn deuouthly lokyd sche
And god in hyr herte dyde worchyp & preye.
And whan Urbane off Cristyne sey þis chere,
He clepyd hir to hym in goodly wyse
And seyde: „dere doughtyr, why commyst no nere
On-to my goddis & doost hem sacrifyse,
Lych as þou off me hast lernyd the guyse
From thyk tym þat þou fyrst was bore?
Wher-fore come furth, as I the deuyse,
And doo now as þou hast doon here-before!
Knowyst þou not wele wyth what labowr
And wepynge, doughtyr, & what heuynes,
Wyth how grett reuerence & eke honour
I the purchaſcyd off my goddis goodnes?
Ne hap thanne that for þine vnkyndenes
They in þere wreth on the tak wreche,
Come furth anoon and wyth all lowlynes
Do to hem sacrifyce, I the beseche!"
Thys blessyd Cristyne, enspyryd wyth grace,
Thus seyde to hir fadyr ful demurely:
„Thynkyst thou, Juge, that I trespace
For I worchyp god in heuyn on hy?"
„Nay, doughtyr, quod he, but þis I holde foly
That þou in þyne herte doost suppryse
And tendryst oo god so affecteuously
That for hym all oþir þou doste dyspise."
„Heldyst þou my seruyse þan veyn & lost —
Sey treuth, I þe beseche! quod sche,
Wych fadyr, sone, & holy goost
I do worshyp?" „Nay; but þan, quod he,
Syth not oonly oon þou worchepst but thre,
As þou doost knoulechyn here oopynly,
Why wylt þou not in lych degre
Othyr goddys wyth hem seruyn comounly?"
„Now perseue I ryght well, quod Cristyne,
That þou wantyst wyt and vndyrstondyng
And lakkyst the influence of grace diuyne
To knou þe hye mysterie off þis þynge:
How thre personys haue but oo beynge
In substance; & woldyst so craftyly
To þat fals conclusioun me bryng

138 Ms. voyse st. wyse. 161 l. holdyst.

That mo goddys þan oon wurshyp schuld I?
Itt wyl not bene, I knou þi wylle,
And hou besy þou art to disceuyn me;
But yet schalt þou not me so begylle
Vndir þe nounbir off a ternyte.
Laboure no more, for it schal not be,
For but oon god neuyr wurshyp schal I;
And yet I knouleche þat þere ern personys þre,
So distynct þat noon is oþir, treuly.
Hym wyl I loue, hym wyl I serue,
Wyth uery & hertyly subieccioune,
Wych from all euyl may me preserue
And in ych nede be my proteccyoune;
And not thy goddys, wych neyþir moune
Heryn ne seyn nere vndirstond
Ner from here place meuyn up nore down
Wyth-owtyn help off mannys hand.
Wherfore me ordeyne neu frankensence,
Wyche wyth all clennes off hert I may
Offreyn up to his souereyn reuerence
Wyche regnyth in heuyn & hath doon ay;
Also ordeyn me neu & clene aray,
In wych, despoylyd off myne oulde clothyng,
I may hym off foryeuenes pray
Off þo defautys wych I dyd ying!"
And anoon hir fadir aftyr hir entent,
As hastily as he it coude deuyse,
Ordeynyd hir a neu garnement
And neu encens ek for sacrifyse.
And when it come was, she hir dede disguyse
And went up to hir wyndo aboue
And made hir offryng in full humbyl wyse,
Thus seyng to hir lord, hir loue:
„O lord, wych duellyst in heuyn aboue,
O saueour, wych of þi fadyr were sent
On-to þis world for mannys loue
And suffriddyst for hym ful hard iugement,
O blyssyd Jhesu, accept the entent
Off þyne handmayde, & me strong make
Þat I neuer for swych torment
As me is ordeynyd, doo þe forsake!"

194 Ms. offreyn. 195 Ms. reueuerence. 198 Ms. oulde.

When she þus hade preyid, beforn hir face
Anne aungel stode both bryght and clere
And seyde: „o Cristyn fulfillyd wyth grace,
Our lorde hath herde þi preyere;
Be stronge in hym & make good chere,
For of thre Jugis þou examynyd schal be,
But god the forsak wyl in no manere,
That hys uertu may glorifyde bene in the."
„Now, lord god, quod Cristyn, myn helpere be
That no man off me haue the victory!"
„Thy desyr is grauntyd, Cristyn", quod he.
And wyth þat a loof she perceyuyd hir by
As whyte as snou and þan hony
Swettere. wych whan sche dede take
And had yt tastyd, ful deuouthly
To god þus thankyng she dyde make:
„Gramercy, lord ful of goodnesse,
Wych me a loof of immortalite
Hast sent in tokyn off foryifnesse
Off my synnys þrough þi pyte,
Gramercy, lord, off thy cheryte
Wych hast me kept þat I am not deed —
For through my fadrys greth cruelte
These dayis tuelue er sau I no brede."
And at euyn hyre fadrys goddys ychoon
Off gold & siluyr, stondyng by a wall,
Cristyn brak on pecys many oon,
And by a wyndou lete hem down fall
In-to þe strete, & pore men dyde call
And made off hem a distrybucioun
To all þat come, both grete & small,
Not dredyng hyr fadrys persecucioun.
The next morou whan Vrban anoon
Came up, his doughtyr for to se,
And fond hys goddys dispar byld & goon,
In his yrous passion ful off cruelte
Hys doughtrys maydyns to hym clepyd he
And þus to hem seyde ful sturdely:
„Where ern, in hasty wyse tellyth me,
My glorious goddys and vndedely?"
At þis worde þeis madyns fel doun —

So afferde þei were off his cruel chere —
And seyde: „syre, þou haste of us dominacioun
And mayst doon wyth us what þou wylt here —
We may þe not fleen in no maner;
Wher-fore pleynly we wyl þou knou
That at þis wyndou þi douchtyre dere
Thy golden goddys dyde all out throu."
Whan Urban þese maydens wordis dyde here,
Hys doughtir he smote full bustously
Vp-on þe cheke, & seyde on þis manere:
„Tell me wher be my goddys, redyly,
Ere I the asayle wyth more tormentry!"
„If þei be goddys, let hem spekyn, quod she,
For hem-self here all opynly
And so prouyn here godly dignite!"
As sche þus had seyde, in here presence
He sentencid þe maydyns heuedid to be.
And anoon executyd was hys sentence.
Quod Cristyne: „o tyraunth wyth-out pyte,
Why sleest these innocentis in þis degre
Wyth-out cause? I þe warn, suthly,
Thys blode shal worthely dampne þe,
And godis ueniance shal þe folwyn hastyly."
Whan Vrban þis herd, ful furyously
Wyth yerdis hir comaundyd bete to be.
And anone she chorgyd was, so cruelly
That uerrey pete it was to behold & se.
Yet wer hir turmentours wers greuyd than she,
For so wery þei were þat þai doun dyde fal.
Vrban þis seyng, nere wode was he
And thretyd hem & cowardis them dyde cal.
But whyl blyssyd Cristyn þus tormentyd was,
She chaungid neythir hir colour ne hir chere —
For fulfyllyd she was wyth heuynly solace;
And to hyr fadir sche seyd on þis manere:
„O thou hateful to god & man in-fere,
What may þi peynys & thi thretis doo?
Seest thou not þi seruandis ouyrcomyn here
And thy fadir, þe deuyl, & þine own wyt also?"
Than comayndyd þis Urbane wyth-out let
Off strong yryn a colere ful vnpeteusly

About hir nek fast to be schet,
And aboutyn handis & feet chenys myghty,
And so in presone to be put ful cruelly.
Wych doon, he home went on-to his plas
And fel down platlyngys, sorwyng heuely
That of his doughtyr he so despisyd was.
Whan Cristynys modir pleynly had herd
Hou sche of hir fadyr swych tormentry
Had suffryd: as a wood womman she ferd,
Renttynge hir clothis euene by & by,
And asshes sche strowed on hir heed on hye;
And to the presoun, þus arayd, she went,
Wher fallyng doun & wepyng petously
To hir doghtyr she expressyd þus hyr entent:
„O doughtir Cristyn, haue mercy on me,
Thi wrechid modyr! for þe al oonly
I haue and no mo: wych awtyst to be
The lyght of myn eyn! thynk, dowghtir, þat I
Ten monethis þe bare in my body
And wyth grete peyn in-to þis world þe brought!
Is þis wurship, doughtyr, þus syngulerly
To wurshipyn a god at we knou noght?“
But she, whom grace dede illumyne,
To hir modir þus ansuerd anone ageyn:
„Is þere ony of þi kyn clepyd Cristyne?“
„Noon þat I knou“, quod hyr modyr, certeyn.
„But þou þan trauaylist, quod she, in veyn
To clepe me doughtyr & lesyst þi labour,
For þis I wyl þou know in wurdys pleyn:
My name I haue of Cryst my creatour.
He is my fadir, he is modir also,
Wych me hath clepyd to heuenly cheualrye;
Hym wol I seruyn, hym wyl I wurshyp do,
Wych me assuryd hath to haue victorye
Off al þo þat, blyndyd by ydolatrye,
Not worchipyn þe god þat omnypotent is,
And al þo maunmettys fully to diffye
In whos seruyse ye you excercysyn a-mys.
Wherefore go hens & labour nomore!
Clepe me not doughtyr: here I þe forsake.“
And she home went wyth-outyn more

304 Ms. her st. his. 318 to in in-to überschr.

And all þis *pro*cesse tould to hir make.
And he for angyr gan tremely*n* & quake
And be his goddys swor*e* þat þe next day,
Yf he leuyd, he veniauns shuld take
Off his doughtrys wordys wyth-out delay.
The next morwe he Cristyne dede brynge
To þe pretorye opynly. & whan wo*m*men seye
Thus cruelly tretyd þis feyr*e* mayde yinge,
Among hem was meny a wepyng eye,
And wyth a grete woys þai þus dyde preye:
„O god of þis mayde, hir help, preye we,
And þus shamefully ne suffr*e* hir for to deye
Wych in tendyr age doth to þe fle!"
Whan Urban hir sey, syttyng in hys see,
„Cristyne, q*uod* he, what is þe cause why
Aftyr þe custu*m* vsyd in þis cu*n*tre
To our*e* goddys þou sacrifysyst not reu*e*rently,
Wych mow þe help in þis errour, treuly,
Where-in þrogh reklesheed þou arte falle?
And yf þou nylt, I shal wyth torment*r*y
The assayllyn & neu*e*r more doughtir calle."
„I-wys, cruel tyraunth, q*uod* þan Cristyne,
Thou doost me greth grace, yf þou wylt so,
Neu*e*re aftyr to clepe me doughtir þine —
I not hou for me þou myght more do."
And aftyr þat worde he hir co*m*maundyd, lo,
On a iebet to bene hange, euen̄ þer*e* pr*e*sent.
And þe tormento*ur*s anone hir come to
And wyth instrumentis of yryn hir sydys þei rent.
Whyl þese tormento*ur*s so cruelly dyde schrape
Cristynys sydis & hir flesh dyde race,
A gobet þer-of, as she had lyst to iape,
Sche threu, þus seyi*n*g, in-to hir fadir face:
„O ould shreu of yll dayis þat pace,
Syth þou desyryst flessh for to eet,
Seke no forther*e* nere in noon op*er* place,
Haue of þine own, & faste gyne to frete!"
And whan Vrban, off paciens hauy*n*g no deel,
The wurdys her*d*, he his doughtyr dere
From þe iebet doun takyn, on ane yrnene whele
To be set, hir bad & to make vndir grete fere;

340 Ms. tould. 359 Ms. tormently.

And, þat no pyte in hym shuld appere,
Oyle castyn þere-in he bad cruelly.
In wych tyme to heuenward hir chere
She lyft up & preyid þus deuoutly:
„O god, in heuyn wych hast þi duellyng-place,
Fadyr of Crist Jhesu, wych euer blyssyd be,
Thyn handmaydyn here of þi special grace
And in þis grete conflyct forsake not me!
Sheu on þis fere þi myht & þi pouste
Wych here is ordeynyd to my torment,
That þei mow knowyn wych know not the
That þou a-lone art lord omnipotent!"
And whan Cristyne had on þis manere
Endyd hir preyere & it fully do,
Sodeynly sprang a-bouten þe fere
And brent a thousand & fyue hundred also
Off hem wych sacrifyse þe ydols dyde to.
And anone Vrban to him dyde calle
Cristyn and seyd: „tel me fast who
Thys wyche-craft þe tawht — foul hym befalle!"
These wordys Cristyne ansuerd þus to:
„O cruel tyraunth, ful of vnpyte,
What nede is to aske þe demaund who
Thys wychecraft me taucht, syth I told þe
That Cryst my fadir is and noon but he,
Wych pacions me yiuyth to suffre mown?
He is lycht of þe blynde þat mow not se,
And ioy of hem þat suffren tribulacyoun;
He is my mastyr & he aloonly tawt me
The dreed of hym & eek al ryghtfulnes;
So perfyte a maystir is no-where as he,
Thorch whose doctryne al þi frowardnes
I haue ouyrcomyn & al þi cruelnes
Off swych tormentis as þou canst deuyse.
Wher-fore þi pouer both more & les
Wyth Sathanas, þi fadir, I despise."
Wyth þese wurdis Vrban sore agreuyd
And trowblyd in hym-selph tempesteuously,
Thynkyng heuy þus to be repreuyd,
He þought what-wyse he mycht vterly
Hyr lesyn. and shettyn he hir dyde hastly

398 Ms. hem st. him.

In a therk presoun wyth-out solace.
In-to wych she entryd ryht gladly,
Syngyng & thankyng god in þat place.
And as sone as Cristyn þus entryd was
In-to þat horribyl & lothful lake,
Þre aungellis aperyd befor hir faas,
Bryngyng hir brede als wyht as lake,
Wyth oþir mete; & anone dyde take
Hir woundis cure. & she, up lokynge
To heuenward, began hir preyere make,
Wyth deuout corage þis-wyse seyinge:
„O lord Jhesu Cryst, thankyt þou be.
Wych off þi grace & off þi goodnes
Vouchyddyst-saf not to forgettyn me,
Þine handmayde, in my distres,
But hast me sent of þi gentilnes
Be þine holy aungellis heuynly mete,
Such as ryht well I dar expres
In all erth shuld men noon gete."
And þat self nyht þis cursyd man
Fiue seriauntys on-to þe preson bad goon,
I mene þe vnpetous & cruel Vrban,
And byad he hem bad ane heuy stoon
To Cristynys nek & furthwyth anoone
Hir caryin & castyn in-to þe see.
And as he comaundyd, þai went ychone
And performyd hys cursyd & cruel decre.
And whan in þe see þai had throwe
Cristyn, þus boundyn to a stone heuy,
These men home fast ageyn dyde rowe.
And anoon of aungelis a grete cumpany
Dyde hir uplyfte; wyth whom on hye
On þe watir she went, on no manere
Hurt nere appeyryd; & þan hertly
To god she made þus hir preyere:
„O lord, wyth Moyses, þi seruanth entere,
Wych wentyst & Pharoo, þad dede pursu
Thi peple, drynklyddyst in þe salt mere,
And guyddydyst Petir when þe tempest greu:
Thyn handmayde now saue be þe same uertu,
And þe lauatorye me graunt of immortalite

Here in þis watir, o blyssyd lord Jhesu,
And wyth þe lycht of grace illumyne now me!"
And whyl blyssyd Crystyne þus dede preye,
Goddys maieste to hir she seye commynge,
And on hys heed set a goldene crown she seye,
Off purpyl pure a stolle was his clothynge;
And wyth odoure of rychels ful suete smellyng
Beforn hym passyd aungels many oon,
And wyth ympnys & psalmys wel tonyng
Thousandis of aungellis aftyr hym dyd goon.
And when Cristyn þis gloryus syht dede se,
Doun plat she fel up-on þe watyr clere —
For wyth grete feer astoynyd was she.
And anone þe good lord cumynge hir nere
Hyr up lyft and seyd: „be of good chere,
Cristyn, dere doughtir! I am þi sauyour,
Whom þou louyst & seruyst wyth hert entere;
I come to delyuyr þe fro ydols errour.
I am Jhesu, lord of þe heuynly ost,
Lycht, graunter of grace to þem, in humbyl wyse
That my fadir & me clepyn in þe holy gost
And al fals maumettys hertly despyse."
And wyth þat wurd he hir dyde baptyse
Wyth his own handys in þe salt see.
And from þe water whan she dyde upryse,
In þe myddys he hir set of þe cyte.
And þan Cristyn, knelyng on eþir kne,
Thankyd enterly god of his grace.
And vpward wyth þat hir eyne lyft she:
And sey heuyn opyn & Jhesu in pas.
And þar-wyth she fel doun on hir face,
Deu reuerence doyng to Cryst, god almycht.
And aftyr she entryd in-to hir fadir place,
In preyer contunyng tyl it greu day-lycht.
And whan þe day sprongyn & fled was þe nyt
And Urban in his pretorye Cristyn fond preyng,
He gretly ameruel was off þat syht,
And thretyd hys seruauntys, þat þei had, wenyng.
Hym illudyd; and wyth-out lettyng
To presoun he hir chargit anoon to be sent.
On þe next day euyn in þe mornyng

458 Ms. þad. 469 Ms. richels. 476 Ms. cumyng". 497 nyt = nycht.

he comaundyd beforn hym hire to be present.
„Cristyne, quod he than, what enchauntement
Vsyst þou, þat drynklyn may þe not þe see?“
„Marryd in þi resoun & in þi wyttys blent,
Wyth-owtyn vndirstondyng thou art, quod sche,
And ellys well knowen þou shuldyst þat me
This nyht my god Jhesu dyde baptise.
Wherfore þi fadir, þe deuyl, and eke þe
Wyth all þi fals goddys I dredles despise.“
These wordis Vrban so sore dyde agryse
þat anoon to presoun he hir sent ageyn,
Purposyng þe next day in moost cruel wyse
Wyth-out more deley hir to slee, certane.
What doyst þou, Vrban? þou labouryst in vayne,
For victory of tuo mo she must haue wyth þe,
As to hir be reuelacioun told was ful pleyn.
For wych conclusioun she preyid in þis degre:
„O lord Jhesu Cryst, wych doun to me
þis nyht from heuyn com for my solace
& me dedyst baptyse in þe salt see
Wyth þine own handys of þi specyal grace,
Behold hou þine handmayde Vrban doth manace
To-morwe to sleyn þrogh his cruel wreche;
Lord, aftyr his meritys lat hym hens pace
And frustrat hym of his wyl, I þe beseche!“
Thys preyer endyd, as doth þe story teche,
Entryng þe presoun she god dyde magnifye.
And þat same nyht fell on hym þe wreche
þat she preyid for: wyth swych tormentrye
þe deuyl hym vexyd þat he loude gan crye,
For al his entraylys for uere peyn dyde swelle;
And in þe same oure he orrebylly dyde dye
And aftir hys desert went to þe deuyl of helle.
And whan men to Cristyne þis þing dide telle,
Sche knelyd, deuoutly þus made hir prayere:
„Lord god, gremercy, of al goodnes þe welle,
þat þou on Vrban hase shewyd þi pouere,
Wych from þi promyssys was foreyn & strengere!
The semyth, lord, honoure & preysyng of al men,
Wych wyth þi oonly sone & þe holy gost in-fere
Lyuyst and regnyst, oo god now & euyr. Amen.“ —

509 þ in þat überschr.; l. at. 518 Ms. tuo.

2. pars incipitur.

Not long aftyr whan þe ryht*w*yhsnesse
Of god on Vrban had þus ueniaunce take
And Cristyne delyu*er*yd out of dystresse,
A new p*re*fect þe emprour dyd make;
Wych grete lust had for to doon wrake
On cristene men in eu*er*e plase
Wher he coude eny cache or take —
And Ȝyon þis p*re*fectys name was.
And anoon was p*re*sentyd hy*m* all þe case
Of Cristyne be þe offycers of þe cyte.
And whan he it red, wyth a pale fase
he astoynyd was of þat nouelte,
And anoon he askyd wher*e* she myht be.
And þei ful redyly hym dyde telle
That neþir hyd nere fled was she
But in þat cyte she styl dyde dwelle.
And mor*e*-ouyr þus in his herte
He thowte: „to her*e* goddys to sacrifyse
Syth turmentis hir ne myht co*n*uer*te*,
how shul I do & in what wyse
Shal I hir moun feryn & agryse.
To my co*n*clusyoun þat she asent?"
And anoone be u*er*tu of hys offyse
he chargyd men furth hir to p*re*sent.
And whan she brouht was hy*m* beforn,
þus wyth feyr speche he hir gan asayle
And sayd: „o damysel worthily born
And to oft. me semyth, distressyd in gayle,
I wold wet what it may þe auayle
To forsakyn þe goddys wych leuy*n* ay,
And of her godhed makyn a mayle (?),
And worchipy*n* oon þat þe help ne may?
Not so, doughtir! but aftyr my consell
Com furth & to our goddis sacrifyse!
And I þi dignyte to þe *emper*our shal tell
Off þi byrth, & i*n* ful hasty wys
Thou maryd shal bene aftyr our guyse
To su*m* curyal of ryht gret dignite;
And so to grete worship þou shalt ryse,
As askyth þi byrht & þi beute."
„Cesse, iuge, þes wordys, q*uod* Cristyne, to me,

545 Ms. ryhowvhsnesse. 553 Ms. was hit. 562 l. hir. 563 Ms. Swyth. 575 Ms. mſſayle mit ausgestr. ff. 579 Ms. comper*our*.

For, sekyr, in veyn is al þi labour;
For pleynly I wyl þou knowe, *quod* she,
þat nepir þou nere þine emperoure
Shal doo me forsake my creatoure,
Cryst Jhesu, of heuyn þe kyng,
And doon þeis ydols godly honour
Wych by mannys hand hane here beyng."
„Damysel, *quod* he, þou art to blame
Thus att the begynnyng me to rehete.
But I shal þe teche a neu game,
Wych shal þe make blood for to swete"
And wyth yerdis anoon he hir bad be bete
Of his tormentouris ful vnpytously.
But norforþan she ne wold lete
hym to rebuke þus stedefastly:
„O cruel tyraunth, ful of malyncoly,
Art þou not ashamyd wyth so lytyl peyn
Me to assayle? wenyst þou not at I
This & mo assayd haue, þis certayn?
Thy broþir Vrban me ne myht constreyn
These ydols to worship ne to serue;
Tak þis for ansuer in wordys pleyn:
Nere þou ne shalt, thowe thou doo me sterue."
Zyon, aggreuyd wyth þis ansuere,
A vessel of bras ful hoot brennyng,
Full of pyhe, rosen, oyle & smere,
Wyth-out let he þeddyr dyde bryng,
And bad kastyn þer-in þis maydyn ying,
And assignyd four men wyth stauys myhty
Off yryn þer-ynne hir to turn & swyng,
That she mych dye þe more hastyly.
Whan Cristyne sau þis vessel stondyng,
To heuyn wyth terys she kest hir eye
And seyd: „o god, lord of al þing,
Wyth lowly hert to þe I preye,
To thre chyldryn wych in euchyddyst (!) the leye
Off þe flaūmyd furnes, be now present
To þine handmayde & lat me not deye
Wyth þis orrybyl & cruel torment!"
And whan she þus had offryd hir hertys entent
To god, or þe tormentours comyn hir nere,

604 Ms. Punkt nach assayd. 621 in euchyddyst st. quenchyddyst.

To þe seyd uessel she frely went
And leyd hir þere-in wyth a glad chere.
And in no wyse hurt hir þe fyre,
For wyth heuynly deu she enbalmyd was.
So as she had in a full fresh herbere
Amoung flourys lyne & amoung grene gras.
„Cristyne. quod Zyon, as I now well se,
Thys feer hath þe touchyd yet no-þyng;
Wherfore, aftyr þe counsel of me,
To owr immortal goddys yif deu þankyng
And wyth frankensence cum make offryng
To hem. lych as þou knouyst þe guyse,
Thorch whose uertu and specyal werkyng
Thou art preseruyd now in þis wyse!"
„Syre iuge, quod Crystyne. what is þi name?"
„My name, quod he, yf þou lyst to know,
Is Zyon, wych be þe trumpet off fame
In meny a cuntre ful wyde is blow."
„Thys name, quod she, rychtfully I trow
To þe pertynyth. for of blynd ydolys,
Dowm & crokyd, wych to ouyrthrow
It ys no maystry, a name þis is."
Zyon, þis herying, commandyd & bad
þat anoon hir heed shuld shauyn be
And brennyng colys þere-up-on be sprad.
And when wommen þis seyn of þis cyte,
Thei cryid & seyd: „o Juge, þi decre
Is wroung & wrocht ful vnrychtfully,
For in mayde als mych as in þe (!)
All wommen þou confoundyst utirly."
Whan þis was doon, a-noon hastyly
To presoun ageyn he hir send þens.
And on þe next morowyn folwying erly
he hir chargyd be brought to his presens.
And þus he expressyd hir his sentence:
„Cristyn, lete us now to þe tempil go
And worship þere Appoloos hye reuerence,
That þe delyuyr wyl from þis wo!"
And anoon furth-wyth þis blyssyd Cristyne,
hir hool trust in god fully puttyng
And by influens enspyrid of grace diuyne,

630 Ms. enbalmyd mit auspunkt. l. 639 Ms. weekyng.

Wyth þe Juge & al þe peple folwyng
Entryng þe temple & *in* þe myddys stondy*ng*,
To þe hepin peple seyde on þis wyse:
„Sethe now þe treuthe of goddys wyrkyng
And beholdyth how I now shal sacryfyse!“
And whil þei abydyn to se þe yssu
Off hir entent, she preyde on þis manere:
„O my lyht Cryst, o myne hoop Jhesu,
O of god þe oonly begotyn entere,
O my blyssyd lord, here þe preyer
Off þyne handmayde & þis ydol lothly
Distroy & brek all to poudyr here,
By wych meny erryn dampnabylly!“
And whan hir preyer þus endyd had she,
The ydol fel doun euyn from his place
All in-to poudir, as ych man myht se.
And for feer þe Juge fel on hys face;
And when he had so lyne a long space,
he roos up & seyd wyth grete wondryng:
„Cristyne, þou hast doon gret trespace;
Thy wychcraftys passyn al our con*n*y*ng*.“
Whan Cristyn herd þus Zyon seyin,
She gan to syhyn ful heuely
And a grete voys she seyd ageyn:
„O cursyd tyraunt & uery enmy
Off god in heuyn & of al hooly,
Thou seyist þat Appol*lo* shuld a god be, —
Be whom meny soulis erry*n* greuously,
And yete be ma*n*nys hand made was he!
Swych a god is noht, as þinkyth me.“
& þan she lokyd on þe pepyl about
And seyde: „serys, behold here & se
Your god to whom ye wer wount to lout;
Lo where he lyth! his eye is owte.
But to reysyn hym up, ye yow now drese!
And yf ye ne moun, wyth-owtyn doute
Knowyth þat swych godhede is fo*n*nydnese.“
At these wordis both sage & wyhse
Ful meny a peynym conue*r*tyd was
And begu*n*ne to cryin on þis wyse:

633 Ms. of of. 694 in apo!*lo* ist *lo* übergeschr.

„O god & lord ouer euere plase
And of Crystine, þi seruanth, grant us grace
Thyne holy name both to loue & drede,
And forgyf us, lord, þis grete trespace
That we to ydols haue tak swych hede!
We were disseuyd for lak of doctryne,
And so in ydolatrye owr errour was long;
But now þurgh help of þis blyssyd uirgyne
The trew beleue we doon vndir-foung.
Wych for to kepe, lord, mak us strong,
And neuere it to forsak, þowe we shuld dye,
And wyth goostly ioy & wyth heuynly soung
Þyne holy name euere to gloryfye!"
And at þat tyme conuertyd were þere
Thre thowsend peynyms, be trew computacioun.
And when Zyon þis sey, for uery fere —
What for Appollo his goddys desolacioun
And what for þe peplys sudeyn transmutacioun. —
he fel doun & deyid euyn suddeynly.
And whan to Cristyne was made relacioun,
She þankyd god, seying þus deuoutly:
„Gremercy, lord, wych art euyr redy
To þeme þat trustyn in þi goodnes,
wych also shewyst oftyn how myhty
Thou art here enmys to repres!"
And when she þat þankyng expres,
Oon, þat was the iugys assessour,
To presoun hir sent of his cruelnes,
Tyl a neu iuge come from þe emperour.
And whan Cristyne was entryd þat lothly toure,
She knelyd, seying þus: „o eternally
Regnyng in blys, fadir creatour,
Wyth Jhesu Cryst, þi sone begottyn oonly,
Wyth whom þe holy goost eek egally
Leuyth & regnyth, yete ye al thre,
In personys distynct, substancially
Arn but oo god in trinite:
Gramercy, lord, wych of þi benignite
Voushyd-safe þi promys to acomplyse
Wych þow madyst, lord, onys to me
By ane holy aungel in gracious wyse,

733 fehlt gan?

My fadrys counsel when I dede-despyse:
That thre iugys shuld ful cruelly
Wyth torment asseyn me to gryse,
And off all þou me graun*t*yst þe victory.
Gramercy, lord, for now wel trust I
þat þe tyme, lord, aprochyd*e* ner*e*
Wych þou wyl me takyn to þi mercy
And bryng abouyn þe sterrys cler*e*;
For tuo iugis bene furth passyd her*e*
Wyth-*in*ne short tyme, as knowyn al men.
Now, lord, sheu me þi goodly cher*e*,
In blys eterne wher*e* þow regnyst, amen." —

Anoon aftyr þ*at* Zyon furth was went 3. pars hic incipit.
Wher goddys ryhtwysnes hy*m* wold hane,
From þe emper*o*ur anoon was sent
A neu iuge to Tyre, clepyd Julyane,
A paynym eke & a full cruel man;
Whose Joy & lust was euyr newe
Aftyr þe wyl of hys fadyr Sathan
Cryst & Cristyne for to pursewe.
Vp-on wych he was ful inguysytyf
Of iugys actys wych was hy*m* before.
And anoon was p*re*sentyd hym þe lyfe
Of blyssyd Cristyn & of al hir loor,
And how, þoo tuow iugis haddy*n* it swor,
She ne myht be broght fro*m* hir entent.
And anoon Julyan wyth-out moor
For hir to p*re*soun hys offycers sent.
And whan she was to hys p*re*sens brouht:
„By þi wychecrafth many wu*n*drys, q*uod* he,
Thou hast doon, but yete, dout it noht.
Thow shalt *in* no wyse ou*er*comy*n* me.
Wherfor do sacryfyse, I cou*n*sel þe,
To our *im*mortale goddys, or I shal applye
To þe (s)wych peynys wych feerful shuld be
To þi Jhesu born of Joseph & Marye."
„Held þi pees, ful loude Cristyn gan crye.
O, tyraunth cruel wyth-out discrecioun
And lych a man fally*n* in-to a frenysye,
þis iniurye no-wyse my*n* eerys her*e* moun
þat þow, as a dogge wyth-out resoun

767 Ms. tuo. 773 Ms. tuow. 783 Ms. wych st. swych. 785 l. hold.

Berkyng, blaspheme þat name hooly,
In whos honour eu*ere* kne boueth doun
Off heuy*n* & of erth & of hel lothly."
Whan Julyan þis herd, he wex angry,
And in his angyr anoon comandyd he
In ane ouene thr*e* dayis contenuelly,
Wych fersly brent, hir*e* shet to be.
But Cristyne trusty*ng* in þe *tri*nyte,
Wyth tokne of cros hir foor-heed merkyng
Entryd þe furneys; wher whan was she,
God she dyde preyse deuouthly sy*n*gyng.
And whan þe sowdeours w*yth*-oute sto*n*dy*ng*
Herdyn hir wyth-i*n*ne þus god magnyfye,
To Julyane þei ru*n*ne euyn þus seyi*ng*:
„We þe besech, syr, ful hu*m*byllye,
Wrath þe not wyth us! for, whan we aspye
Dyde Crystyn, in the furnes who*m* shet had we,
Gret god of heuene preysy*n* & glorifye,
Ful fast for feer we awey dyde fle."
Julyan, astoynyd of þis new case,
Co*m*maundyd þe ouen vndoon to be,
Wher-i*n*ne Cristyn as shynyng was
As is þe su*n*ne i*n* his degre.
And anoon all harmles out cam she,
P*re*seruyd be þe g*ra*ce of goddys u*er*tu,
And wyth hy*m*pnys & sou*n*gys ful of melodye
She excellyd & preysyd hir lord Jh*es*u.
And w*yth* þat Julyan hir dyde co*m*mawnde
To-forn his bench to be made p*re*sent;
And of hir he askys þis demaunde:
„Why p*re*uaylyst þou & be what enchau*n*tement
Is it at þou art not all to-brent?
Sey me anoon! o*re* ellis pleynly
Thy tendyr body shal bene al to-rent
Wyth su*n*dry peynys & diuers tormentrye."
„Yet efthsonys, q*uod* Cristyn, hold þi pees,
O vnhappy tyraunth, voyd of al goodnes,
To aske swych demau*n*dys some-tyme cees
Wych þou ne owyht to knou for þi cursydnes!
But by þi þretys & by þi malyciousnes
I set noht, for as feythfully as I kan,

822 e*re* st. or.

In Jhesu I trust & *in* his mercyfulnes,
And drede not, to me what doth *on*y man."
Wyth þis answer wood was Julyan,
And clepyd to hy*m* oon wych had cu*nn*y*n*g
Serpentys to charm, and, as he wold han
Hys lordshepe, hy*m* chargyt w*yth*-out lettyng
Two hornyd serpentys furth for to bryng,
And two snakys with-al. & when þei co*me* were:
„I trow, q*uod* he, þ*at* al þine enchau*nty*ng
Shal not let þeis serpentys þe to dere."
„Thow art eu*er* alych new for to le*re*,
Q*uod* Crystyne, o fonne as *in* þis degre;
Wenyst þou my god lyk þi goddys were
Off nown powere? nay, pleynly, q*uod* she,
For he þat in al my tormentys hath be
Myne helper & me neu*er* dyde forsake,
May, and he wyl, now defendyn me
And of al þi serpentys me victrych make."
And wyth þat woord, to doon hir wrake,
Vp-on hir heed þe serpentys tuo
He dyde do cast and eythyr snake,
Wenyng þat þei hir harm shuld do.
But als soon as þe serpe*n*tys comy*n* hir to,
Thei claspyd hir helys ant þe dust dyde lykke
Þer-fro, & heng up-on hir pappys also,
Lyk smal infauntys wych kun no wykke.
Thys sycht wyth sorou þe hert dyde prykke
Of Julyan, and anoon on-to þe incantatour:
„Thy craft, he seyde, is not worth a flykke,
I trow þou art turnyd to þis wycchys errour."
And wyth þat þe ma*n* dyde al hys labour
To steryn hem wyth wordys of wycchecrafth
To haue stu*ng* hir; but þat same our
They hir left & hym hys lyfe berafth.
And whan þe pepyl wych þe*re* p*re*sent was
Sey þe incantatour deed on þis manere,
Þei were so afferd of þis ve*n*iabyl case
Þat aftyr þat our for no myster*e*
Durst oon of hem com Cristyne nere
Ne touche neþir serpent nor*e* snake.
Crystyne, þis seyi*ng*, to heuyn hir chere

844 Ms. nownpowere mit ausgestr. no. l. wnpowere? 856 Ms. tuo. 860 Ms. mars st. man.

Kest up & þus hir preyer dyde make:
„O lord god, wych in heuen doost duelle
And sentyst þi sone our kynd to tan
And clepyddyst Lazer ageyn from helle:
her me, þin handmayden, wych, as I kan,
The lowly beseche for þi(s) dede man:
Qwyk hym ageyne, lord, þrough þi mercy,
That al men seying wych resoun han
May thy name glorify now & endlesly."
And whan she þus had endide hir prayere,
þis voys from heuene cam doun opynly:
„O blyssyd Cristyne, my doughtir dere,
Trust in me, good doughtir, stedefastly
And do furth as þou hast, perseueraunt ly!
For þis I wyl to all men knowe be:
Wyth þe I am in all þi warkys, soothly,
And what þou askyst is graunt yd to the."
And suddeynly þe erth made a roryng,
And blyssyd Cristyne both sage & whys
Crowchyd þe body, þus loud crying:
„In þe name of Jhesu Cryst, man, ryse!"
And anoon he roos & in ful humbyl wyse
Be-forn Cristyne he fel & þus gan seyn:
„Euere þankyng to þi god, moost of pryse,
Wych me fro deth to lyfe hath reysyd ageyn!"
Julyan, þis seying, was sory, certeyn,
And to hir seyd wyth chere gyrnyng:
„Now al þi wychecraftys syth þou here pleyn
hast shewyd, to owr goddys wyth-out lettyng
Return ageyn, hem lowly þankyng
That þei so long & so benygnely
Han þe suffryd!" To wych talkyng
Cristyne þus ansuerd ful redyly:
„O witles man & wyth-owtyn drede, treuly,
Of god, and eke wyth-out vndirstondyng,
In þi soul blyndyd ful dolorusly,
Sey not þine eyne here brode-lokyng
My goddys werkys, þ° heuenly kyng,
And of hys blyssyd sone, Cryst Jhesu,
Wych he hath wroght, al men seyng,
T(h)rough þe myght & þe grace of his uertu?"

Aftyr þis Julyan *in* his malyncoly
Co*mm*au*n*dyd hir brystis of to kyt be.
And anoon it was doon ful cruelly
Wyth-owtyn e*þ*ir mercy or pyte.
„O straunge*re* from treuth, Julyan, q*uod* she,
Syth þou my pappys aweye doost rase,
In tokyn of clennes & of u*ir*ginite
Lo mylk for blood þere-out doth pase!“
And lokyng to heuene-ward she seyd þus:
„Wyth al myne hert, lord, *gra*mercy to þe,
Kyng of al werdys, Cryst Jhesus,
þat þou vouchysd-safe eu*ery* lettyng fro*m* me
Of my body awey kut for to be!
Now knou I well þrogh þi p*ro*teccyou*n*
That I redye am to end my mortalyte
And þe crown to take of incorrupcyoun.“
Whan she had endyd þus hir vrysoun,
Julyane, wyth angyr & malyncoly blent,
Comaundyde w*yth*-outy*n* ony delacyoun
Eftsonys to p*re*soun hir to be sent.
Where she knelyng wyth ane holy entent
Al þat nyht aftyr ful deuoutly
Magnifyid our lord, god om*n*ipotent,
Hys holy name blyssyng contynuelly.
And on þe next morou he bad eerly
Hir to be broght on-to his p*re*sence.
And whan she com was, he hir askyd why
She nold assentyn to her pryncys sentence;
„Com furth, q*uod* he, & now offre encence
To our goddys! or ellys wyth-out deley
I shal þe sleen, lat hym mak defence,
Thy god, whom þou seruyst, yf þat he may.“
„Knowst þou not, wreche, q*uod* Cristyne,
þat goddys pacience þe to penytence
Abydyth leng*er* & gladly wold inclyne?
But þou þrough þi frowerd negligence
Alwey mysvsyst his blyssyd pacience,
Of cursyd custum plounchyd *in* þe myre,
And makyng of purpose wylful resystence
Tresoryst þe venia*un*ce in-to þe day of yre.“

913 Ms. malyncoly mit auspunkt. n.

Julyan, angryd wyth þ*at* Cristine seyde,
Co*mmaun*dyd hir tong out kut to be.
But Cristyne þus fyrst deuoutly preyde:
„Lord Jhesu Cryst, wych fro*m* my natiuite
Hast me kept & neu*er* forsoke me,
Kepe me now, & þin handmayd her*e*,
And gr*ant* me my batayl to endyn i*n* þe!
For of my reste þe tyme drauyht nere.“
And anoon in þe eyr men dyde her*e*
A voys þus seying: „for þou hast for me
Suffryd mych peyn, my doughtir der*e*,
And eu*er* bene pacient in al adu*ersite*,
Therfoor þe gatys of heuyn to þe
Bene now wyd opy*nn*yd. come jn meryly
Ant rest in pese & tranquillyte,
And resseyue þe croun of blys endlesly!“
But not-wythstondyng þis voys heuenly
Julyan bad hem doon his co*mmaundement*.
And anoon hir tong þei rent out cruelly.
And whyl sche was in þis torment,
Of hir tong a pese wyth a mychty entent
She spyt in his face, & hys oon eye
So sor*e* it smet þat þe sycht was blent;
And wyth þat to hym she þus dyde seye:
„Julyan wrecche, þi desyr*e* was vnkouth
To etyn ane instrument of my body:
Wherfor my tou*n*ge out of my mouth
Thow hast do drawe dyspytuosly,
Wych euyr was wone to prey(s)e besely
Goddys hye name, whyl þat it myht.
Yet haue I spehe, & þou wurthyly
Off þine oon eye hast lost þe sycht.“
Julyan, þis heryng, his hunters dyde charge
Cristyne to sleyn, & þat hastyly.
And anoon on hir syde wyth wondys large
They hir dide smyte ful vnpetously.
Than Cristyn þus preyid: „þrough þi mercy,
Lord, tak my spyrith on-to þi grace!“
And wyth þ*at* word out of hir body
To heuyn-blys hir soul dede pace.
And anoon aungelys in þat same plase

981 Ms. preye. 987 wyth überschr.

Gunne Julyane tormentyn in sundry degre,
Wyth so grete peynys þat he cryed: „allase,
What shal I doo? Now se I wel, quod he,
That for Crystyne þis commyth to me,
Whom I haue sleyn ful vnpetously."
And whan he þus long tormentyd had be,
He sterf & went to endles tormentry.
And whan Julyane was þus passyd & goon,
Oon, wych was of Cristyns kynrede,
Þat heryng, þiddyr came anoon,
Wych god dide bothyn loue and drede;
And for he hopyd to hane heuene to mede,
In Appoloos temple he made a memory,
Whedyr Cristynys relikys he dyde lede,
And þere hem beryid ful solemmely. —
Examynyd was þis blyssyd Cristyne
The tyme of þe emperour Dyoclecyan,
Vndyr thre iugys, lych as determyne
The legend off hir ful wel can:
Fyrst by hir own fadyr, clepyd Vrban,
Aftyr be Zyon, a cruel tormentour,
But last & werst was þis Julyan,
Vndyr whom she endyd al hir labour.
Thus fourtene yere was hir martyrdame
Contunyd vndyr þeis iugys thre,
Wych wyth hir constaunce she ouyr-came,
In Tyre, þat tyme a grete cyte,
Where fynally also martyrd was she,
As in hir lyfe, who wyl, redyn may,
Þe nynt kalend of August, as fynd we,
Wych þat tyme fel on a thursday. —
Now I the besech, o blyssyd Cristyne,
Wych regnyst wyth Cryst in his heuenly tour,
As it is wele worthi: mercyful inclyne
Thy petous erys on-to þe translatour
Wych þi legend compylyd, not wyth-out labour,
In englyssh tunge, and help, lady, þat he
Of his mortale lyf in þe last our
Of his goostly enmyse may victour be!
Graunt also, lady, al þo þat þe
Worshypyn & seruyn of syngulere affeccioun,

1000 Ms. tormentty. 1008 i in beryid überschr. l. solemnely.

Ere þan þai deyin, repentaunth to be
And of al here synnys to make confessyoun,
Wyth ful purpose of deu satisfaccioun,
Ere þei depart from þis outlaurye,
And aftyr wyth þe in þe heuenly relygyoun (!)
Eternally god to preyse & magnyfye.
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy. —

1089 l. regyoun.

Nach dem Ende der Chr. sind 7 Zeilen leer gelassen.

IV. HER BEGYNNYTH ÞE LYF OF ÞE ELLEUYN THOUSEND UIRG(INS).

Off elleuyn thousand uirgyns infeer
Whoso be steryd wyth deuoucyoun
And haue delectacyoun for to here
The lyf. þe progresse & þe passyoun,
The cause þare-of & þe occasyoun,
Aftyr þe sentence of þe golden legende,
A lytyl whyl hedir do he attende. —
Whylom þer was in thyk cuntre,
Wych þat is clepyd Brytane þe lesse,
A wurthi kyng, & Maurus hecht he
Or (N)othus, as þe story dooth expresse;
And so mych moor was his wurthynesse
That he on Cryst oonly dide beleue
And al false goddys he dide repreue.
Thys Maurus had a dought(er) ying,
Vrsula clepyd, ful of beute,
Wych aftyr god passyd al þing,
Louyd cleennes & maydynly honeste,
Prudent eek & also wyhs was she;
Off wych þorch ych cuntre was hir name
Ful wyde blow by þe trumpet of fame.
Whan þe kyng of Ynglond of hir dide here,
Wych þat tym was man so fortunate
And of swych pouer, þan to his empere
Many a cuntre he had subiugate,

11 Vor othus ist Raum für einen Buchstaben gelassen.

Hym thought no þing moor myht his astate
Encresyn þan þat he onys myht se
This blyssyd meyd his sonnys wyf be.
And not oonly þis was hys desyre loo,
But þe sone eek þe same dide entend.
Vp-on wych þe maydyns fadyr too
A ful solemne ambassyet þei dide send;
And, ne hap þat excusacioun he wold pretend,
Aftyr feyr promessys they dide hym threte
If þer massengers voyd þei dide home lete.
Whan Maurus herd had al þer massage,
He was gretly abasshyd of þat case;
For his doughtir (fair) & ying of age,
Cristene & fulfyllyd wyth uertu & grace,
To a kyngys sone þat hethyn was
And lyuyd in þe wrechnes of ydolatre,
To be maryd, hym þouht vnwurthe;
More-ouyr also he dide suppose
That, whan Vrsula had uerrey knowlechyng
Of þere entent & of þer purpose,
She assentyn shuld wyln for no thyng;
And bysydyn þis the englyssh kyng
Ful sore he drede for our creuelnes —
Wych to hym causyd grete heuynes.
But whan Vrsula conseyued þis matere,
Encytyd be ane heuenly inspyracyoun,
„Fadyr, quod she, be of ryht good chere
And grauntyth to hem here conclusyoun
Wych they doon aske, up thys condicyoun
Þat þei effectuelly wyl obey
Serteyn conclusyouns wych I shal seye:
Fyrst I aske þat þei shul to me
Ten of þe choysest maydyns sende
And fayrest & wurthyest of þere cuntre,
And, up-on ych of us for to attende,
Of oþir maydyns assygne a thousende,
And ordeynyn us shyppys, & yerys thre
Me respyten to halowe my uirginyte;
In þis mene-tym I aske also
Þat þe kyngys sone forsake ydolatrye
And my god of heuene be conuertyd to

And baptysyde in Cristys name holy
And in my beleue be instruct pleynly;
And al þeis doon, I hym ensure
To louyn hym abouyn ony creature."
But al þis she axyd for þat entente
Þat eþere for dyffyculte of þe condycyoun
He shuld wyl secyn & not concente,
Or ellis þat she be þis occasyoun
Al þo maydyns wyn shuld moun
To crystene feyth, & be hem many mo.
Thys ansuere yeuyn, þe massagers hom go.
And whan þei had of þe seyde matere
To þe kynge declaryde euyn al þe case,
Hys son admyttyd wyth ryht glade chere
All þe condycionns, enspyryde throgh grase;
And anoon aftyr þis he crystnyd was,
And preyid hys fadyr ful instantly
To performe þe remnaunth, & þat hastyly.
Aftyr þis in moost hasty wyse
To Vrsula þei sent word ageyn
That al þingys wych she dyde deuyse
In haste performyd shulde bene, certeyn;
Wherefore, þat no labour shuld be ueyn,
They hyr preyid þat she wold spede
To the seyd halwyng of hir maydynhede.
And anoon were gadryd fram ych cuntre
Of Ynglond maydyns to þis entent,
The feyrest þat ony-where myht founde be,
And ouyr to Vrsula þei were sent;
And whan fulfyllyd was þe stent
Plenerly of hir fyrst askyng,
Thanne þei dyde cese of mo gadryng.
In þis mene-whyl on þat oþir syde
The fadyr of Vrsula ful dilygently
Of swych a mene dede prouyde
As was conuenyent for þat company,
Hem to seruyn & to guyde deuly,
Aftyr þe entent of his doughtir dere,
And at all tymys hir to confort & chere.
Whan pupplysshyd was þis neu myracle
So many uirgynys assemblyd for to be,

6 Ms. a ageyn. 106 Ms. pupplysshys.

Many a bysshape cam to þis spectacle;
Among wych cam Pantulus, of Basyle
Byshape, wych þat al þere iourne
To Rome & geyne hem dyde conueye
And at Coleyn homwarde wyt hem dyde deye.
Seynt Serasine eek, of Cecyle þe quene,
Wych hir husbond, a cruel man fyrst, lo,
Made aftyr of a wulf a lambe to bene,
Martyrye þe bysshop wych sustyr was to
And to Sarye, þe modyr of Vrsula, also:
Whan informyd she was of þis company,
Them to vysyte she hire hyyd hastly;
And wyth hir she toke in hyr cumpany
Hyr four doughtrys: Babyle & Julyane,
Victoria & Aurea, & also sothly
Hyr yongest sone, clepyd Adryane,
Wych for hys sustrys sake þis iourney dyde tane;
And þe kyngdam left in here own sonnys hande,
To Brytane she seylyd & to Ynglonde.
And whan seyd Seraphyne, ful of prudence,
Wyth hir fiue chyldryn cam to þe plase
Where Vrsula was, she gret dyligence
Dede both hir & þe falashepe to solase
And hem to conferme in her neu grace,
And was here guyderesse to Rome & geyne,
And eke wyth hem deyid in Colane.
Thus whan al þing was redy,
Necessarye to þer holy iourne,
And be doctryne off Vrsula al þe cumpany
To Cryst was conuertyd, þei tuk þe se;
And wyth-jnne a tyde in good prosperyte
To Tyel, a port of Fraunce, þei came,
And from þens to Coleyn þe weye þei name.
And þere ane aungel dyde appere
To Vrsula, whyl she a-slepe was,
And bad hir ben of ryht good chere,
For she return shuld þrogh graas
Wyth hir hool nowmbyr to þat plase
And þer þe palm of uictory
By martyrdam takyn, & of glory;
„Wherefore, quod he, kepyth your entent

111 vor geyne ist a übschr. v. a. H. 113 L. A. Gerasina. 116 soror Macirisi ep. et Darie matris Ursulae. 127 l. Gerasine.

And furth to Rome you fast doth hye!"
And at hys counsel from þens þei went
On-to þe cyte by watyr of Basylye.
And þer þey left þer schyppys, sothlye,
And from þens to Rome þei went on foot,
Here soulys to purchas helth & boot.
To þe pope Ciriącus ful grete solace
It was whan he knew of whens þei were —
For he of Brytane also born was,
And, as by her puruyours he dyde lere,
Ful many a kynnys-womman he had þere;
And þerfor he dede al hys labour
Them to receyue wyth grete honour.
And þe same nyht from heuene lernyd he
By reuelacyoun, er þan he roos,
That wyth þese uergynys he martyrd shuld be;
And þankyd god hertyly of þat purpos.
But þis reuelacyoun he kept cloos.
And many of hem wych not yet were
Crystined, he baptysyd euyn þere.
And whan (he) a yere & wokys elleuyn,
Aftyr Petyr þe nyntend pope, suthly,
Had gouernd þe cherche of Cryst in heuyn,
He made a congregacioun of þe clergy
And shewyd hem his purpos euyn opynly,
And aforn hem all þer renowncyd he
All hys hy astate & eke hys dignyte.
But her-ageyn þei al dide reclame,
And cardynallys most in especyal,
Wych of fonnyddrye hym dide blame
And þat he wold be so bestyal
To forsakyn hys glorye pontifical
And aftyr a feu fonnyd wommen
Wyth-outyn resoun þis-wyse to reyn.
But nertheles fram his purpose
He nold for no man remeuyd be;
Wherfor a holy man, clepyd Ametos,
In hys stede a-noon þer ordeynyd he,
Wych shuld occupyen þe papal se.
And þis doon, he fast dyd hym hye
To þis blyssyd uergynys cumpanye.

154 Ms. And here. 155 Tho st. to. 179 And st. for. 182 l. ren.

And for he ageyn þe clergyis entent
Forsuk þus þe papal dignyte,
They ordeynyd hys name wyth oon assent
From noum̃byr of popys racyd to be;
Also al þe fauour wych þis cum̃pane
Of holy uergynys had in þe court before,
From þis tym furth was uttyrly lore.
In þis mene-tym, as þe story doth tel,
Tuo pryncys of þe romayn cheuelrye,
Maxym & Affrycane, fers & cruel,
Wych þe reule had & of þer polycye
To þese blyssyd uergynys had enuye
For as mych as þei seyn dayly
Euermore encresyn her company:
Thys was here feer þat more & more
Eche day shuld growen & encrese
Crystyn relygyoun þrogh þer lore,
And paynymry wansyn & discrese
And al þer heþin rytys cese;
Wherfor þei ymagyd by what suttelte
They myht hem makyn dede for to be.
And whan þei had espyed here entent
Þat by Coleyn homward þei wold pase,
Pryuy massagers to her cosyn̄ þei sent,
Julyan, wych prynce of þe Vryens was,
Preying hym̃ for þere aldrys solaas
Þat al uergynys, whan þei come þere,
He wold sleen, for þei cristyn̄ were.
But whan wyth þese uirgynys furth went
Þis seyd holy pope Ciriacus,
A cardynal prest wyth deuout entent
Hym dyde folwe, clepyd Innocencius,
And oon of Britane born, callyd Jacobus,
Wych seuen yere had in Antyoche cyte
Of bysshoprych gouernd þe dignyte,
And as he had uisytyd þe pope at Rome
And homward returnyng was, certeyn,
Swych a multitude of uirgynys to come
Out of hys cuntre whan he herde seyn,
He left hys iourney & turnyd ageyn
And assocyid hym on-to þer cum̃panye,

198 Ms. tuo. 214 Vryens, L. A. Hunni. 221 L. A. Vincentius. 230 Ms. assecyid.

Purposyng w*yth* hem to lyuy*n* & dye.
This same dide oon, clepyd Mauricius,
Bysshop of a cyte callyd Leuyten,
And also anoþir wych heht Sulpicius,
Bysshop of þe gret cyte Rauen,
Wych both wer holdyn ryht holy men
And in the mene-tym wern at Rome;
And wyth þese u*ir*gynys to Coleyn þei come.
And Marculus, a bysshop of Grece, also,
Wyth Constance, hys nyfte, dought*er* of ky*ng* Dorothe
Of Constantynopyl, wych a kyngis sone to
Shuld haue be weddyd, but deed was he
Beforn þe maryage & she hir u*ir*gynyte
To god had auowyd, be heuy*n*ly reuelacyoun
Where monestyde to come to þis congregacioun.
And whan al þese u*ir*gyns wyth bysshopys *in*fere
From Rome wyth Vrsula returnyd ageyn,
To Ethereus, hir spouse, bad ane au*n*gel clere
His modyr to counselyn wyth wurdys pleyn
To be cristnyd — for hys fadyr, certeyn,
Þe fyrst yere þat he crystene was
Hys soul had comendyd to goddys grace.
And not oonly hys modyr to baptyse
Kyng Ethree monestyd þis au*n*gel suet,
But also þat he in ful hasty wyse
To Coleyn shuld goon, þer for to mete
Wyth Vrsula, hys wyfe, & hyr to grete;
Wher þei both to-gedyr & meny mo
By martyrdam to heuen-blys shuld go.
And anoon, to goddys counsel obeying,
Hys modyr he made baptysyde to be,
And took hyr and hys systyr ying,
Florentyne be name, & also tuke he
A bysshep clepyd Clement, & wy^t^ hem thre
To Coleyn ful fast he gan hym hye
And socyid hy*m* to þat holy cu*m*panye.
And whan at Coleyn to-gedyr met
Ethereus & Vrsula wyth þer cu*m*panye,
They found þe cyte ouyr-al beset
Wyth Vryens wych þat þere dyde lye

232 L. A. Maurisius Levicanae urbis ep. 246 l. were.

In þese u*ir*gyns to shewen here tyra*n*nye,
Lych as preyid had here prynce Julyan
Hys tuo cosyns Maxym & Affrican.
And whane þeis paynyms dide aspye
Thys blyssyd cu*m*pany come nere hem to,
All wyth oo voys þei loud dyde crye;
As raueynows wuluys be wone to do
Among a flok of sheep: ryht euy*n* so
Ferde þese tyrauntys amoung þis cu*m*pany
Of holy u*ir*gyns, & slew hem by a by.
They sparyd not oon, neythir hye nor law,
Man nore wo*m*man, but al infere
Wyth dynt of deth þei dyd doun throw,
Þat pyte it was to seyin & here
How cruelly & wyth what chere
Al þis multytude þei dyd quelle —
Saf Vrsula alone, as þe story doth telle.
Whos beute whan þe seyd Julyan,
Prynce of þe Vryens, dyde attende,
„Be of good chere, q*uod* he, wo*m*man!
For yf þou wyl to me condescende,
From al dysesys I wyl þe defende,
And moor-ou*er* þe weddyn wyth a ryng,
And to welth & wurshyp I wyl þe bryng.“
But she wold no-wyse to hy*m* assente.
Wherfor in his grete malincoly
A myhty bowe anoon he bente
And wyth a sharp arwe ful cruelly
He hir smote euyn þrogh þe body;
Wher-wyth to erth it dide dounfal,
But the soul to ioy went eternal.
Yet oo mayde þer was, aftyr þe legende,
Cordula by name, wych þat nyht,
From þe dynt of deth hir to defende,
In a shyp hir hyd, wher no man myht
Hyr fynd; but wha*n*ne þe next morowe-lyht
Was come, illumy*n*yd by goddys grace
To martydam hir offryd, & martyrd was.
But for as mych as þis blyssyd u*ir*gyne
Wyth þe remnaunt of þat cu*m*pany
Of martyrdam suffred not þe pyne,

273 Ms. tuo. 286 Ms. malincoly.

Hir fest wyt hem was not holdyn; for why
Longe aftyr to ane holy recluse, suthly,
She apperyd & bad þat hir solemnyte
Next aftyr hir felowys holdyn shuld be.
Thus martyrd were, as I me remembre,
Of Octobyr þe oon & twenty day yde (!)
And þe twelfte kalend of Nouembyr
Þis multytude of uirgyns wyt-owt pyte,
Euene at Colane, þe feyr cyte;
Whos bodyes þer restyn in a nunnerye,
But here soulys duellyn aboue þe skye.
And þat shuld bene noon obstaclys
Of credens in þis seyd matere,
Here holynes god hath by sundry myraclys
Sheuyd here-beforn ful many yere.
Of wych who-so haue lust to here,
Two þer-of to tellyn I wyl me dres,
Wych here legend pleynly dooth expres. —
Whylom in Coleyn ane abbote þer was
Wych, as it is told in here storye,
Of þe abbasse desyryd for hys gostly solas
Of oon of þese uirgyns to haue a body;
And he hyr promessyd uerrey feythfully
Þat wyth-jn a yere he hym wold dyspose
In a capse of syluyr it for to close.
And whan he it had, on hys hye-autere
He it doun set in a capsel of tre,
& so lete it stondyn a ful hool yere,
Wyth-outyn a-mendement in eny degre.
And for of promys reclese was he,
It lykyd no lengere þer to soiourne
But home ageyn fully it wold retourne.
Wherfore soon aftyr, whan þe monkys were
Al to-gedyr at matyns up-on a nyht,
Seyng þeme al þat present ware þere,
Thys uirgyn from þe auter cam doun ryht,
And lowly hir inclynyd to god almyht
And euyn amyddys þem did[illegible] pase
An returnyd ageyn to hir first place.
And anoon furth-wyth þe abbot ran
On-to þe capsye, & whan he it fond empty

318 yde st. yee? 252 l. capsyl?

He was, as he wel awte, ane heuy man.
And on þe morowe he went to þe nu*n*ry
And told the abbase euyn by & by
Lych as it fel; & in þe selue stounde,
Þer it fyrst was, they ageyn it founde.
The abbot wold feyn han had it ageyn
Or ellys a noþir. but it wold not be,
„For þis I wyl ye knowe, q*uod* þe abbesse,
certeyn,
Syr abbot, syth it is so þat she
Is frely comy*n* home, she ne shal for me
Be remeuyd eftsonys, I you ensur*e* treuly"
And so þe abbot frustrat went home sory. —
An othir myracle þer is told also
Of a man wych was relygyous
And þese holy u*ir*gyns deuocyoun had to;
Wych in-to syknesse happyd to falle greuous.
To wham dyde appere a mayd beuteuous,
Ryally arayid & wu*n*dyr frech of hew,
And askyd hym ryhtly yf he hir knew.
Thys man, astoynyd of hir suddeyn cu*m*yng,
Þat he hir neuyr knew, answerd pleynly.
„I wyl þow knowe, q*uod* she, wyth-out doutyng,
Þat I am oon of þat greth company
Þat þou hast long louyde & seruyde besyly;
I come to teche þe what may do þe ese,
And how me & my felashepe þou mayst plese.
Yff þou woldyst onys, or þan þou deye,
To goddys wurshyp and to our aldrys honour
Eleuene þousend Pater noster deuouthly sey,
Thy reward shuld be for þis labour
That of þi lyfe her*e* in þe last our,
Geynys all þine enmyis þe to conforte,
My sustrys & I shul to þe resorte."
Whan þis seyd was, she vanysht aweye.
And he furth-wyth began als deuouthly
As he best koude, þese Pater noster to seye,
And neuyr dyde blyn tyl completly
He had p*er*formyd euyn by & by
Þe noumbyr to hy*m* þat she dyd stent.
Wych doon, for hys abbot anoon he sent

And seyd þus: „fadyr, wyth humble entent,
Let me been anoyntyd, & þat hastyly!“
And as soon as he had take þat sacrament,
Wyth a loude uoyse he gan to cry:
„Fleth hens, I beseche you al mekely,
And yeuyth to þis holy uirgyns place
Wych hedyr gyn comyn of þere grace!“
The abbot hym askyd what he dyde mene.
And he hym told al hys reuelacyoun.
And anoon þei voydyd al bedene
Out of þe chambyr, aftyr hys petycyoun.
And sone aftyr ageyn whan þei dyde come,
He was furth passyd wyth þis cumpany
Of b(l)yssyd uirgyns to goddys mercy. —
Lo þus hath bene shewyd, & many-wyse mo
Than I now ethir can tel or deuyse,
Thys felashepys holynes to-forn long go,
Of þem þat were both sage & wyse.
For wych I counsel ych man to ryse
Out of syn & to her worshepe to seye
Eleuene þousend Pater noster or þan he deye.
And who þus wyl do wyth-out fayle
An be ful contryht & cleen shreuyn also,
Throgh here meretys it hym wyl auayle,
The end of hys lyf whan he cummyth to.
And who-so lyst knowe how he may do
Þis nowmbyr to perform euen in a yere,
The next kalende shewyth doctryn clere.
Thre hundryd dayis sexty & fyue
Been in þe yer, neyþir mo ne lesse,
As men by algorysme sone moun dryue;
Vp-on wych prynciple I dare expresse
That thrytty Pater noster ych daye wyt-out
recchelesnes,
Yf þat yche sonday oon be put þer-to,
Makyth euene þe noumbyr, saue it addyth tuo. —
Now, blyssyd Vrsula wyth þi felashepe,
Them al wych you do loue & serue
From al myscheuys to defend & kepe
Vouchesaf & in clennes þem to conserue;
And þat noon of hem fynally do sterue

23 l. prynciple. 427 Ms. tuo. 429 Ms. þou st. you.

In deedly syn, purchase hem grace
Of uerrey repentaunce, or þei hens pace!
Amen mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy. —

V. HERE BEGYNNYTH ÞE LYF OF SEYNT FEYTH.

Whylom whan fers Dyoclycian
Exercisyd hys cruel tyrannye,
Wyth his oursyd compere Maximyan,
Many a cristyn man he made to dye;
For, where þat ony þai myht aspye,
Wyth-owtyn eþir mercy or pyte
Them to be sleyn was her decre.
For wych cause in-to ych cuntre
They sent abouten thorgh here empere
Cruel mynistrys of iniquite
Aftyr Crystys seruauntys for to enquere.
Wych, wher þai myht of ony here,
Anoon to þere emperour they hem sent,
Or ellys hem slow wyth dyuers turment.
Among wych alse was oon Dacyan,
Oon of þe cruellest*e*, as I do rede;
For so fulfyllyd he was wyth Sathan
That alle hys ioy was blood to shede
Of cristene men; whare-fore grete mede
He profyrde alle þo þat hym wolde brynge
Of cristyne men ony-manere tydynge.
Thys cruel tyraunth in hys woodnes
Fro cuntre to cuntre whyrlyd fast aboute
And made alle men both moor & les
To hys fals goddys to knelyn & loute,
And who-so nolde, þis is no doute,
To hys commaundementys redyly obeye,
Wyth hard torment he hem maad to deye.
In þis mene-tyme as he dede kum

14 Ms. Er st. or, hym st. hem. l. slew. 16 Ms. cruellest' mit durchst

In-to Spayne, þat royal cuntre,
A cyte he entryd, clepyd Agēnum.
Wher ryght anoon informyd was he
How a maydyn þer was in þat cyte,
Feyth be name, wych wold no-wyse
Goddys honouryn, but hem dede despyse.
Thys mayd born was of nobyllest blood
Of al þat cyte, as touchyng nature;
And thow she fayre were, she also was good
And in al hir werkys both clene & pure,
Of contenaunce sad and of chere demure,
Neythir in worde nere dede wantoun nere nyce;
For no þing she hatyd but oonly wyce.
No wundyr for she wel was applyid
To Cristys scole in hir tendir age
And in þe feyth groundly edyfyd
Be hem þat were both wyse & sage,
So þat from it mycht noon outrage
In no wyse hir hert do bryng:
For aftyr hir name was hir lyuyng.
Feyth was hir name & feythfully
In Cryst Jhesu euyr trustyd she,
Wyth dowwys sympylnesse syngulerly
Louyng & wyth turturis chastyte;
And for she nold lesyn hir virgynyte,
Oonly she chese, to be Crystis wyfe,
And neuyr noon oþirs, to lesyn hir lyfe.
For pleynly þis she trustyd welle
That, þow she lost hir lyfe temporal
For Cristys sake, hit shuld no-delle
Hir hurten, for she lyf eternal
Shuld han þer-fore & immortal;
To wych fynally þat she myht atteyne,
Refusyn she nold noon erthly peyne.
Worldly wurshyp she set at noght,
And rychesse as dung she dede despyse,
For god to seruyn was al hir þoght;
And flehsly lustys she nold appryse,
But hem forsuk; & in no wyse
She wold here ydols goddys calle,
But deuelys dennys she clepyd hem alle.

Whan þis tyraunth of hir dede here,
Dacyan, fulfyllyd wyth malyncoly,
Beforn hym chargyd she shuld appere.
And anoon hys men hir sowht bysely;
But she hir offryd to hem frely;
And þow þai hir fersly furth led,
Yet of hem she was no-þing adred.

But whan she shuld to þe presence
Off Dacyan be brought, wyth hert entere
A tokyn of þe cros hir to defence
She maad & wyth a deuouth chere
Wyth mouth & hert she maad þis prayere:
„Lord, þat regnyst in heuene aboue,
Thys our me stedefast kepe in þi loue!

Of eloquens, lord, yif me habundaunce,
Beforn þis tyraunth whan I am brought,
And in þi feyth myht & constaunce,
And by his tyrannye to set ryght noht,
And also þat neythir in wurd no þought,
Thow he me assayl' wyth greuous turme(n)t,
To here desyre þat I neuir consent."

And whan she to þe presence of þe tyraunth
Was brought & stood beforn hys syht
Wyth debonayr & wyth sad semblanht,
Anoon he hir askyd what she heht.
And she hym answerd euyn forth-ryht:
„Feyth clepyd I am & euyr haue be
From þe tym of my fyrst natiuyte."

„Feyth, quod he, what is þi feyth
And þi byleue, telle me hastyly!"
„Crystyn I am, for suth, she seyth,
And Cristys seeruaunth I am, treuly,
And haf be, syth dyscrecioun fyrst had I,
Whos spouse to ben I haue me take,
And neuyr for oþir wyl I hym forsake."

Whan Dacyan þis herd, wyth chere symulat
And half-smylyng, as hym had lyst to playe,
„Fayre Feyth, he sayde, be not obstynat
But wysly lyst what I þe seye —
I wyl þe councellyn al a noþir weye,

Wych to þi beute & to þi byrth I-wys
And eek to þi youthe more spedful is.
Yf algate chastyte þou wylt han
Of body, fyrst do Cryst forsake
And þan þe offre to seruyn Dyan,
Lych the in kynde, & clothys blake
Vse in hyr temple; & I þe shal make
So hye in worshype & ryches growe,
That men to þe shul goon ful lowe."
„By þi promissys ne by þi feyr speche
Pleynly I set ryht noht, *quod* she,
For, as holy fadrys doctryne doth teche,
Noht ellis your goddys but deuyll*is* be;
Wherefore I merueyle þat þou counselyst me
Very god & hys treu feyth despyse
And to fals goddys to do sacrifyse."
Wyth þis answere he wex ful wroth,
A(n)d specyally þat she hys goddys dyde calle
Deuelys; & swore a full greth oth
That, but she wold doun prostrate falle
And doon sacryfyse to hys goddys alle,
Wyth newe tormentys, wych neuyr were seye
Beforn, he makyn hir shuld to deye.
But Feyth, wych foundyd in stabylnesse
Was & of many gloryous martyrys
Exeaunplys strenghthyd & sekyrnesse
Had þorgh hoope & euyr-lestyng blys,
Ful stedfastly yaf ansuere þis
Þat for Crystys sake al suche turmentrye
She glad wold suffre & deth eek, treulye.
Euene wyth þis he wood was,
And, wyth þe rage of woodnesse ouyrled,
He commaundyd þat to a bed of bras
Wyth-out taryi*n*g she shuld be led
And in four partys þere-on be spred
And wy' strong chenys þer-to be fast bounde,
And greth fyer made vndyr, hir to confounde.
Whan she was broght where þis torment
Of bras stood ful hoot brennyng,
Wylfully Feyth þer-up-on went;
And sum*m*e anoon wyth-out lettyng

136 Ms. exeaunphys. 137 Ms. & st. of.

There-to hir bounde, & summe dede bryng
Pannys wyth colys, summe oyle & grese
There-jnne dede cast, hir peyn to encrese;
Summe wyth forkys of yryn ful strong
On þe grydyl hir turnyd up & doun,
Summe blewe so sore þat þe flaume up sprong
Aboutyn hyr sydys euyn in-vyroun.
Was noon þat had of hyr compassyoun,
Saf oonly þai wych þat stood by-syde,
Wych for uery pyte here face dede hyde.
And meny of hem þus dede crye:
„O fers & cruel tormentourys,
We kun in no wyse conceyuyn why
Thys blyssyd mayde wyth so sherp shourys
Ye doon assayle & wyth so gret dolours
Ye besyin you to makyn hir to sterue,
But for she god in heuene doth serue.
O vnpetousnesse, o vnryhtful
Domys & o peruers entent!
To us it semyth ryht vnskylful
That þis seruaunth of god, þis innocent
Shuld be slayne wyth swych torment,
Wyth-out reward of hir tendyr age
Or þe hy wurthynes of hir lynage.
And yf ye lyst to wete what we wyl do:
Vttyrly we forsakyn al ydolatrye
And Feythis god we wyl turn to,
For whom we be redy wyth hir to dye,
And al your fals goddys we defye
Wych aftyr hir doctryn, as we beleue,
Mown nepir helpyn men nere greue."
Whan þis was tolde vn-to Dacyan,
He yaf þis sentens in þat stounde
That heuedyd of hem schuld ben ych man.
And anoon many a body was throwe to grounde
Heedles; & Feyth þe moor to confounde
And to þe encres of hir tormentrye,
Al þis was doon beforn hir eye.
Op-on thylke syde of þe seyde cyte
Where Phebus & hys ark meredyonal
The shadwe doth throwe of euery tre,

174 reward-regard. 186 Ms. throwⁿ.

Of euery tour & of eu*er*y wal,
That is to seyn in þe plage septe*n*trional,
Nepnist þe pool wych shypmen doth guyde,
Stant an hy hyl þe wallys euene besyde.
Thys hyl is craggy & eke cauernous,
Ful of trees & busshys; wych up to stye
For þer thyknesse is full laboryous,
Wyth-out weye or path men for to gye.
But who-so þer*e* be, weel may aspye
All þat is opynly in þe cyte doo,
Yf he dylygently wyl attende þer-too.
In seyd hyl, fleyng þe p*er*secucyoun
Of cruel Decyan, in kauys ful wyde
Many a man þat tyme out of þe toun
As for a mene-whyle hem dede hyde;
Of wych many oon þat same tyde
Þat Feyth dyde suffryn hir tormentrye,
Stodyn & beholdyn yt by & bye.
Amonge wych stood oon, callyd Cap*ra*sius,
Of nobyl blood & but yunge of age.
And whan he saw Feyth tormentyd þus,
He knelyd doun & upward hys vysage
He dede lyfte & wyth deuouth corage
He preyid þus: „lord, for þi mercy
Yiue Feyth of Dacyan þe victory!
And also, lord, yf it noon offence
Be to þi goodnesse, I desyre moor:
Syth Feyth suffryth so greth uyolence
Of peyn & is tormentyd so sore,
What reward shal she han þere-fore
Here-aftyr, & whebir in þis tormentrye
She ony counfort felyth or remedye."
Whan (he) þus endyd had hys p*re*yere,
A feyr whyte dow beforn hys syht,
Co*m*myng from heuen, þere dede appere,
Beryng a croun of gold ful bryht,
Set ful of ge*m*mys þan þe su*n*ne moor lyht;
Wych, as hym þouhte, þeddyr dede flye
Where Feyth lay wrappyd in tormentrye.
And ouyr hir as she dede houy*n* flekerynge,
Hyr wyngys softely she gan to shake:

195 Ms. nepmst. 215 Ms. corarage.

And wyt þe deu, wych of hem dede sprynge,
The reed colys anoon wexyn al blake,
And þere-wyth Feythys peyns gunne slake,
And wyth þe deu þat or hir dede falle
Perfythly curyd were hir woundys alle.
And anoon she clad was in a gowne
And a mantel snow-wyht, ful solemnely;
And þan þe dowwe þe gloryous croũne
Set on hir heed, wych shoon heuenly.
And whan alle þis was doon, she sodeynly
Took hir flyht & to heuene ageyn
Returnyd, & was no more þere seyn.
Whan Capracius alle þis sey doon
Vp-on þe grounde deuouthly knelyng,
From hys preyere he roos up ful soon
And þankyd god of þis toknyg,
Where-by he conseyuyd, wyth-out doutyng,
T(h)at wyth pacyence suffryd peyn temporal
Is þe ryht weye to ioye eternal.
And as he roos, þe hyl sodeynly
Wyth hys ryght hand he dede smyte:
And anoon þer sprang meruelously
A wel ful of watyr, clere & bryht, —
Of wych þe taste hath so greth myht
That, what seeknes ony man feel,
By þis martyris merytys he shal han heel.
Aftyr þis wyth ryht ful glad chere
From þe hyl a-loon he ran doun
And vnware to alle he cam nere
Where Feyth dede suffryn passyoun,
And opynly he made þis confessyoun
That Cryst is god, & noon but he,
And al oþir goddys deuyls be.
And anoon þis tyraunth dede commaunde
Hym to be presentyde beforn hys syht.
And whan he was comme, þis demaunde
He askyd of hym what þat he hyht,
Hys byrth, hys kyn. & anoon ryht
Thys blyssyd Caprasius wyt-out feer
To hys demaund þus dede ansuere:
„Fyrst I knouleche, as for most worthy,

That crystnyd I was in a funt of stoon
Of a prest, & Caprasius clepyd was I.
Wherfor fals goddys wyl I worshyp noon,
But hym I serue wych knytter is in oon
Of iewys & paynyms, Criyst Jhesu,
For whom þis virgyn þou dost p*ur*su."
„I haue reuth of þe, q*uod* Dacyan,
That þou doost so erren in þi byleue,
And, for þou art so feyr a yungman,
Me were fulle loth þe for to greue.
And þat þou erryst, I þus do preue:
For of hys dyscyple Cryst was bet*ra*yid
And on a cros wyth torment to deth afrayid —
And on swych oon þat for hys sy*n*ne
Thus was tormentyd, to setty*n* affyance
I hold greth errour. wher-fore yete bly*n*ne
And of þi mysbeleue haue repentaunce
And of þi wysers lern, bettyr gouernau*n*ce;
And wurshyp þo goddys wych dede (not) dye,
And crucyfyde Cryst wyttyrly dyffye!
And yf to my cou*n*sel þou wylt assente
And be reulyd lych as I shal seyn þe,
On-(to) þe emp*er*ours I þe wyl p*re*sent,
Were þou þorgh þere famylyaryte
Shalt moūn co*m*my*n* to greth dygnyte,
To wurthy estaat & hey*er* onour,
And to be lord of many a castel & tour."
But Caprasi*us* by alle þese p*ro*fyrs hye
Of wurshyp, welt or of dygnyte,
Wych Dacyan hy*m* hycht, he set not a flye —
In Crystys feyth rotyd so wel was he.
„In hys paleys to duel' leuyr is me,
Q*uod* he, wych alle þingys wroght
And almankynde onys fulle dere boght.
Hym I loue & serue most singulerely.
But þow, wyth vayn hope, o Dacyan,
Inebryat, settyst ryht noht hy*m* by,
Illudyd by þi goddesse clepyd Dyan,
Wych þe helpy*n* neyþir may nere kan —
For wu*n*dyr were þat eþir styke or stoon
Shuld lyf gr*a*nt & þe self haue noon.

284 Ms fulle mit ausrad. e. 293 not fehlt. 294 l. wttyrly. 297 Ms. on st. onto. 300 l. wohl hey.

And for as mych as þou counsellyst me
To doon amys, euyn þer-ageyn
Moor heleful counsel I wyl yiue þe.
By wych þou mayst escheu þe peyn
That þe is ordeynyd endles, certeyn:
Wurshepe my god & forsaak synne,
And þou shalt han ioye wych neuer shal blyn."
„Yet leue al þis foly, quod Dacyan,
And to wurshype my goddys fast þe hye,
Or ellys swych peynys as þou seste han
Thys rebel Feyth, sekyr, I wyl aplye
To þe anoon, I þe behete, suthlye!
Werfore yete folwe þe counsel of me,
And to wurshyp I wyl enhaunsyn þe."
„Alle þi greth profyrs. quod Caprasius,
I wyl þou knowe þat I set not by,
For I trust fully þat my lord Jhesus
Me to avaunce is moost myhty,
Trewe in wurdys & in werkys holy,
Wych hetyth hys seruauntys in ioye to dwelle,
And to hys rebellys þe peyn of helle.
And þat Feyth whom þou tormentyst here,
Shal ioyin & be glad euerelestyngly,
Whan þou shalt walwyn in helle-feere
And euyr-moor wepyn & be sory.
At whos exaunple I am redy
Swych peyn to suffre as lytyl dure
And endles ioye þer-fore be sure."
Whan Dacyan sey of Capracys herte
The steedfastnesse & þat for no þing
From Crystys feyth he hym myht peruerte,
Nethir by behestys ne be thretyng,
„I wyl no lengere, quod he, vsyn þis doyng,
Ne hap þat in swych uerbal batayle
I be ouyrcommyn & he do preuayle.
Where-fore, o tormentours, I charge you
That ye þis rebel wyth peynys assayle —
And sparyth hym not, for he is yung & tou, —
On euere syd makyn hys blood out hayle."
And anoon þei hyn betyn tyl þei dede fayle.
And in alle his peynys he euyr dede cry
Wyth ryht glad chere: „Jhesu, gramercy!"

325 e an seste schcint durchstr. 342 l. peynys, oder fehlt shal nach as?

And to þe peple about he dede preche & seye:
„Serys, dredyth not, I counsel yow,
Thys tyraunth, ner hym neuere doth obeye,
Whos powyr lastyth but a whyle now
And shal passyn awey, no-man wot how,
But dredyth hym wych body & soule may
Throwyn in-to peyn wych lastyth ay!“
And at þese wordys of exortacioun
The peple besyde wept pytously,
And seyng þis cruel examynacyoun
Alle wyth o voys ful loude dede cry:
„O vnpetouse men & wyth-out mercy,
Why vexe ye wyth so cruel torment
This blyssyd man, þis holy innocent?“ —
For þis specyal prerogatyf had he
Þat amyable he was to euery man
Wych on hym lokyd; for bryht of ble
He was & of colour neþir pale ne wan.
And þat soor greuyd cursyd Dacyan:
So constaunth he was þat no peyne
Myht in no wyse makyn hym to pleyne.
And whyl þat Feyth & seyd Caprasius
Thus turmentyd were fulle cruelly,
Two brethyrn, Primus & Felicianus,
Among oþir peple stoden euyn by,
And whan þai hem seyn suffryn mekely
There peynys, on Cryst þei dede beleue
And alle fals goddys in hert repreue;
And thought, þei myht no bettyr do
Than to be ioynyd to þem tweyne.
And euyn furth-wyth þei runne hym to
And alle her hert opynly dede seyne.
And anoon þei applyid were to peyne.
And þus þese four, togedyr knyt, sothly,
Of furyous Dacyan had þe victory.
And whan he sey ych oþir counforte
In þer peyn & eke uerteuosly
To perseueraunce al-wey exhorte,
He wex nere wood for malyncoly,
And bad, to a temple wych stood faste by
They shuld be lede, þere to sacryfyse
Or ellys to bene hefdyd in hasty wyse.

But to þe temple whan thei were brouht,
For no man þei wold do sacryfise,
But to þat lord þat alle þing wrouht
Redy to deyin in hys seruyse.
Wherfore hefdyd, as dede deuyse
Dacyan, þei were wyth-out lettyng,
And so went to ioye þat is euyr-lestyng.

And whan þese four þus heuedyd were,
The cursyd paynyms ful cruelly
In þe felde her bodyes left þere,
For to be deuourryd ful vnpytously
Of bestys. but whan nyht cam, preualy
Crystyn men dedyn alle here dylygence
Them to beryin wyth greth reuerence.

Nertheles but symple was þe place
Ful meny yerys where þei dede lye.
Wherfore, whan sesyde þorgh goddys grace
Was in þat cuntre al paynymry
And Cryst hys feyth dede claryfye,
A bysshope was styryd of deuocyoun
Of þem to makyn a translacyoun.

Hym þoght, it was ful expedyent
For þe comoun profyth of þat cyte
To make a chyrche from þe fundament,
Wych in honoure of Feyth shul halwyd be.
Wych to perform dyfferryd he
Ful longe, hym-self vnworthy þinkyng
To be mynystyr of so holy a thyng.

Thys bysshopys name was Dulcidius,
A man of ryht syngulere perfeccioun.
Wych in hys slepe was monystyd þus:
„Dyffere no lengere þin entencyoun,
But hastyly it put in execucyoun!
For by þat dede þou mayst purchase
Both to þe & to þi cyte grace.“

And anoon he made a congregacyoun
Of monkys & clerkys; whom he dede tel
Clerly alle hys reuelacyoun
And euene pleynly as it befel.
And þai hym youyn al counsel

406 l. Were redy. 406 e in lesting aus a corr.

If to performe, & holpyn þere-to.
And in short tyme it was do.
And whan it complet was perfytly,
Seynt Feythys body he dede up take
And þedyr he trans(l)atyd (it) reuerently,
And made þer a mynystir of munkys blak.
Where god shewyd hath for Feythys sake
Ful meny myraclys, þis is no nay,
And yet doth sheu from day to day. —
Now, blyssyd Feyth, uery feythfulnesse
Purches alle þem þat þe do serue,
And of feyth perseueraunt stedfastnesse,
Whom from alle myschef ay do preserue
Nere suffre hem neuyr in syn to sterue,
But, from þis owtlaury whan þei shuld pace,
Graunt þem to dyen in fynial grace!
And specyaly, lady, for þi passyoun
Shewe him þe grace of singulere fauour
Wych in-to ynglyssh of pure deuocyoun
Of þi legend was þe translatour;
Graunth hym, lady, in hys last our
Of lyuyng so to be clensyd fro synne.
Wych on þi day to lyuyn fyrst dyde begyn.
Amen mercy Jhesu & gramercy. —

455 l. fynal. 457 Ms. hem. 461 tilge so?

VI. THE PROLOGE IN-TO SEYNT AGNEYS LYF.

Agnes sacra sui pennam scriptoris inauret
Et det ut inceptum perficiatur opus.

Seynt Anneys lyf I me purpose
Aftyr my kunnyng in ynglysh to wryte,
As me doth techyn seynt Ambrose,
Wych wyth hey style it doth endyte.
Now, blyssyd uirgyn, me to vysyte
Prey god wyth grace, & in swych wyse,
That suffycyently I me aquyte
May, my promyse to acomplyse.
Moor-ouyr as louly as I kan deuyse,

I praye ych man þat it shal rede,
Thow it be but rude, he hyt not despyse.
For Pallas, certeyn, wold me neuyr lede
Of Thully Rethoryk in-to þe motleyde mede,
Flourys to gadyrn of crafty eloquens;
But eu*e*re þedyrward whan I me dede spede,
Wyth greth dysdeyn she me bad go þens.
And yet I hir preyid wy' vmble reu*e*rence
That she su*m*me fauour wold sheu to me.
And she me answerd in pleyn centence:
„Thou co*m*myst to late, for gadyrd up be
The most fresh flourys by p*er*sonys thre —
Of wych tweyne han fynysshyd here fate,
But þe þrydde hath Atropos yet in cherte —
As Gower, Chauncer, & Joon Lytgate."
Wherfore, syth Pallas me þus dede rate
And drof me a-wey so sturdyly,
I wyl neuyr more wyth hyr debate
Nere p*re*sume to co*m*myn Tulli*us* medwe ny;
And þerfore spekyn & wrytyn I wyl pleynly
Aftyr þe language of Suthfolk speche —
And who-so-eu*e*re lyke not þer-by,
Where-euyr he lyst he bettyr do seche. —
Agnes of agna, who-so wyl it seke,
Dyryuyid is, as seyth Janue*n*ce.
Agna is a lamb, a best ful meke,
And sympyl also, aftyr hys sentence;
Wych tuo to Anneys by good congruence
Longyn: for in hem so groundyd was she
That fro meke & symple eek innocence
Remeuyn hir myht noon adu*e*rsyte.
Anneys also, as þis clerk doth seye,
Dyryuyid is of knowelechyng;
And wurthyly, for she þe weye
Of treuthe kneu, whyl she was ying;
Wych treuthe, aftyr Austyns seyng,
Contrary is vn-to vycys thre
Wych Anneys uenquyssyd i*n* hir lyuyng:
As falsheed, doubylnesse, & vanyte.
By feyth she ouyrcam falsnesse,
And by hope she defpysyd alle vanite,

23 Ms. datropos. 34 Januense ist Jacobus a Voragine.

By cheryte perfyth al doubylnesse
She set asyde. & of þese thre
In hir lyf we fynde good congruyte —
Wych at þis tyme I ne wyl expresse,
Oonly to eschewyn prolyxyte,
Wych oftyn of heryng causyth werynesse. —
O holy lamb of god, o blyssyd Agnete,
Wych enflawmyd in þi tendyr age
Of þe loue of god wyth þe feruent hete
So sore were, þat no fers rage
Of peyn myht chaungyn þi corage
Nere þin hert from hym no-wyse inclyne:
Me wyt purchace, lady, & language
Thy lyf begunne wyth to termyne! —

HER BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF OF SEYNT ANNEYS.

I, seruanht of Cryst, bysshop Ambrose,
To you, holy uirgyns, sende gretynge,
Exhortyng you, you for to dyspose
The feste to halwyn of a maydyn yinge;
In wych feste wyth psalmys suete soundyng
Alle peplys mote gladyn in ych degre,
And Crystys pore men mot ioyeful be.
Lete us now alle ioyin in oure lord.
And to þe edyfycacyoun of uirgynyte,
How martyrd was, do we record,
Blyssyd Anneys, whyl yung was she.
For in hir threttende yere, as fynde we,
Deth she loste & lyf dede fynde,
For oonly she louyd þe auctor of kynde.
And þow she yung were by yerely computacyoun,
Yet in hir soule she had suffycyent age —
And so she was in dyfferent dysposycyoun:
As yunge of body & of soul sage;
And þow she fayr were in hir vysage
Bodyly and endewyde wyth greth beute,
Yet by feyth in hir soule feyrere was she.
And whyl þis gemme of uirgynyte

Oo tyme from scole hom turnyd ageyn,
Of þe prefectys sone louyd was she.
Wych of hir frendys hir sore dede freyn,
Mych þing he offryd, but more he hycht, certeyn,
And ful precyous ornamentys wyth hym he broht:
Wych of Anneys as dung were set at noht.
But yet aftyr þat þis ioly yung man
Of loue to hir felt more prykkyng;
And, wenyng she wold bettyr ornamentys han,
Precyous stonys many bryht-shynyng
Wyth hym he brouhte & ful many a ryng;
And by hym-self & by his frendys also
Hys affeccyoun þe maydyn was told to.
Ryches he profyrd in greth plente,
& placys solemne & eke staatly,
Possessyons large & mych mene,
And of þis werd þe pompous glory,
Vp condycyoun þat she nolde deny
To hym to be ioynyd in maryage.
To whom þus ansuerde þis Anneys sage:
„Go hens fro me, of syn norsshere
And contraryous to euere good entent,
Go hens fro me! for a noþir louere
I wyl þou know þat I am preuent,
Wych precyoushere ornamentys me hath sent
And wyth þe ryng of hys feyth hath ernestyd me,
Bettyr þan þow of kynrede & dygnyte;
My ryht hand arayid, wyth-out doute,
Wyth a precyous beyl of gold hath he,
And my nekke he gyrt hath ronde about
Wyth precyous stonys wych incomparabyl be,
And margarytes innumerable he hath youyn me,
And wyth bryht-shynyng gemmys, me to guyde,
Me enuyrond he hath on euery syde.
In my face he hath set a specyal merk
Þat noon oþir shuld be louyd but he,
And clad me in a mantel of gold-woue werk,
Many precyous nowchys where-in set be;
Incomparabyl tresore he hath shewyd me
Wyth wych he hath hyht me to auaunce
If I in hys loue oonly haue perseueraunce —

90 sere st. sone ?

Wherfore I ne may takyn hede to þe
And han in contemp swych a louere.
To whom I am knyt in ful cheryte,
Whos kynrede þan þine ys hyere,
And hys puyssaunce & myht mych strengere,
Swetter þe loue, feyrere þe face,
And of selynes mych gretere þe grace;
Of þis louer my chaūnbyr arayid is,
Whos organys han maad me melody,
Whos maydyns here syngyng is uery blys;
And takyn of his mouth many a kys haue I,
Swettere þan eythir mylk or hony.
And fulle oftyn in armys he halsyd hath me,
Wyth-out blemyssyng of myn uergynyte.
Hys body to myn now conioynyd is,
And wyth hys blood my chekys enbelshyd hath he;
Whos modyr is a mayd, & hys fadyr eek I-wys
Whom aungelys seruyn in humble degre;
Of whom al-so merueylyn þe greth beute
Both sunne & mone; þorgh whos odour ageyn
Dede men reuyguryn, I dare wele seyn.
Hys rychessys neuyr doon a-wey krepe
Wyth fortunys fykyl transmutacyoun.
Wherefore to hym my feyth I kepe
And euyr wyl wyth hertly deuocyoun.
Wherefore lystne now to my conclusyoun
And take þis for answere in wordys pleyn:
Oþir louyn þan hym shal I neuyr, certeyn."
Whan þis yung man had herd þe answere
Of blyssyd Anneys, he wex ful heuy,
And so sore blynd loue hym anoon dede dere
Þat, in soule both anguysshyd & in body,
He syknyd, & in hys bede he doun dede ly.
But by hys greth syhys aspyid he was
Of lechys, wych told his fadyr þe caas.
And whan he sey þat þe affeccyoun
Of his sone to Anneys was set sore,
Of alle hys profyrs he made iteracyoun
In euery degre & rathere more.
But, sekyr, his labour was but lore,

142 Ms. ūgynyte.

For pleynly she seyd þat in no wyse
Hir fyrst sposys profyrs she nold despyse.
And for he þat tym of þe prefecture
In þe hey astate stode & dygnyte,
Hym þoht þat noon oþir creature
To-forn hym in worshepe preferryd myht be;
Wherefore he wundryd who shuld ben he
Be whom þus Anneys hir dede enhaunce
And of his tresoure made swych a-uaunce.
And whyl he þus seyde, swych oon stode by
As is wone to countyrfete & iape ych man;
Wych seyd þus: „syre, þis maydyn treuly
From youth hath bene a crysten wumman;
Whom so illudyd þe wycche-craftys han
Wych be tawht and vsyde in cristen lore,
That she wenyth þat Cryst hir husbond wore."
The prefect, þis heryng, ful glad was,
And anoon he sent a greth cumpany
Of kachepollis to bryngyn hir to his plaas.
And as sone as she þedyr was com, priualy
He made hir a sermoun ful of flatery,
And many greth promyssys hir dede behete,
And aftyr he hir dede manace & threte.
But Crystys maydyn nethir wyth flatery
Myht be deceyuyd ner wyth terroure,
But wyth o chere in contenaunce perseuerently
Beforn hym she stode, fresh of coloure;
And for she rotyd was in Crystys amour
Inward in hir hert on secre wyse,
Both his behestys & thretys she dede despyse.
The prefect, seyng in þis mayde ying
So greth constaunce & stedefastnesse,
To hir fadir & modir he spak of þis þing;
And for he no myht hem no-wyse dystresse
By opyn vyolence, for here hy nobylesse,
Welyng hem troublyn in a noþir degre,
Obiectyd hem þe tytyle of crystyanyte.
And on þe next day presentyd to be
Anneys he commaundyde hym beforn;
And of (his) sonys loue ayen spak he
And hou he for hir sake was nere lorn.

180 y in maydyn überschr. 202 u. 237 r in dystresse überschr. 208 y in nobylnesse überschr.

But of his wurdys Anneys made but a skorn.
And whan he þat sey, he dede hir be drawe
To his bench, executyd where was þe lawe.
Quod he to hir: „but þe wyche-crafth
Of þese crystene mennys superstycyoun
By sum-maner wyse fro þe be rafth,
Pleynly, aftyr myn opynyoun,
Of þi brest þe madnes shal moun
No man remeue ne þou þine ere
Wysh counsel ne shalt moun bowyn to lere.
Wherfore þe auyhs is now of me
To þe goddesse Uesta þe for to sende,
Where, yf perseueraunce of uirgynyte
The plese, þou mayst to it entende;
Ant þan þe no man may reprehende
If nyht & day in humbyl wyse
Þou occupyid be in hyr seruyse."
„Yf þi sone, quod she, wych wy' foule loue
Is uexid — but yet he is a lyuyng man
Wyt hauyng & resoun — I do reproue
For Crystys sake & wyl hym not han,
Doum ydols to worshepe trowyst me þan
And to Iniury of grace deuyne
To ueyn stonys my heed inclyne?"
„I-wys, quod þe prefect, my desyre is
Sum-what to support þe tendyrnesse
Of þine age; wherefore our goddys
The blasphemyng I dyfferre to dystresse;
And for wy'-ynne wyt þou art yete, I gesse,
Wyl not þi-self, I counsel, so despyse
To wrathyn oure goddys swych fraward wyse!"
„Wyl þou not, quod Anneys, þe youth appryse
Of my body so, o prefect vycyous,
Þat þou do süppose þat I in ony guyse
Desyr þe to me to be propycyous.
For not in bodyly yerys stant feyth uerteuous,
But in wyt of soule; & god eek almyhty
Wyt more þan age doth appreue, sothly.
And as for þi goddys, whos wrath me
Thou woldyst not yn rynne, I þe beseche,
Whan-euyr þou lyst, lete hem wroth be

219 Ms. Wych.

And to me vsyn here oun propyr speche
And hou þai wold be wurshepyd me teche!
But it wyl not be; wherefore aftyr þis
Thou in me excercyse what þi wyl is."
„Oon of two þingys chese, quod Sympronyan
The prefect, o Anneys, aftyr my decre:
Or wyth oþir uirgyns þe goddesse serue Uestan,
Or wyth comoun wummen þou shalt abusyd be,
Where þese crystyn wycchyse shul ben fer fro the
Wych wyth here crafth þe han youyn boldnesse
To come so vnshamefastly to þis wracchydnesse.
Wherefore sentencyally I þe deuyse;
And yf þou þere-to take hede,
Or to goddesse Vesta do sacryfyse,
To wurshype & honour of þi kynrede;
And yf þou ne wylt, my goddys me so spede,
Of þi worthy byrth to confusyoun
Thou shalt of comoun bordel be þe abieccyoun!"
Than blyssyd Anneys, inflammyd wyth grace
And strengthyd wyt gostly stedefastnesse,
Stondyng beforn þe prefectys face
To hym hir sentence þus dede expresse:
„If þou knou, wreche, in suthfastnes
Who my god is, þe bettyr a-uyse
Thou woldyst, & not seyn on þis wyse.
But for þat I knou þe hy uertu,
The souereyn grace eek & wyrkyng
Of oure lord god, blyssyd Jhesu,
I sekyrly despyse al þi thretyng,
In hys goodnesse fully trustyng;
Þat neþir I to ydols shal sacryfyse do
Nere wyt synners vnclennes be defoulyd, lo.
For þis also wyt-outyn doute
I wyl þou knowe, & not þou oonly
But alle þo eek wych stondyn aboute:
Þat a keper I haue of my body,
An aungel of god, wyche dylygently
Me kepyth & helpyth in euery nede
And þat me bold makyth þe not to drede.
More-ouyr goddys sone begottyn oonly
Of his fadyr substaunce, inmutable,

281 Ms. do st. to. 290 Ms. begettyn.

Endlees of endlees eternally —
Whom for þou not knowyst, þou art dampnable —
To me is a wal inpenetrabyle,
A wecheman eek neuyr slepyng,
A defendere also neuyr-more faylyng.
But þi goddys, as wyse folk wel ken,
Or ben of bras, wych þat bettyr were
To mak of caudrons to þe vshe of men
Or pottys or pannys or swych oþir gere
Wych meche myht helpe & no-þing dere,
Or ellys of stonys. wych in a sloth to laye
Wer bettyr, to skepyn from þe foul weye.
For, as it may be shewyd by resoun,
Dyuynyte wych þat is inmortal
Hath in veyn stonys noon habytacyoun
Nere in bras nere in noon oþir metal,
But in heuene in þe regne supernal.
Wherefore þou & swych as hem wurshepe do,
Lyche peyn sekyr shul come to.
For lych as þei in here lyknesse here
Wych þei haue, as alle knowe we,
Conflat were by a feruent fere,
So shul here seruauntys in conform degre
Wyth fere of helle be blowe, not for to be
Foundyd as þai myscheuously
Confoundyd, & perysshyn eternally."
The Juge, that heryng, wex nere made,
And comaundyd hir to be spoylyd shamefastly
And to þe bordalehous furth to be lad;
A bedel þus fyrst makyng a cry:
„Thys Anneys, þis wyche proterfly (!),
Oure goddys skornyng wych doth blaspheme,
To þe comoun bordel I iudycyally deme."
But as sone as þis mayde dyspoylyd was,
The bendys from hir here a-wey dede slyde
And swych thyknesse þere-to god yaf by grace
Þat hire it enuyround on euery syde
And alle hir nakydnesse fully dede hyde;
So þat bettyr curyde as in sum degre
Wyth hir heer þan wyth clothys she semt to be.
Whan Anneys, þus arayid, ful deuouthly

296 Ms. defendendere. 309 Ms. hym. 310 hym nach peyn. 330 Ms. airyde.

Þe place dede entryn of vnclennesse,
Þe bordelhous I mene, she þere redy
An aungel fonde, wych dede (his) besynesse
Wyth lycht hir to curyn of swych bryhtnesse
Þat, whan fully enuyround þere-in was she,
No man hir myht neythyr touche nere se.
And anoon al þe selle where she in was,
Thys gloryous bryhtnesse so dede illumyne
That neuere þe sunne in hys heuenely cumpas
Nere in hys most uertu bryhter dede shyne
Than þis hous dede, by grace dyuyne;
And who-so-euere presumyd it to aspye,
A sodeyn blemysshyng he felt in hys yhe.
And whan Anneys þis bryhtnesse seye
From god hir sent, in hyr preyere
To hym prostrat she hyr dede doūn leye.
And anoon beforn hyr dede apere
A whyht stole; & wyth ful glad chere
She yt took & clad hyr þere-yn,
And þan to god seyn she dede þus begyn:
„Gramercy, lord, of al ientylnesse,
Of grace & counfort & of benygnyte
To me shewyd oonly thorgh þi goodnesse
Now & alwey in dyuers degre,
Gramercy, lord, wych þat nounbryng me
Among þine hand-maydynys hast me now sent
From heuene þis newe & whyht uestyment!“
And whan Anneys þis cloth had on hyr do,
Wych as whyht was as snow or lyly,
So wele mesuryd yt was hyr body to
And comproporcyond so conuenyently
As þow it shapyn had be þere-by;
So þat no man thrust doute wych yt dede se
Of aungels handys yt made to be.
Lo, se now þis gracyous promutacyoun:
A bordelhous is maad of preyere
A specyal place & of deuocyoun!
In wych who-so entryd wyth glad chere,
God worshypyng wyth hert entere
He out went, clennere by goddys grace
Than he dyde entryn in-to þat place.

367 l. permutacyoun.

And whan þe prefectys sone dede here
That Anneys *in* þe bordelhous was,
He wex ryht mery & of glad chere;
And anoon wyth a cu*m*pany of yu*n*ge felas
He hym fast hastyd to þe seyd plas,
Hopyng wyth hyre in hasty wyse
Hys flesshys foul lust to excercyse.
And whan he þere cam & dede se
Many yung men, wych wantounly
Entryd þe place where-in was she,
Owt ageyn comyn ful sobyrly
And wyth greth reuerence, he sturdyly
Hem rebukyd & wrecchys dede calle,
Seying: „veyn cowardys, foule you befalle!"
And þus hem skornyng, anoon he went
To þe place where Anneys lay in p*r*eyere.
And for he malepert & irreuerent
Presumyd to entryn i*n*-to þat lyht clere
Where she was yn: er he cam nere,
He suddeynly doun fel up-on hys face,
And þe deuyl hym stra*n*glyd in þat place.
And whan hys felas wyth-out dede se
That he so longe taryid wyth-ynne
And cam not oute, þei trowyd þat he
Hyr had ouyrcomy*n* by sum gy*n*ne
And ocupyid ben in þe werk of sy*n*ne;
And anoon ran yn oon ful meryly,
To make a reioysshyng of hys victory.
And whan he yn cam & lokyd aboute,
Vp-on hys face hym he fou*n*d deed lye.
And as he mad were, he ayen styrt owte
And rendyng hys clothys he þus dede crye:
„O nobyl romayns, doth þis wyche dye,
Wych here-wyth-ynne by hyr wycchecrafth
Hath þe p*r*efectys sone hys lyf berafth!"
And whan þe fame pupplysshyd was
Of þis yung ma*n*nys deth thorgh þe cyte,
Alle men gun ryn on-to þe plaas,
To beholde þis infortunate casuelte.
And whan þei it seyn, i*n* dyuers degre

397 þ in þat überschr.

Wyth a lowd uoys þei exp*r*essyd here entent:
For su*m*me clepyd hyr wycche, & su*m*me i*n*no-
cent.
But whan þe p*r*efect þese tydy*n*gys herd
Of hys sonys deth of þis manere,
Euene as a mad-man anoon he ferd,
And to *þe* theatre he ran wy‘ heuy chere.
And whan þe body of hys sone dere
Stark-deed lyn þer he dede aspy,
To Anneys lokyng he *þus* loud dede cry:
„Of alle wu*m*men o þou cruelest,
On-to my dere sone *i*n þis degre
Allas þi wycchecrafth why was þi lest
Thus cruelly to extende wyth-out pyte!
What was þi cause, tel now me!“
And whan he to hir þus ofte dede seyn,
She þus demurely answerd ageyn:
„Thy sonys deth, syr, put not me to,
For gyltles þer-of I am, suthly;
But he whos wyl he wold haue do,
Took power of hym, & þat ryhtfully.
But þan yf þou þe cause aske why
Alle othere wych ther beforn hym were
Askapyddyn harmlees, I þus answere:
Alle þo wych entryd fyrst to me,
Whom goddys goodnesse þis greth lyht sent
By an aungel &, as alle men mow se,
Arayid me wyth þis whyht garnement,
They youe god þankyng wyth hu*m*ble ente*n*t
And me to towchyn durst not prees;
And þerfore awey they skapyd harmles.
But he þis, þi sone, dede not so,
But whan he in cam, vnshamefastly
Hys fleschly foul wyl he wolde hane do,
And not reuere*n*cyd þe lyht wych-yn was I;
And whan he p*r*esumyd to come me ny,
The aungel of god in defens of me
To þe deth hym drof, as þow doost se.“
„I-wys, q*uod* þe p*r*efect, Anneys, by o thyng
Euydently it shal appere to me
That not by wychecrafth is þi werkyng:

419 þe überschr. 438 l. Whan. 446 Ms. hane? 447 Ms. reuerentyd.

If þou þi aungel wylt preyn þat he
My sone, wych þat I here deed se,
Vouchesaf lyuyng to me restore."
Whom Anneys þus answerd wy'-oute more:
„Al-be-yt your feyth be not wurthy
To han þis thyng wych ye ask, *quod* she,
But yet, for tyme yt is beforn þis cumpany
Of peple þe uertu shewyd to be
Of oure lord Jhesu, goth oute alle ye,
That I may now, as I was won to do,
The sacryfyse of preyere offryn hym to!"
And whan alle þe peple was goon oute,
Anneys fel plat doun on hyr face
And wepyng ful soor, wyth hert deuoute
She preyid god, of hys synguler grace
That he wold shewyn in þat place
A tokne of hys mercy & of hys pyte:
That reuycuryd myht þis yung man be.
And anoon an aungel þere dede appere,
Wyl þat she preyid ful sore wepyng,
And lyfth hyr up & made hir chere,
And seyde þat grauntyd was hyr askyng.
And anoon roos up wy'-oute tarying
This yung man, & out hym dede hye
And wyth a loude woys he þus dede crye:
„Oo god, wych is of crystyne men,
Is in heuene & erth & in þe se;
For alle þe templys wych, as ye ken,
To goddys ben made, arn but vanyte,
Ner þe goddys þere-in wych wurshepyd be,
For hem-self nere opire wyth-owten drede
They helpyn ne mown in no nede."
At þis wurd anoon ful loude dede crye
The wycchys & þe bysshops of þe templys also:
„Put awey þis wycche & mak hir to dye!
For she myndys chaungyth & turnyth ther-to."
And wyth her wurdys a sedycyoun lo
Among þe peple dede grow, moor
Than it was many a day be-foor.
[illegible] prefect, þis seying, astoynyd was,
was eek aferd proscrypt haue be

reuycuryd st. reuyguryd. 490 Ma. hir st. her.

Yf ageynys þe bysshops as in þis caas
Of þe templys *in* ony wyse dede he
In defens of Anneys ayens here decre;
Wherefore, þe sedycyoun of þe peple to slake,
A vyker *in* hys stede he anoon dede make.
Wych whan was doon, ful hastyly
Home to hys hous þe p*re*fect went,
And in hys hert he was ful heuy
That he ne myht aftyr hys entent
Anneys delyueryn from torment,
Syth she hys sone, as he had seyn,
From deth to lyf had reysyd ageyn.
Aftyr þis Aspasyus, þe p*re*fectys vyker,
The sedycyous peple assentyng-to,
Dede makyn anoon a ryht greth feer,
And Anneys *in* þe myddys he dede do.
And forth-wyth þe flaūme dep*ar*tyd *in*-two
And on ych syde brent þe peple þer-by;
But yt in no wyse cam Anneys ny.
Yet þe furyous peple þis nold ascrye
To goddys u*er*tu but to wycchys werkyng;
Wher*e*fore þei lowde dede blaspheme & crye.
And Anneys, *in* þe myddys of þe feer stondy*ng*
And demurely hir handys a-brood spr*e*dy*ng*,
Wyth þese wurdys of hert entere
To god deuouthly made hyr pr*e*yere:
„O almyhty god, most ful of u*er*tu
And to be drede & wurshepyd most wurthy,
Fadyr of owre lord, Cryst Jhesu,
Blyssyd þou be! for by þi sone, suthly,
Wykkyd m*e*nnys thretys askapyd haue I
And þe deuelys vncle*n*nessys thorgh þi g*r*ace
By a path vndefoulyd I haue *do* pace.
Now see I, lord, þat by þe spyryth of þe
Wyth dew from heuen bat*h*yd am I,
The feer also her deyith by-syde me
And þe flaūme eek deuydyd is meruelously;
Whos heete no-wyse co*m*myth me ny
But hem yt bry*n*nyth, aftyr þine entente,
Wych mynystryd yt me to tormente.
Now blyssyd be þou, fadyr, most wurthy

527 do überschr. 529 h in bathyd überschr.

To be *pre*chyd & *prey*syd in ych cu*n*tre,
Wych þorgh þi grace most beny*n*gnely
Among þe flaūme of feer hast maad me
In eu*ery* wyse vnfeerful to be,
And wyth as oþir me torment wold do,
Thow makyst me meryly to com þe to.
That I beleuyd haue, lord, now I se —
Thankyd be euyr þi blyssyd grace —
That I haue tirstyd, is now holdyn of me,
That I haue coueytyd, I now enbrace
And halse, to my greth gostly solace;
Wherfore wyth lyppys & herte, lord, enterly
The confesse & coueyt euyr-more wyl I.
See & behold how I come to the,
Qwyk & uery god & almyhty,
Wych wyth Jh*esu* þi sone i*n* egal degre
And wyth þe holy gost insep*ar*abylly
Now lyuyst & regnyst int*er*mynabylly,
In oon substaunce, as I wele ken,
From werd i*n*-to werdys eu*er*e-more, amen."
Whan þus, & on mych bettyr wyse
Than I kan now exp*res*syn here,
As deuouthly as she cowde deuyse
Compleet had Anneys hir p*rey*ere:
So sodey*n*ly quey*n*t was al þe feer
That of feer ner hete was þer no more
Than þer had neu*er*e ben feer be-fore.
Thys seyng, Aspasye, þe p*ref*ectys vyker,
The sedycyous peple to plese the entent,
Comaundyd a swerd both bryht & clere
Into hyr throte depe for to be sent.
And þus þis holy mayde, þis i*n*nocent,
Cruelly martyrd for Crystys sake,
To hym as hys spouse he dede take. —
Hyr fadyr & hyr modyr wer not heuy
Of hyr deth, for þei crystene were,
But wyth greth ioy þei toke hyr body
And to a place of hern þei it dede bere
Wyth-oute þe wallys, & beryid yt þere
þat hy-weye wych Numentan hyht —
to þe cyte of Numance yt goth ryht.

4s. wyth oder wych. 544 l. thyrstyd.

Where whyl þei wyth othere mo
Many nyhtys wachyddyn ful deuouthly
At hyr Tumbe, as þe guyse was þo,
Euene at mydnyht a greth cumpany
Of maydyns þei seyin comyn hem forby,
In gold-woue garnementys wych clade were,
And a greth lyht went hem be-fore.

Among wych maydyns freshe of araye
They aspyid her douhtyr, blyssyd Agnete,
In lych shynyng garnement & as gay,
And on hir ryht hand a lamb ful swete
Wyth hir walkyng besydyn hir fete,
Wych þan snow was more whyhte; —
And to hem þis was a meruelous syht!

And þan hir felaas Anneys dede preye
Styl a whyl to stonde in hir degre.
And to hir frendys she þus dede seye:
„As deed, be war, beweylyth not me,
But rather be glad of my dygnyte!
For (wyth) þis blyssyd & gloryus company
The bryht setys of heuen now entryd am I;

And to hym in heuene also perpetuelly
Joynyd I am whom in erth lyuyng
Wyth hool entent of my soule oonly
I louyd, passyng euery oþir thyng."
Wych wurdys seyd, in þe twynglyng
Of an yhe alle þei venysshyd a-wey;
And aftyr of hem no more þei sey. —

Whan þe rumour of þis reuelacyoun,
Wych more & more contunely grew,
To many a castel & to many a town
The trumpet of fame a-boute blew:
Be summe of þem wych yt wel knew,
To dame Custaunce was tolde al þe caas,
Wych douhtyr of Constantyn þe emperour was.

Thys Constance was a quene gloryous
And a prudent mayde, as seyth þe story;
But a dysshese she had ful comerous,
For sorys she had, & þat so many
That from foote-sole to þe croũne on hy

582 Ms. And st. In. 586 & überschr.; Ms. urspr. as in gay. 592 l. her. 596 wyth fehlt. 605 Ms. þei st. þe.

As many þere were as þer myht be,
So þat no membre from sorys was fre.
And for no lechecrafth of hir greth woo
Myht in no wyse hir helpe ne cure,
Hyr counsel yaf here þat she shuld goo
To Anneys tumbe, þe virgyn pure,
Wyth ful hope & truste helth to recure.
And so she dede. & whan she cam there,
She deuouthly preyid, þow she hepine were.
And as þis Constaunce lay in hyr preyere,
A-slepe she fel euene vnwarly;
And to hyr blyssyd Anneys dede apere,
Seying: „o Constaunce, do constaunthly
And Cryst goddys sone feythfully
Beleue to be þi uery saluatour,
And he shalle cure & hele al þi langour."
At þis voys dame Constaunce awook
As heyl & as hool as she holest myht be,
And on alle hir membrys whan she dede look,
There apperyd no tokne of infirmyte.
And anoon to paleys home went she
And tolde hyr fadyr & hir brethyrn also
Eeuen al þe processe as it was do.
For ioye of wych was al þe cyte
Gadryd to-gedyr wyth greth gladnesse;
And þei had herd þis greth nouelte,
Greth wundyr it was to more & lesse;
Confoundyd also was þe vnfeythfulnesse
Of hethyn peple, & of Cryst Jhesu
The feyth comendyd & þe hye uertu.
And anoon sprang a-brode þis opynyoun
In Rome & aboutyn in ych cuntre
That, who-so-euyr come wyth deuocyoun
To Anneys tumbe, he hoole shuld be,
What-so-euyr were þere infyrmyte.
Wych Cryst to doon yet to þis day
No wyhs man douthyth, þis is no nay.
In þis mene-tyme Constaunce dede preye
Hyr fadyr & hyr brethyrn þat for hir sake
They grauntyn wolde & it not geyn-seye
Ouyr seynt Anneys a cherche to make,

71 l. hire. d in shuld überschr. 650 o in hoole überschr. 653 l. doutyth.

And þere-by a place wher yn clothys blake
She myht dwelle whyl hyr lyf dede dure,
And seruyn seynt Anneys, þe uirgyn pure.
Thys þe emperours dohtyr, blyssyd Constaunce,
Whan Anneys had curyd of alle infirmyte,
In perfyth uirgynyte had perseueraunce;
By whom many maydyns of Rome cyte,
Bothe hy & lowe and of euerych degre,
To god & to blyssyd Anneys þere
Wyth an holy veyl consecrat were.
And for feyth by deth suffryth no damage,
Many of þe romayn uirgynys ying
Blyssyd Anneys folwyng wyth-out corage (!)
As she in body þere were yet lyuyng,
And by exaumple of hyr myhtyly wyrkyng,
Ben perseueraunht, hopyng to get þer-by
The gloryous [illegible] victory. —
Lo, now [illegible] Epilogus operis preceden
S[illegible]

[illegible] be

[illegible]

[illegible] hy[illegible]
Gramercy[illegible]
Wych to[illegible]
Þat þou[illegible]
Hyr lyf to[illegible]
Wych in an[illegible]
Pryuylye hy[illegible]
That it by ne[illegible]
Gramercy also, [illegible]
Most gracyous [illegible]
Wych vouchydd[illegible]

662 whan st. wham.

To *pro*hemyal preyer wych I þe made to;
Gramercy, lady, for now I haue alle do!
And for my guardou*n*, lady, purches þou me
The aftyr þis mysery in blysse to se!
Am*en*, *gra*mer*c*y, Jh*es*u. —

VII. THE LYF OF SEYNT DOROTHYE.

Whan Crystys feyth yung was & newe
And not fully rotyd stedefastly,
Many a tyraunth yt dede pursewe
And it to confounde þe*m* bysy*d* vttyrly;
Amou*n*g wych alle most cruelly
Ther-ageyn owtragyd Dyoclycyan,
Wyth hys compere in malyhs, Maxymyan.
In whos tyme among oþir mo
In Rome dede dwellen a wurthy man,
Wych by senatours descendyd fro
The hye & noble blood Romylyan;
Wych hycht, as þe story telle can,
Dorotheus; & egal to hys dygnyte,
Theodora clepyd, a wyf had he.
Thys Dorothye seyng þe *per*secucyoun
Of Crystys feyth grow: for h*e* crystene was,
He Rome forsoke & al hys possessyoun,
Both vynys, feldys & eek statly plaas,
Wyth Theodora hys wyf, feyr of faas,
And here two dowtrys: of wyche Trystem
Hyht þat oon, the tothyr Kalystem.
And of Capadocye on-to þe kyngdam
He fled, & i*n*-to þat royal cyte,
As was hys fortune, of Cesary he cam.
Where of hys wyf a dowtyr gat he,
Whos name þei clepyd Dorothe
From þe fontstoon, & in pryuy wyse
The bysshop Apolynar hyr dede baptyse.
Thys Dorothe, of youthe fulfyllyd wy^{t} grace

30 l. Cristem.

Of þe holy gost, in uertu euere grew
And in al goodnesse: whos synguler solace
Was bodyly clennesse euere to pursew,
And flesshly corupcyoun eek to eschew;
And for to spekyn of bodyly bewte,
She passyd alle þe maydyns of þat cuntre.
But þe deuyl, wych euyrmore hath enuye
Wyth clennes, þe prefect of þe seyd cyte,
Fabrycius clepyd, of gloryous Dorothye
Prykkyd wyth þe loue, so sore, þat he
For hyr sent & of tresore plente
He profyrd hyre & in many a thyng
To endewyn hir & to weddyn hyr wy‘ a ryng.
Whan Dorothe had herd hys talkyng,
Stablysshyd wyth grace in hir inward thouht,
These temporal delyhs hertly despysyng
Alle werdly rychesse she set at nouht.
And whan she was beforn hym brouht,
Dreedeles she confessyd euene opynly
That Crystys spouse she was, trewly.
Fabrycius wex wode wyth þis answere,
And comaundyd anoon þat wy‘-oute lettyng
In-to a tunne men shuld hyr beere
Ful of oyle feruently brennyng.
But in hyr spouse Jhesu trustyng,
As mery & glade þere-yn was she
As wy‘ swete bawm she anoyntyd had be.
Many a paynym, þis myracle seyng,
To Cryst conuertyd was inwardly.
But Fabrycius to wycchecrafth it ascryuyng,
To presoun hyr comaundyd be led hastyly.
Where meetlees she was nyne days fully;
In wych tyme by aungelys mynystracyoun
Fed she was wyth heuenly consolacyoun.
Aftyr þis tyme whan she was brouht
Out of presoun þe Juge before,
And hir beute was dyscrecyd ryht nouht
But rather encrecyd more & more,
Alle þo hyr seyn, wundryd ful sore
How she, þat so longe had be meteles,
Myht in bodyly beute so sore encres.

41 hyre überschr. 66 u in nouht überschr. v. a. H.

But Fabrycius, blyndyd in hys madnesse,
By þis greth myracle ryht noht set
And to hir seyd: „but þou wy‘ mekenesse
My goddys wursshype wyth-oute let,
I shal do þe be hangy*n* on a iebet.“
„God wurshepe I wyl, not deuel*is*, q*uod* she,
Ner*e* mawmettys swych as þi goddys be.“
And wyth þat worde to þe erthe-ward
She doun felle & ful deuouthly
Hyr eyne up she lyftyd to heuenward,
Preying þus: „lord, for þi mercy
Shewe þi myht here euene opy*n*ly
And pr*o*ue by sum tokne fro*m* heuene now
That þou god art, & noon oþir but þow!“
And anoon a pyller of marbyl ful hy,
Wych Fabrycius had set up-on þat place,
And þer-on an ydole foul & lothly,
Aungelys ful many, doun se*n*t by gr*a*ce,
So vyolently dede al to-race
That neythyr of ydol ner of pyler
Was no part left, aftyr hyr preyer.
And euene furth-wyth in *þe* eyr alofte
Was herd a voys of deuelys crying:
„On þis wyse why vexyst so ofte
Vs, Dorothye maydyn tendyr & ying?“
For wych cause from her myslyuyng
Many a paynym þer co*n*uertyd was,
And for Crystys sake martyrd i*n* þat plaas.
But on *a* iebet, and vpward hyr feet,
Dorothye þei heng ful horrybylly,
And wyth yerdys & skourgys hir body beet.
And wyth hokys of yren hyr flesh cruelly
They al to-rent, & hyr pappys vnpetously
Wyth feerbrondys brent; & aftyr hyr doūn
Half-deed takyn, þei shettyn in pr*e*soūn.
But on þe morwe whan þe day wex cler*e*
And she was broht þe Juge before,
Neythir spote ne hurt in hyr dede apperè.
Wher-of Fabrycius wu*n*dryd ful sore
And seyde þus to hir*e*: „o wurthyly bore

92 þe überschr. v. a. H. 99 a überschr. 102 wyth a. R.

Feyr mayd, I counsel, yet turn ageyn!
For chastysyd þou art ynow, certeyn."
And þer-wyth anoon hyr sustrys tweyne,
Trystem & Kalystem, he to hyr dede sende —
Wych Cryst forsakyn had for fere of peyne —
By whom hyr to turne he redyly wende.
But euene contrarye þat he dede entende
Befel: for by hyre hyr sustrys both-two
Cryst ageyn perfythly conuertyd wer to.
Fabrycius, þis heryng, was nere out hys mynde,
And in hys madnesse he a newe torment dede
feyne:
For of þese two sustrys he comaundyd to bynde
Eythers bak to oþers wyth a myhty cheyne
And in-to a fere hem kast to brenne botht-tweyne.
And whan þis was doon, wyth a pale face
Gloryous Dorothye he þus gan manace:
„How longe wylt þou vs forth þus drawe
Wyth þi wychecrafth from day to day?
Now both þi sustrys ben broht a-dawe.
Yet, yf þou wylt, þou styl lyue may.
Wherfore do sacryfyse wyth-oute delay
To my goddys, & I wyl þe respyte,
Or ellys þine heed I wyl of do smyte."
Dorothie to þis answerd mekely:
„What-euere þou wylt, for my lord Jhesu
And my spouse to suffryn I am redy,
And euere haue ben, sen I hym fyrst knew;
In whos gardyn ful of uertu
Rosys wyth appyls I gadryn shal,
And be myry wyth hym in ioye eternal."
At þis worde þis tyraunth furyous
Comaundyd hys tormentours wyth-oute lettyng
That þei wyth stauys hir face beuteuous
And wyth greth battys shulde al to-dyng,
Tyl of hir face were no semyng.
And whan þere-of no þing they se myht,
In a dyrk presoun þei hyr shet al nyht.
But on þe morwe, whan she was brouht
Beforn Fabrycius þe Juge erly,
As hool she was as she had ryht nouht

Suffryd beforn of peynys, sothly.
Wherefor Fabrycius, confoundyd vttyrly,
Cowd no ferþer but yaf þe decre
Þat wyth-oute let she hefdyd shuld be.
And as she wyth-owte þe wallys cam,
Oon Theophyl preyid hyr schornfully —
Wych prothonotarye was of þat kyngdam —
That she sum rosys wold hym sendyn hastyly
From hyr spousys gardyn. & she feythfully
Hym hyht þat she so do wolde —
Al-þow þat wyntyr it was ful colde.
And whan she brouht was on-to þe place
Of her iewes by decollacyoun,
She preyid god hertly of hys specyal grace
For þo þat remembre wold hyr passyoun,
That hem saue from euery trybulacyoun
He wold vouchesaf, & specyally from shame,
Of hateful pouert & eek of fals name;
Also þat he wold dew contrycyoun
Hyr deuowtys grauntyn at hyr last ende
And of alle here synnys plener remyssyoun;
And yf wummen wyth chyld of hyr had mende,
That he þam hastly wold socour sende;
And þat noon hous where were hyr passyonarye,
Wyth feer ner lyhtnyng shuld neuyr myskarye.
And euene as she þis prayere had maad,
A voys yaf an answere in þis degre:
„Come, loue, come, spouse, & be ryht glad,
For þat þou hast askyd, is grauntyd the,
And for alle þat þou preyst sauyd shal be."
And wyth þat wurde she dede inclyne
Doun hyr heed, hyr lyf to fyne.
And as she þus dede bowe lowly,
A chyld apperyd in purpyl feyr clade,
Barefoot, & wyth heer kurlyd semely,
In whos clothys sterrys gylt bemys oute sprade;
& wyt thre rosys & thre applys in hys hand he hade
A sportelet, & doun up-on hys kne
He hym set & offryd it on-to Dorothe.
And she hym preyid wyt ful humble entent
That to Theophyl þe scrybe he yt wold bere

170 hyr st. her. 184 Ms. clade, 186 spade, 187 hade.

And seyn þat she sent hym þat present,
As she hym hyht whan she was þere.
And he forth went. & wyth-oute fere
The dynt of deth she toke mekely,
And hyr soule to heuene euene up dede sty.
Martyrd was þis blyssyd Dorothye
The yere of grace two hundryd & eyhghty
If eyghte þer-to men doon applye,
Of Februarye þe syxten day, suthly,
Vndyr Fabrycius þe prefect, cruelly;
Ocupying þe empere Dyoclycyan,
As to-forn is seyd, wyth Maxymyan.
To Theophile, stondyng þis tyme opynly
In þe paleys, þis seyd chyld dede apere
And by þe hand hym took & led manerly
Asyde, seyng: „þe rosys here
Wyth applys þe sent my suster dere
From hyr husbondys gardeyn, I dar wel say."
And þis seyd, he vanysshyd a-way.
And anoon Theophyl to preyse began
And to gloryfyen Cryst, god of Dorothye,
Wych in þe monyth of Februarye kan,
Whan frost & cold þe erthe doth wrye
And on þe trees men (noon) leuys may aspye,
To whom he wyl, rosys & applys sende,
Blyssyd be hys name wyt-outyn ende.
Thus for þe greth credybyl wytnesse
Of Theophyle, & of hys deuouth prechyng
Alle þat cyte, both more & lesse,
To Cryst wer turnyd wyth-owte lettyng.
But Fabrycius, alle þese þingys seyng,
So sore astoynyd was in þis caas
That vnnethe he wyst where þat he was;
And specyally whan he Theophyl sey
Conuertyd & prechyn so feythfully,
Hys hert from hym was nere a-wey.
But aftyr he hym wyth more tormentrye
Assaylyd þan euere he dyde Dorothye;
For on many. smal pecys hys body he hew,
And to bestys & fowlys þe gobettys he threw.
But fyrst þis Theophyl was baptysyd,

215 noon fehlt.

And howsyld alse ful deuouthly;
And so wyth peynys aftyrward supprysyd,
Lych as I seyd erst, & þat cruellye;
And so folwyd hys mastrysse Dorothye
And cam to Cryst, in blysse regnynge,
Whedyr thorgh hyr merytys he mote us bryng.
Amen.

Now, blyssyd uyrgyn, o Dorothye,
Wych gloryfyid art in heuene aboue,
Graunt Joon Hunt, or þan he dye,
Aftyr hys desyre þi frensshepe to proue,
And Isabel hys wyf, wych the both loue;
At whos request & humble supplycacyoun
Was of þi lyf made þis translacyoun.
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, an gramercy.

241 A. R. v. a. H.: John Hunt, Ezabela vxor ejus.

VIII. THE PROLOCUTORYE IN-TO MARYE MAWDEL(YN) LYF.

The yer of grace, pleynly to descryue,
A thowsand fourhundryd fourty & fyue
Aftyr þe cherche of Romys computacyoun,
Wych wyth Jane chaungyth hyr calculacyoun;
Whan Phebus, wych nowher is mansonarye
Stedefastly but ych day doth varye
Hys herberwe among þe syngnys twelue,
As þe fyrste meuer ordeynyd hym-selue,
Descendyd was in hys cours adoun
To þe lowest part by cyrcumuolucyoun
Of þe Zodyac cercle — Caprycorn I mene —
Wher of heythe degrees he hath but fyftene,
And hys retur had sumwhat bygunne,
By wych oo degre oonly he had wunne
In clymbyng, & drow towerd Aguarye —
But in þis mater what shuld I lenger tarye?
I mene pleynly: up-on þat festful eue
In wych, as alle crystene men byleue,

Thre kyngys her dylygence dede applye
Wyth thre yiftys newe-born to gloryfye
Cryst, aftyr hys byrthe þe threttende day,
Comyng from þe est in ful royal aray
By conduct of a sterre wych shone clere:
In presence I was of þe lady Bowsere,
Wych is also clepyd þe countesse of Hu,
Doun conueyid by þe same pedegru
That þe duk of York is come — for she
Hys sustyr is in egal degre,
Aftyr þe dochesse of York clepyd Isabel,
Hyr fadrys graunhtdam, (wych, sothly to tel,)
In Spayn kyng Petrys dowtyr was,
Wych wyt a noþir sustyr — so stood þe caas —
The royal tytle of Spayne to Englond broht,
And for þe fyrste sustyr yssud noht
But deyid baren, al stood in þe toþir;
By whhom þe ryht now to þe broþir
Of seyd da(me) Isabelle, to seyn al and sum,
The duk of York, Syr Rychard, is come,
Wych god hym send, yf it be hys wyl.
But of þis mater no more now spekyn I wyl,
But returnyn ageyn to seyd dame Isabelle
And of my purpos þe remnanth furth telle.
I saye: whyl þis ladyis foure sonys ying
Besy were wyth reuel & wyth daunsyng,
And oþere mo, in þere most fressh aray
Dysgysyd — for in þe moneth of May
Was neuyr whyt flours wyth blewe & grene
Medewe motleyid freshlyere, I wene,
Than were her garnementys; for, as it semyd me,
Mynerue hyr-self, wych hath þe souereynte
Of gay texture, as declaryth Ouyde,
Wyth al hire wyt ne coude prouyde
More goodly aray, þow she dede endos
Wyth-ynne oo web al methamorphosyos; —
I seye: whyl þei þus daunsyng dede walke
Aboute þe chaumbyr, wyth me to talke
It lykyd my lady of hyr ientylnesse
Of dyuers legendys wych my rudnesse
From latyn had turnyd in-to our language

24 A. R. v. a. H.: domina Bowser, commitissa Eu, 27 dux Eborum, 29 Isabella, 38 Richardus dux Eborum. 30 das Eingeklammerte fehlt.

Of hooly wummen now *in* my last age,
As of seynt Anne, to blyssyd Marye
The modyr, of Margrete, & of Dorothye,
Of Feyth, & Crystyne, & of Anneys þer-to,
And of þo Eleuene thowsend u*ir*gyns also,
And of þat holy & blyssyd Matrone
Seynt Elyzabeth, whos lyf alone
To alle wyuys myht a merour be
Of uery p*er*feccyoun in sundry degre —
Whos holy legend as at þat tyme
I newly had begunne to ryme
At request of hyr to whom sey nay
I nethyr kan ne wyl ne may —
So mych am I boundon to hyr goodnesse —
I mene of Oxenforthe þe countesse,
Dame Elyzabeth Ver by hyr ryht name —
Whom god eu*er*e kepe from syn & shame
And of good lyf so hyr auaunce
Here in þis werd wyth p*er*seueraunce
That, whan she chaungyth hir mortal fate,
Of lyf eterne she may entryn þe gate,
Ther-ynne to dwelly*n* wyth-owte*n* endyng.
And whyl (we) were besy in þis talkyng,
My lady hyr hooly & blyssyd purpoos
To me þis-wyse þer dede oncloos:
„I haue, q*uod* she, of pure affeccyoun
Ful longe tym had a synguler deuocyoun
To þat holy wu*m*man wych, as I gesse,
Is clepyd of apostyls þe apostyllesse:
Blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn y mene,
Whom Cryste from syn made pur*e* & clene,
As þe clerkys seyn, ful mercyfully;
Whos lyf in englysshe I desyr*e* sothly
To han maad, & for my sake
If ye lykyd, þe labour to take,
& for reu*er*ence of hyr, I wold you preye."
At wych wurde, what I myht seye,
I stood in doute; for on þe to part
My lytyl experyence in rymygs art,
My labyl mynde & þe dulnesse
Of my wyt & þe greth rudnesse

68 Ms. p*ro*feccyoun. 74 A. R.: Elizabetha Ver comitissa Oxenfordiae.

I wele remembryd, & on þe tojir partye
I thowt how hard it is to denye
A statys preyer, wych, aftyr þe entent
Of þe poete, is a myhty comaundement.
Wherfore me thoht, as in þis caas,
That my wyt wer lakkyd bettyr it was,
Than my wyl; & þerfore to do
My ladyis preyere I assentyd to,
Of my sympyl cunnyng aftyr þe myht,
Vp condycyoun þat she me wolde respyt
Of hir ientylnesse tyl I acomplysyd
My pylgramage hade, wych promysyd
I to seynt Jamys wyth hert entere
Had to performe þe same yere,
Þere to purchase thorgh penytence
Of myn oolde synnys newe indulgence;
Where men contryth thorgh clere confessyoun
Mown of her synnys han plener remyssyoun
From þe fyrst day, as I kan remembre,
Of Januarye to þe last of Decembre
Next folwynge, al þe yerys space,
Wych clepyd is þere „þe yere of grace“ —
Grauntyd, as men mown vndyr-grope,
Ful longe agoon of Calyxt þe pope,
Euere to endure whan seynt Jamys day
On þe sunday fallyth, þis is no nay.
And whan my lady herd had myn entent,
Ful ientylly þer-to she dede assent,
Aftyr my desyr, &, sothly to seyn,
She me pardonyd tyl I come ageyn
From seynt Jamys, yf god wold so. —
And I now haue performyd & do
Aftyr myn entent myn pylgrimage:
Applyin I wyl al þe corage
Of my wyt & of my kunnyng
To performen wyth-oute tarying
My ladyis wyl & hir comaundement. —
But fyrst I wyl wyth an humble entent
Me conform to þe sage counsel
Of a phylosofyr, wych, as Austyn doth tel,
The prynce is of phylosofyrs alle,

Wurthyly, whom men Plate calle;
Wych in hys book of hy Phylosofye
That he entytlyt vn-to Thymye,
Hys dyscyple, seyis on þis wyse:
„To al men, quod he, it is a guyse,
A cerymonye aryit & a custom,
Obseruyd & kept as a relygyoun,
In alle her werkys both more & lesse
At þe begynnyng wyth humbylnesse
To beseche þe souereyn dyuynyte
In here werk begunne here help to be,
That þei not erre ner do amys."
Syth þan paynyms obseruyd þis,
Mych more, me þinkyth, awt we
It to perform wych crystyn be,
And of owr self mowe no þing do,
In alle oure werkys recours haue to
Our souereyn god wyth humble preyere.
Wherfore, er ferther in þis matere
I do procede, wyth hert & thought
To hym I þus preye þat me made of nought:
O souereyn & most blyssyd trynyte,
O god in substaunce, in personys thre,
Fadyr & sone & þe holygost wyth-al;
Whos myht, wyt, & goodnesse is egal,
Al-be-it þat yche of þese thyngys thre
To a dystynct persone appropryat be,
For dyuers causys, as clerkys preue, —
But yet alle thre, as we beleue,
In uery beyng arn but o thyng;
Wych neythyr hath end no begynnyg,
Whos mesur noon oþir þan eternyte
May be clepyd; wych in meruelous degre
Both heuene & erthe hast made of nouht
And alle þe conteyntys in hem hast wrouht,
And aungels in þe emperyal heuyne on hy,
Sunne, mone & sterrys þer-vndyr & sky,
Herbys, trees, stonys, & gresse al-so,
Fysshys & foulys, & al þat longyth to
Eyr, erthe, & watyr in hys propyr sper,
The fourt element wych clepyd is fer;

144 Ms. entythyt. 147 l. arrayit. 168 Ms. distynit. 178 & überschr.

And aftyr al þis þorgh þi goodnesse
Man þou formydyst to þi lyknesse,
Indewyng hym wyth natural yiftys thre:
As Mynd, Resoun, Wyl, in swych degre
Þat noon is oþir but dystynctly
They han her operacyouns & yet essencyally
But oon soule þei ben al thre,
And þis is þe uery ymage of þe;
And moreouyr, pleynly to conclude,
In hym þou prendydyst þi symylytude,
Wyth þo fre yiftys clene and pure
Wych þou addyddyst to þe yiftys of nature,
In hys creacyoun whan þorgh þi grace
A spyryth of lyf þou brethyddyst in hys face;
And aftyr þat, as testyfyyth þe prophete,
Alle þingys þou kest vndyr hys fete,
Sheep, oxyn & eek þe bestys alle
Of þe felde, what-euere men hem calle,
Bryddys of heuene & fysshys of þe se;
But whan he lost had þis greth dygnyte
An hym-self deformyd abhomynabylly,
By þe enuye deceyuyd of hys enmy,
Clepyd Serpent, Behemot or Leuyathan
And many mo wysys þan I now rehers kan:
Thorgh þi greth grace & þi mercy
Thow hym reformyddyst, more meruelously
Than in þe begynnyng he formyd fyrst was;
For wych reformyng — so stode þe caas —
The secunde persone euyn of you thre
By your comoun assent took oure freelte
Here in erthe in a madyns bour
And mannys aduocat becam & medyatour
Twyn þe fadyr of heuene & mankende,
And so aftyr thre & thretty wyntris ende
By suffraunce of ryht greuous passyoun
He of mankende maad þe reparacyoun,
Suffycyently — for, wyth-owtyn doute,
The leest drop of blood þa(t) yssuyd oute
Of hys blyssyd body, & hys circumcysyoun,
(F)or euere aftyr suffycyent raunsoun
Had been for al þe werdys wo,

204 Ms. deceyuyuyd. 220 Ms. Or.

And þow þer were werldys a þousend mo;
But not-for-þan yet wold not he —
So greth to man was hys cheryte —
Wyth lesse raunsoun mankynd by
Than wyth al þe blood of hys body,
And wyt al þe blood of hys hert eek. wh(e)rfore
Al mannys loue þou askyst, & no more,
Wyth hertly laude & wyt meke preysyng —
For of our goodys þou nedyst no thyng,
As Dauid seyth in hys professye.
Where-fore, lord, to þe alone I crye,
Wych welle art of mercy & of pyte, —
And neythyr to Clyo ner to Melpomene
Nere to noon oþir of þe Musys nyne,
Ner to Pallas Mynerue ner Lucyne,
Ner to Apollo, wych, as old poetys seye,
Of wysdam beryth both lok & keye,
Of gay speche eek & of eloquencye —
But alle þem wyttyrly I denye,
As euere crystene-man owyth to do,
And þe oonly, lord, I fle on-to;
Not desyryng to haue swych eloquence
As sum curyals han, ner swych asperence
In vttryng of here subtyl conceytys
In wych oft-tyme ful greth dysceyt is, —
And specyally for þere ladyis sake
They baladys or amalettys lyst to make,
In wych to sorwyn & wepyn þei feyn
As þow þe prongys of deth dede streyn
Here hert-root, al be þei fer þens;
Yet not-for-þan is here centens
So craftyd up & wyth langwage so gay
Vttryd, þat I trowe þe moneth of May
Neuere fresshere enbe(l)shyd þe soyl wyt flours
Than is her wrytyng wyth colours
Of rethorycal speche both to & fro —
Was neuere þe tayl gayere of a po,
Wych þan enherytyd alle Argus eyne
Whan Marcuryis whystyl hym dede streyne
To hys deed slepe; of wych language
The craft to coueyte where grete dotage

264 l. were.

In myn oold dayis & in þat degre
That I am in. wherfore, lord, to þe
Wyt humble entent & hert entere
In þis conclude I my long preyere:
That I kunnyng may han suffycyently
To seruyn þe deuocyoun of my lady
Aftyr hyr entent, þat is (to) seyne
That I may translate in wurdys pleyne
In-to oure langwage oute of latyn
The lyf of blyssyd Mare Mawdelyn,
To hyr goostly confourth in especyal,
And of them generally wych it redyn shal;
By wych redyng þat þai may wynne
Fyrst remyssyoun here of al here synne,
Lych as Mary Mawdelyn dede purchace,
And þat aftyr þis lyf þey may purchace (!)
To þat blys comyn wher-yn is she —
Sey ych man Amen, pur cheryte.
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

THE PROLOGE OF MARIE MAUDELYNS LYF.

Of a Mary to wrytyn I wyl begynne
The lyf, as god me yeuyn wyl grace,
I mene not Mary wyth-owtyn synne,
Wych of al mankynd bare þe solace,
But hyr I mene wych of hyr trespace,
In Symondys hous whan she cam yn,
Pa(r)done thorgh penaunce dede purchace
And clepyd is Marye Mawdelyn.
And wurthyly þis name Marye
To hyr pertenyth, as it semyth me:
For, as Legenda aurea doth specyfye,
Maria hath þese interpretacyouns thre:
Fyrst it betoknyth a „byttyr se“,
An „illumynere“, or ellys „maad lyht“;
And þese thre thyngys in excellent degre
Thys blyssyd Mary Maudelyn had ful ryht.
And by þese thre þingys we vndyrstond moun

265 Ms. many st. myn. 280 Ms. purchace st. percase?

Þe thre best þingys wych þis Mary ches:
As outward penaunce, & inward *contem*placyoun,
And vpward blys, wych neuyr shal ses;
Of wych god seyd wyth-owtyn lees
That þe beeste part to hir ches Mary,
Wych eu*er*e shal endure & neuere dyscrees
But wyt hyr abydyn et*er*nally.
The fyrst part wych þat hycht penytence
Be-cause of þe sy*n*ne, wych is getyng of blys,
Shal hyr be byrefth by no vyolence;
Ner þe secunde, of *con*templacyou*n*: forþat is
Co*n*tunyd wyth heuenely (ioy) wyche neu*er*e shal mys —
Wher*e*fore it may not fayl i*n* no degre;
Ner*e* þe thrydde, of heuene, may sece, I-wys,
For þe mesure þer*e*-of is eternyte.
For as mych þan as þis Mary
The best part chees of penaunce doyng,
A „byttyr se" be clepyd ryht co*n*uenyently
She may, me semyth; for in þat thyng
Greth byttyrnesse she felt whan repentyng
Be-hynde Cryst she stood shamefastly
And wyth þe terys shed in hyr wepyng
Hys feet she wessh ful deuouthly.
In þat also þat of inwarde co*n*templacyou*n*
The best part she ches in þis lyf here,
To hyr longyth þe secunde *inter*pretacyoun
Wych is to seyn an „illumynere"
Or a „yeuer*e* of lyht" in wurdys more clere;
For in hyr conte*m*placyou*n* she took swych lyht,
Wyth wych many oon, as ye aftyr shul here,
In goostly goodnesse she maad shyn bryht.
In þat þe best part of heuenely blys
Thys Mary ches in hir affeccyoun,
Wurthyly „illumynyd" she clepyd is;
For now abouy*n* in þe celestyal regyoun
Illumynyd she is wyth clere cognycyoun
In hir soule, and aftyr shal fynally,
When co*m*plet is þe general resurreccyoun,
Illumynyd bene in hyr gloryous body.
This Mary is also clepyd Mawdelyn,

311 ioy fehlt.

Conuenyently, aftyr Januencys decre:
For þis wurd Magdalena, wych is latyn,
By þe interpretacyoun betoknyth þingis thre,
As „gylty", „streynghthyd", & „wurthy of degre";
Wych thre þingis by dew applycacyoun
Mown clerly shewyn what was she
Beforn, & yn, & aftyr hyr conuercyoun.
Beforn hyr conuercyoun she was „gylty"
Be of synful lyuyng þe abhomynacyoun,
Dysseuyrd from god & heuenely cumpany,
Dyffamyd also in þe werdys oppynyoun
In Jerusalem & in al þat regyoun;
And bysydyn alle þese myscheuys here
She bounde was by an oblygacyoun
Wyth þe deuyl to dwellyn in endles fere.
But aftyr þis, in hyr conuercyoun,
Whan she forsuke al hyr fyrst foly
And hyre repentyd of hyre transgressyoun
And wyth penaunce purchacyd hyr mercy,
Than was she „strenghthyd" & made myhty;
For as many delytes as in sundry wysys
Of synnys she hade in hyr body,
So many of hyr-self she maad sacryfysys.
Aftyr hyr conuersyoun eek in goostly grace
How stroung she wex & how myhty,
Who lyst know, he not hens pace
Tyl completly rede be þis story,
Wych both of þe gospel, þat kan not ly,
And of hyr legende to-gydyr is bounde;
And he shal fynde þat, wher wrechydly
Synne regnyd, grace doth superhabounde. —
Now, gracyous lady Mary Mawdelyn,
Wych grace aftyr synne copyously founde,
Let not Sathanas wyth hys sotyl gyn
Of þem þat þe seruyn þe soulys confounde!
And specyaly, lady, lat þi grace redounde
To dame Isabel þe countesse of Hu,
Counfort hyr & kepe hyr both heyl & sounde,
And alle temptacyouns help hyr to escheu!
Also, lady, to þe humble entent
Of hym uouchesaf for to intende

376 A. R.: Isabella Comitissa Eu.

Wych at þe seyd ladyis comaundement
To translate hym bysyde þi legende;
Purchase hym *grace* hys lyf to amende
Er þan he passe from þis outlawry,
And help hem both up to ascende
Aftyr hyr fatal cours to blysse heuenely. Amen.

HER BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF OF MARYE MAUD'.

Thys blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn,
To spekyn aftyr werdly dygnyte,
Born was of þe most wurthy kyn
Wych þat tym was in þat cuntre:
For of þe royel blood descendyd she;
Whos fadyr hyht Syre, a man wurthy,
And hyr modyr clepyd was Euchary.
A brothir she had wych vsyd waas
In hys fyrst dayis to ben a soudyour,
Lazarus by name; whom þorgh hys *graas*
From dethe to lyf rasyd oure saueour
At requeste of hyr & hys herbeiour
Marthe, hyr sustyr, as doth testyfye'
Jhon in hys gospel, wych wyl not lye.
And þese thre, as seyith þe story,
Twyn hem dyuydyd þe possessyoun
Of here genyturs Syre & Euchary:
So þat a castel callyd Magdalum
Tc Mary fel in þere departysoun;
Where-of she namyd was Magdalyne,
As Januensys legende doth determyne.
And not oonly þis Marye by successyoun
Thus of fortune surmountyd in dygnyte,
But also þorgh-oute al þat regyoun
She of naturys yiftys had þe souereynte
And passyd alle wummen (in) excellent bewte;
For, as it semyd to yche mannys syht,
Feyrer þan she no wumman be myht.
Thus þan in hyr were þese thre
To-gedyr ioynyd in greth excellence:

388 aftyr st. of hyr? 412 in fehlt.

Youthe, habundaunce, & eek beute —
Wych oftyn for lak of deu dylygence
Mynystrys bene vn-to insolence
And of alle vycys þe bryngers-yn —
And so þei were in Mary Mawdelyn.
For al hir youthe in dislauynesse
Of hir body so vnshamefastly
She dispendyd & in synfulnesse
So comoun she was, þat ful pytously
Hir name she lost: for of foly
So in þe cyte was sprungyn hir fame
That „Marie þe synnere" þei dede hir name.
Thus long-tyme in hir wrecchidnesse
She contunyde & hyr lustys dede pursu.
Tyl at þe laste thorgh þe mercyfulnesse
Compunct she was of our lord Jhesu,
Wych þat lyuyd & tawt uertu;
Thorgh whos doctryne she was in entent
Of hir fore-lyf to makyn a-mendement.
Vp-on wych sone aftyr, as she wele knew,
Whan to mete was bodyn oure saueour
Wyth oon Symon leprous, a pharysew,
A precyous oynement swet of odour
She went & bouht, & in þat same oure
The box wyth oynement in hir hand she nam
And vnbodyn to Symondys feste she kam.
And whan she w(as) comyn in-to þe place
Where Jhesu was, for shamefastnesse
Of hir foul lyf beforn hys face
She nold appere, but dede hir dresse
Be-hyndyn hys bak, & wyth greth byttyrnesse
And sorwe of hert she gan to wepe,
And fel doun & towert hys fete dede crepe.
Where whan she cam, wyth hert contryte
Terys owte she shede so plenteuously
That hys feet þere-wyth wasshyn she myht —
And so she dede ful deuouthly;
And wyth hyr herys hem wypte dylygently,
And aftyr þat wyth a deuouth entent
Hem anoyntyd wyth þe swet oynement.
And þow wyth hir mouth outwardly

To hym no wurde she dede expresse
In al þis tyme wych so besyly
She shewyd þis meke obsequyousnesse,
Yet of hyr wepyng by þe grethnesse
Of hyr herte she shewyd þe corage,
As þow she had vsyd þis language:
O moste meke lord, wych knowyst al þinge
And art of hertys þe inward knoware;
Wych, as it semyth by þi techynge,
Desyryst not þe deth of a sy*nn*ere
But þat he be conu*er*tyd & lyue lengere,
Thow knowyst wele, lord, as I do wene,
What my wepyng, my syhyng & my sorwe doth mene.
Y am a sy*nn*ere & of euery cryme
Wyth spottys defoulyd ful horrybylly;
And so haue I contunyd ful long tyme
Syth wyt & dyscrecyoun fyrst had I.
Reforme me now, lord, for þi mercy
And in þis greth nede be my socour,
Wych oonly consydryst sorwe & labour!
Whan Symon þis wu*mm*an at Crystys fete
Thus ocupyed sey, he thowte thys:
If he þis were a very prophete,
He shuld weel knowe wyth-oute mys
Wych & what-manere þis wu*mm*an is;
For a synere she is & of bad fame
Thorgh-oute þis cyte labouryth hir name.
But Cryst, wych þat knowyth al þinge,
Both wurd & werk & thouht pryuy,
Welyng yeuyn Symund a rebukyng
Of hys temerary doom, ful benygnely
To hym hys chere turnyd & seyd goodly:
„Symon, su*mm*what I haue to sey to the.“
„Maystyr, what þou wylt, sey anoon!“ q*uod* he.
„Two detours, q*uod* Cryst, to oon feneratour
Were whylom, Symund, in a cuntre:
Fyue hu*nd*ryd pens owht þe toon detour,
The tothyr but fyfty; & for pouerte
Hem both distreynyd, bothen p*ar*donyde he.

Than ask I þe, Symon, wych of þese tuo
Dettours þe credytour was moste holdyn to?"
„I-wys, quod Symund, as it semyth to me
Aftyr þe iudycyal of uery resoun,
To louyn hys credytour most holdyn was he
Wych of hys dette had most pardoun,
This is plenly, maystyr, myn opynyoun."
„Thou answeryst, quod Cryst, ful ryhtfully,
Symon, but now herkyn what seyn shal I.
Symon, I entryd in-to þine hous
And to myn feet watyr þou youe noon me;
Thys wimman whom þou demyst vycyous,
Syth þat she entryd, as al men may se,
Wyth terys of hyr eyne shede in plente
My feet she hath wasshyn ful deuouthly,
And wyth hyr herys hem wypt dylygently.
Kys profyrdyst me noon, but she my feet
Hath kyssyd ful oft; nere myn heed to
Oyle puttyst þou noon, but wyth oynement swet
Anoyntyd she hath my feet both-two.
And for she þus hath þis dede do
And so many loue-tokynnys shewyd to me,
Many synnys to hyr foryeuyn now be."
And whan she þus on-to þe pharysewe
Excusyd was by Cryst ful curteysly,
Alle þingys left, she dede hym sewe
Wher-so-euere he went, ful deuouthly.
And for she ryche was habundaunthly,
She mynystyrd hym & hys in þere nede,
As in Lukys gospel pleynly men may rede.
And þus aftyr by processe successyfly
Wyth Cryst she grew in swych famyliaryte,
That hyr he chershyd ryht syngulerly
And wyth hyr sustyr oftyn herberwyd was he,
Wych for hym & hys kepte hospytalyte —
I mene Marthe; from þe flyx whom he dede cure
Wych twelue yere to-gedyr on hyr dede dure.
Thys was in Bethanye where to-gedyr dede dwelle
Marthe & Marye & hyr brothir Lazarus,
Whethyr ful oftyn, as þe gospelys kun telle,
To hys herberwe turnyd oure lord Jhesus —

For in þe cyte of Jerusalem he was odyous,
Where ful seldom he ony coude fynde
Wych hym to herberwe wold be so kynde.
O how blyssyd & happy was þat hous
In wych to takyn hys hospytalyte
Vouchyd-saf þat lord most gracyous!
Ful blyssyd also were þei al thre
Wych chosyn wern hys hostys for to be
And hym to fedyn in hys bodyly nede
Wych aungels fedyth wyth hys godhede!
Lo, þus may we seen how euere mercyful
God is & synners ful besy to saue
By þis wumman in specyal, wych synful
Fyrst was & aftyr dede mercy craue;
Thorgh wych not oonly she dede haue
Of hyr greth synnys a remyssyoun,
But also she atteynyd to hy perfeccyoun.
And not oonly she atteynyd to perfeccyoun
Of hooly lyf, but eek so syngulerly
To Cryst she extendyd hyr affeccyoun
That, where-euere he was, she drew hym ny
And lystnyd hys wurdys ful deuouthly.
Wherefore, whan ony wyth° hyr dede acuse,
Euere redy was Cryst hyr to excuse.
Example vs shewyth in hys gospel
Seynt Luke, seyng þat oure lord gracyous,
Jhesus, whylom entryd in-to a castel
And Martha hym receyuyd in-to hyr hous;
But Marye, hyr sustyr, was so desyrous
Hys wurdys to here, þat for deuocyoun
Euene at hys feet she hyre set doun.
Where whan Marthe, wych dede besynesse
Cryst to seruyn, hyr syttyng sey so,
She began to acusyn hyr ydylnesse
And seyd: „o lord, chargyst þou not, lo,
How me my sustyr suffryth a-lone to do
Al thyng? I prey þe, byd hir up ryse
And helpyn me to doon to þe seruyse.“
But Cryst, wych iuge was interpellat,
As seyith seynt Austyn in a sermoun,
Anoon be-cam Maryis aduocat

560 wyth = wight?

And ageynys hyr sustrys acusacyoun
He fonde a resonable excusacyoun,
And anoon to Marthe in hyr besynesse
Hys entent þis-wyse he gan to expresse:
„Martha, Martha, *quod* he, þou art besy
And aboute many þingys troublyd ful sore;
But oon þing, sykyr, Marthe, is necessary,
Wych Mary hath chosyn: to lestyn my lore,
Wych neuere shal fayle; wete weel þere-foor
That þe bettyr part, sothly, chosyn hath she,
Wych takyn from hyr shal neuere be."
Be þis processe we seen þat þe ocupacyoun
Of actyf lyf in þis mortalyte
To þe lyf of inward contemplacyoun
May in no wyse paryfycat be:
Wych two lyuys fyguryd fynde we
In þese two sustres, Marthe & Marye,
As up-on Jhon seynt Austyn doth testyfye.
Marthys lyf wyth greth byttyrnesse
Medlyd is, but þe lyf of Marye
Is enbaumyd al wyth swetnesse.
Yet bothen ben good, as doth dyscrye
The exaunple beforn; wherfore enuye
Be-twyx þem tweyn owyth no more to be
Than is be-twyn a posatyue & a comparatyue degre.
More-ouyre, to shewyn þe syngulerte
Of loue wych haddyn ryht specyally
Of god past oþire þese personys thre,
Seynt Joon in hys gospel seyth þus pleynly:
„God louyd Marthe, *quod* he, & hyr sustyr Mary,
And Lazer, þe broþir of þem bothe-tweyne" —
No wytnesse of loue may be more pleyne.
But yet in loue among þese thre,
To spekyn aftyr degrees of comparysoun,
Mary stood in þe superlatyue degre —
As by processys folwyng we shul see moun,
Both beforn & aftyr þe resurreccyoun.
Beforn, in þe myracle whan Cryst from helle
Lazer dede clepyn, as Joon doth telle.
Whan Lazarus langwyryng (!) in Bethanye

Lay seek & Cryst þane was absent
By-yunde Jordan oute of Jewerye,
Marye & Marthe a massagere sent
Thedyr to hym wyth þere entent
Vndyr þis forme & by þese wurdys
„Loo he whom þou louyst, lord, ryht seek is."
And in þis mene-tym Lazer dede dye;
And þan Cryst þus seyd to hys dyscyplys:
„Lazarus, oure frende, slepyth, sothlye;
Lat us go wake hym!" þan þe seyd þis:
„If he be aslepe, he safe ynowe is;
What shulde we do þere? hast þou forgete
How þe to be sleyn þe Jewys do threte?"
Than Cryst hem tolde euene opynly
That Lazarus deed was, in wurdys pleyn;
Wherfore returnyn on-to Jewery
He wold, hym for to clepyn ageyn
From dethe to lyf, þis is certeyn.
And anoon furth-wyth he dede hym hye
Euen in þe ryht weye to Bethanye.
But for to drawyn to þe conclusyoun
Of oure entent & to leuyn many a circumstaunce,
Marthe fyrst met hym wyt-owte þe toun
And hadde wyth hym a long dalyaunce;
But Marye was at home in hyr careful traunce,
Tyl of Crystys comyng she warnyd waas:
And þan to hym she went a ful greth paas.
Whan she hym saw, ful sore wepyng
She seyd þus: „lord, yf þou hadyst here be,
My brothyr, as pleynly is my trowyng,
Had not be deed as now is he."
And whan Cryst hyr sey wepyng, for uere pyte
He wept also & to hyr þus seyd:
„Wher is þe place wych ye hym in leyd?"
Whedyr whan he was come, þei dede seye,
Stondyng ful euene by þe grauys brynke:
„Syre, four dayis ben past syth he dede deye,
Wherfore we trow þe body doth stynke,
And so but veyn were, as we now thynke,
Ony more to doon." „Yet, *quod* he, anoon
From of þe graue remeuyth þe stoon!"

628 þe = þei. 640 Ms. was in waas corr.

And whan þe stoon was of, he gan to pleyne
And to be troblyd in spyryht ful meruelously,
And up to heueneward lyftyng hys eyne
Wyth a greth voys he þus dede crye:
„Lazer, come owte!“ and anoon hastyly
He owt cam bounde; & hys discyplys to
Cryst hym delyuer*yd*, hys bondys to vndo.

A ful wundyr sychte yt was to se,
That he, foure dayes wych deed had leyn
And sempt, as is seyd, stynkyng haue be,
Shuld þus to lyue be reysyd ageyn!
But in þis mater is no more to seyn
But þat swych merueyls loue kan do —
Quia fortis ut mors est dileccio.

And soon aftyr þis at a super
In Symoun*d*ys hous whan Jhesu was —
And oon of þe sytters was seyd Lazer,
And Martha dede mynystry*n* *in* þat plaas:
Marye, enflawmyd wyth goostly graas,
Anoon wyth a ful precyous oynement
Crystys feet to anoynte deuouthly went.

And whan she hys feet anoyntyd had weel
And he þerwhylys dede syttyn ful stylle,
Vpon hys heed she poryd þe toþir deel,
Whos odour alle þe hous dede fylle.
Q*uod* Judas: „þis oynement why do ye spylle,
For thre hu*n*dryd pens wych myht sowld be
And delt to pore men in þis cyte?“

And anoon Cryst, Marye for to saue
From blame, vsyng hys aduocacye
Seyd þus: „pore men ye alwey shul haue
Wyth you, syres, but not me, sothlye.
Wherfore þis wu*m*man wych deuouthly
Me to anoynt dede hir besy cure,
A mysterye hath shewyd of my sepulture.

Where*f*ore I wyl þat ye wel knowe,
Here-aftyr whan þe gospel shal be
Thorgh-owte þe werd by prechours sowe,
Than shal it be seyd in many a cu*n*tre
That þis she dede in wurshype of me.“

Lo þus, þat Judas seyd hir to confounde,
Cryst to hyr laude it made redounde.
See now þan how þis *per*fyth creature
Conioynyd was on-to hyr creatur
Of trewe loue þorgh affeccyou*n* pure;
And eek he to hyr in syngulere amour,
For nere of hys lyf in þe last our
Euen but a lytyl beforn hys passyoun
Of hyr he made þis specyal co*m*mendacyoun.
More-ouyr, aftyr þis whan Cryst was take
And cruelly naylyd up-on a tre
And alle hys dyscyplys hade hy*m* forsake,
So feruent to hym was hyr cheryte
That for no feer she fro hym wold fle,
But euere on hym she was waytyng
Tyl he beryid was euy*n* in þe euenyng.
And whan he was beryid, wyth greth m*urnyng*
She went swete oynementys for to bye.
And aftyr þe sabat þe next morwenyng
On-to þe sepulcre she gan hyr hye —
And wyth hyr went a nothyr Marye;
And of here þedyrgoyng þis was þe ente*nt*:
Crystys body to anoynt wy‘ here oynement.
But whan þei come þer & he was goon,
As an aungel hem tolde þat same tyde,
And alle oþir wenty*n* a-wey a-noon,
She al oonly þere dede abyde,
And in þe graue ful ofty*n* on eu*ere* syde
She lokyd besyly wyth a wepyng yhe
If hyr loue onywhere she myht aspye.
And for as myche as she so p*erseuerau*nth was
In abydyng whan oþir wentyn a-weye,
Therfore she had þat specyal grace
That fyrst of alle owre lord she seye,
Apperyng, as hy*m* had lyst to pleye,
In þe lyknesse of a gardenere.
But whan he seyd „Marya“, she knew hys chere.
And whan she hy*m* knew, on-to hys feete
Wyth ful glad hert she doun dede falle
And wold he*m* han kyssyd; but he nold hyr lete,
But þus seyd: „Marye, þe not appalle!

And go sey Petyr & my dyscyplys alle
That I am up rysyn, as þou doost se,
And shal beforn hem goon in-to Galyle!"
Lo, þus & many anoþir wyse,
As in þe gospelys men mown aspye,
And myche bettyr þan I now kan deuyse,
Pryuylegyd was þis blyssyd Marye
Wyth synguler chershyng of hyr loue, Messye,
Both in hys lyuyng & *in* hys passyoun
And fro*m* deth to lyf aftyr hys resurreccyoun. —
Now I haue shewyd aftyr þe gospel
Of þis Maryis lyf a greth party.
Of þe remnaunht furth now wyl I tel,
Lych as Janue*n*ce yt doth dyscry,
If grace my wyt & my pe*n*ne do gye
And god also my state so longe,
Tyl yt be doon, vouchesaf to pro*l*ong.
But er þan I ferþer in þis matere
Wych I haue pro*m*yssyd, do pro*c*ede,
I þe beseche, Marye, wyth hert entere,
Purchase me gra*c*e bettyr lyf to lede
Than I do yet; & þat lady spede
In alle hyr werkys & get hyr blysse
Wych of þis wrytyng cause pri(n)cypal ysse. —

The fourtende yere by trewe co*m*putacyou*n*
Aftyr Cryst was rysyn fro*m* deth to lyue,
Whan Steuene wy^{t} stonys had throw doun
The iewys, as Januence doth dyscryue,
And owte of iewrye Crystys dyscyplys dede dryue:
Ful many a cuntre þe dede seche,
Goddys wurdys þer-in to sowe & teche.
And *in* þe tyme of þis pe*r*secucyou*n*, lo,
Lych as seyde Januence doth telle,
Oon of þe seuenty dyscyplys & two
In Jerusalem wy^{t} apostyls dede dwelle,
To whom by Petyr, as it befelle,
Co*m*myttyd was Marye Mawdelyn —
And þis dyscyplys name was Maxymyn.
And wyth þese two were, þe soth to telle,
To-gedyr assocyid *in* oo cu*m*panye

Lazer & Marthe, & eek Marcelle,
Hyr handmaydyn, & blyssyd Cedonye,
Wych, as þe gospel doth descrye,
Blynd was from hys natyuyte
And Cryst hym meruelously made to se.
These alle to-gedyr, & many anoþir
Of crystene men, by þe cruel decre
Of iewys wyt-owte sterne or rothyr
In a shyp were set up-on þe se,
To þat entent: þei drynklyd shuld be.
But, as goddys prouydence hem dede gye,
Alle saf to Marsilye þei dede applye.
Whedyr whan þei cam, wyt humble entent
They þankyd god of þare passage,
And euene furth-wyt to londe þei went.
But þam wold no-man grauntyn hostage.
Wherefore þei tokyn her herbergage
In a porche, tyl þat bettyr myht be,
Of a temple of þe folk of þat cuntre.
And whan blyssyd Mawdelyn dede se
Mych folk þiddyr comyn to sacryfyse
To þere ydols, ryht anoon she
Wyth a plesaunth chere up dede ryse
And wyth a feyr face in dysert wyse
She hem reuokyd from her ydolatrye
And prechyd hem Cryst most stedefastlye.
Alle þat hir herdyn, awundryd were,
What for hyr beute on þat o party
And for þe facundye wych she oysyd þere
And for þe swetnesse eek of hyr eloquency,
Wych from hyr mouth cam so plesauntly
Þat þei haddyn a uery delectacyoun
Stylle to stondyn & here hyr predycacyoun.
And no wundyr þow þat mowth, sothly,
Wych so feyr kyssys & so swete
So oftyn had bredyd & so deuothly
Vp-on Cryst oure saluatourys feet,
Dyuers tymes whan she hym dede mete,
Past oþir swych grace had in fauour
Of goddys wurde to shewe þe sauour!
Soon aftyr þis on-to þat phane

The prynce & hys wyf of þat cuntre
Come, to sacryfyse to Dyane,
That a chyld hem send wold vouchesaf she.
And whan Mary Mawdelyn þis dede se,
Of Cryst she hem made a long sermoun
And counselyd hem to leue þere superstycyoun.
But at þat tyme, þe soth to seyn,
Maryis wurdys auaylyd no-thyng:
For as þei cam, þei hom ageyn
Wentyn, obstynate in here errour stondyng.
And not longe aftyr, whyl slepyng
Was þis lady, to hyr appere
Dede Mawdelyn, seying on þis manere:
„Why is þat þine husbonde & þow here
In rychesse habounde þus plenteuously
And in hungyr & colde goddys seyntys dere
Ye suffre to perysshyn myscheuously?“
And hyr dede thretyn þat she trewly
Shuld hyr repent but she wolde meue
Hyr husbonde þere myschef to releue.
But she ne wold for no thyng
To hyr husbonde tellyn hyr vysyoun.
Wherefoor on þe next nyht folwyng,
Whan she dede slepe as she was woun,
In alle wysys to hyr lych apparycyoun
Mary Mawdeleyn made & in conform degre.
But yet to hyr husbonde tellyn nolde she.
And for she ne wolde hyr byddyng do,
The thrydde nyht Mary dede appere,
Whyl þei dede slepe, to hem both-two,
Angrely & wyth a brynnyng chere,
As alle þe hous had been afere;
And on hem lokyng wyt a ferful eye,
To hem both to-gedyr þus dede seye:
„Art þow a-slepe, o tyraunth cruel
And a membre of þi fadyr Sathanas,
Wyth þis serpent þi wyf, wych nold tel
To þe my wurde, as she bodyn was,
For she þe nolde henyin wyth þe caas?
Wherefore, syth she my erand ne wold do,
I now appere to-gedyr to yow both-two.

834 Ms. seying mit auspunkt. i.

What resoun is þis, þou cursyd enmy
Of Crystys cros, þat þow fed shalt be
Wyth dyuers metys þus dylyccatly,
& aftyrward þus esyly to restyn þe,
And goddys seruauntys þou doost se
Wyth hunger & myschef beforn þine eye
Perysshyn? wherfore þou shalt abye!
Thou lyist here in a statly paleys,
Bewrappyd in clothys of sylk & gold;
And þai lyin in ful sympyl hurdeys
And lykly for to be deed for cold;
And þow ne lyst onys it to behold
Ner of hem to haue reuthe ner pyte,
Al-be-it yche day yt ys told to the?
Wenyst þou for to askapyn fre
And peynlees for þis greth trespaas?
Nay, pleynly, tyraunth, I warn þe,
Thou stondyst in a ful perlyous caas
And art lykly to cryin eueremore allaas,
Les to myn wurdys at þou attende
And of þi mysreule þe sone amende."
Whan blyssyd Marye þis-wyse had seyd,
She went hyr wey. & þe matrone
Sodeynly oute of hyr slepe abreyd
And sore began to syhyn & grone,
And to hyr husbonde, wych eek made mone
For þe same cause, wyth-owte lettyng
Euene þus she seyde, for drede quakyng:
„What chere wyth yow, syre? dede ye owt se
Thys syht þat I had in my visyoun?"
„Ya Ya, wyf, & þat causyth me
To be now in greth trybulacyoun;
I ne woot what best we do moun,
Whyddyr to be reulyd aftyr hyr byddyng
Or ellys stylle to kepe oure owlde lyuyng."
„I-wys, syre, quod she, myn opynyoun
Is þis þat bettyr it is to obeye
Than to fallyn in-to þe indignacyoun
Of hyr god & myscheuously deye."
„Be yt so þan", he anoon dede seye.

882 les = unless.

And aftyr to here hous þei hem dede lede
And mynystryd hem alle þat þei had nede.
Whan Mary soon aftyr up-on a day
Prechyd, þe prynce hyr askyd opynly:
„Trowyst þat þou defende may
The feyth wych þou techyst so besyly?“
„Ya, þat I may, quod Marye, pleynly,
Be dayly myraclys & by wytnesse, I-wys,
Of oure maystyr Petyr, wych at Room is.“
Than þus quod þe prynce, & hys wyf also:
„Lo, we be redy in al þinge to obeye
What-euere þou comaunde us to do,
Vp-on a condycyoun, þat we þe seye:
That is to seyn, yf þow wylt preye
Thy god, to us þat a chyld be bore,
To been oure eyr — we ask no more.“
„I-wys, quod Marye, & in þis matere
As for þis þing shal no lettyng be.“
And anoon she gan wyth hert entere
For hem to preyin. & herd was she:
And wyth-yn short whyle, as men myt se,
Thys lady conceyuyd & wyt chylde was —
Wych to þem bothe was greth solaas.
Whan þis prynce wyt chyld hys wyf seye,
He hym dysposyd fully for to beleue,
And to Petyr he purposyd to take þe waye,
Maryis doctryne þat he myht preue.
Vp-on wych purpoos to takyn hys leue,
To hys wyf he went wyth deuouth chere.
And she hym answerd on þis manere:
„A, good syre, what woldyst þow do?
Woldyst þou þus now forsakyn me
In þe plyht þat I am now come to?
Nay nay, certeyn, yt may not be,
For douthles I wyl goon furth wyth þe
And partener been of þine euenture,
As longe as þe lyf in my body wyl dure.“
„Nay, sekyr, wyf, so may it not be,
Quod þe prynce, in þe plyht ye arn yn now;
For many greth peryls ben in þe se
And many a wawe þer-yn rysyth row.

Wherfore beth at hoom & restyth yow,
And I shal goon for us both-two
Thys holy pylgrymage for to do."
But not-for-þan, as it is þe guyse
Of wu*m*men, she nold hyr purpose lete;
Wherfore ful oft i*n* most hu*m*ble wyse
Sore wepyng she fel doun to hys fete
And neuer*e* wold sece tyl he hyr dede hete
Wyth hym to goon; & þan ful mery
She was & anoon she hyr maad redy.
And, as soon aftyr þan as was redy
Her shyp & al þat longyd þere-to,
In þe gouernau*n*ce of blyssyd Mary
Al þat þei haddyn þei dede do;
And she þe shuldrys of hem both-two
Of Crystys cros wy' a tokne dede sygne,
That þe deuyl he*m* ageyns shuld not maly*n*gne.
And whan þei saylyd had but o day
And in here seyl þe wynde ful blew:
Er þei were war, a sodeyn affray
And a greth tempest up-on he*m* grew;
So þat alle men noon oþir knew
But þat þai must nedys p*er*ysh & dye,
And for uery fere þey loude dede crye.
And whyl þei were in þis dystresse
And wyth tempest possyd to & fro,
So greth anguesh cam to þe p*r*incesse
That chyld she hadde in þat greth wo.
And þer-wyth þe p*r*ince to hyre dede go,
And whan he cam, he hyr deed fonde,
And þe chyld lying vndyr hyr ryht honde.
And anoon þe chylde began to crye,
Desyryng to han had su*m* solaas
Of hys modrys pappys; but þo wer drye,
For wy'-owtyn doute she deed was.
And whan þe p*r*ince sey þis pytous caas,
He sorwyd & wepte ful byttyrly
And þerwyth þus cryid ryht pytously:
„Allas allas, wrecche, what shal I do?
A chyld I desyryd, but infortunatly,
For chyld & modyr lost arn both-two.

Allas, also, allas, why dye not I?“
And þerwyth þe shypmen gun to cry:
„Throwe oute þis body in-to þe se,
Or ellys by lyklynesse alle p*er*ycsh shul we.
For þis, certeyn, we alle wele knowe,
Whyl yt here-in ys, þe tempest nyl cece.“
And as þei it hent oute for to throwe,
The p*r*ince among hem anoon dede prece
And seyd: „syrys, I beseche you of su*m* relece,
And þow ye ne han mercy on hyr nere me,
Yet of þe yung infau*n*th hath sum pyte!
Suffryth, syrys, a whyl for goddys sake,
Ne hap þe wu*m*man in ony kothe be
And may returne & geyn lyf take.“
And whyl he þus seyd, he dede se
Not fer an hyl; & þan þouht he:
Bettyr it is yundyr þem both to gr*a*ue
Than fysshys to her pray þem shuld haue.
And not-wythstondyng þat wy‘ wattry yhe
The shypmen he preyid & yaf he*m* yiftys also,
Onneyth þei wolde to hys entent them plye.
And whan he þat hyl was comyn on-to,
He ful sore laboryd yt for to vndo,
Hem to haue beryid aftyr hys entent;
But entryn þer myht noon instrument.
And whan he sawe þat it wold not be,
Hys wyfys deed body he dede doun leye,
Wrappyd in hyr mentyl, vndyr a tre,
And on hyr brest þe chyld, wy‘a wepy*n*g eye.
And er he þens dede takyn hys weye,
As deuouthly as he coude best deuyse
He knelyd doun & pr*e*yid euene þis-wyse:
„O Mary Mawdelyne, to my p*er*dycyoun
And to encres of my wrecchydnesse
To Marcyle cu*n*tre why dedyst þou com,
Me for to puttyn i*n* swych dystresse?
Askyd þou of þi goddys goodnesse
For þis skyl a chylde on-to my wyf
That þus þei bothe shuld lesy*n* her lyf?
I woot neuere; but þis wot I wele

992 anoon überschr.

That she deed is, as I now se;
And so shal þe chyld *in* ful short seel,
For he nowt hath, wy‘ fostryd to be.
Nerthelees, syth I hy*m* had by the,
Lych as I haue doo al my noþir þing
I co*m*mytte he*m* to þine & þi goddys kepyng.
And yf he be myhty as þou dost teche,
The modrys soule he haue *in* hys memory,
And thorgh þine pr*e*yers, I louly beseche,
That þe chyld not p*er*ysh shew he m*er*cy.“
And wyth þe mantel he*m* both he dede wry,
And nowht oo wurd more myht he seyn
For sorwe, but went to þe shyp ageyn.
And aftyr, whan he to londe dede come,
On hys iourney he fast furth went
Seynt Petyr for to sekyn in Rome.
And whan Petyr hy*m* sey, he hys ente*n*t
Of hy*m* dede aske, & what þat ment
Hys merke, & whens he cam, & why.
And he told Petyr al euene by & by.
Whan Petyr had herd al þis pr*o*cesse,
„Pees be to þe, he seyd, wyth pacyence!
Thow art wolkome, for in sothfastnesse
To holsu*m* cou*n*sel þou hast youe credence.
And be not heuy of þi wyfys absence,
Thow she & hyr chyld a whyl do slepe,
For god is strong ynow þem both to kepe.“
And aftyr þis, to confermy*n* hys holy entent
And to stablysshyn hy*m* in hys new grace,
To Jerusale*m* wy‘ hy*m* seynt Petyr went,
And þer*e*, to encres of hys gostly solace,
He hy*m* led & shewyd hy*m* euere place
Wher Cryst prechyd & suffryd & roos ageyn
And wher of hys dycyplys he was last seyn.
And whan he *in* pylgrymage & *in* pr*e*yer
And in lernyng of þe feyth dylygently
Owt of hys cu*n*tre had be ful two yer,
He homward ayen ful deuouthly
Hys iourne took. and caswelly
To þe hyl he neyhyd wher he dede leye
Hys wyf wych owtward pytously dede deye.

And he þe shypmen p*re*yid hertyly,
And hem yaf greth yiftys also,
To rydyn on ankyr a whyl þer-by,
Whyl he þe hyl seyd myht go to
To se what was wyth hys wyf do
And wyth hys chylde. & þei folwyd hys wyl
And i*n* a boot hy*m* launchyd on-to þe hyl.

And as he toward þe hyl dede go,
A lytyl chyld al nakyd rennyng
On a clyf he p*er*seyuyd to & fro,
On chyldryns wyse besyly pleying
And smal stonys on-to þe see castyng,
And as mery he semyd to be & as glad
As þow he mo felaas had had.

And þis same chyld was certeynly
Hys sone. whom by specyal grace
Blyssyd Marye Mawdelyn meruelously
Had þo two yer fostryd in þat place.
And whan þe chyld p*er*seyuyd hys fadrys face,
As he þat beforn had neuyr seyn men
For feer a-wey he fast dede ren.

And streyht þedyr wher hys modyr dede lye,
As he was wone to doon, he went,
And wyth hir mantyl he dede hym wrye,
And in hys mowth anoon hyr pappe he hent
And began to sowkyn in besy entent.
And þe p*r*i*n*ce, ameruay*l*de sore of þis caas,
Ful fast hy*m* hyid tyl he þer*e* was.

And anoon as he þiddyr cam
And fond þe chyld lyn & sowkyn,
In bothyn hys armys he it up nam,
And on hys kneys he dede doun knelyn
And wy^{t} al hys hert to Mary Mawdelyn
And as deuouthly as koude best deuyse,
He yaf hyr thankyng on þis wyse:

„O blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn,
Honour, laude & wurshepe to þe,
Wych þis two yer*e* þis tendyr chyld myn
Hast, oonly of þi benygnyte,
Kept & fostryd i*n* þis wundyr degre;

Weel hast þou shewyd, blyssyd lady, her,
That *grace* fer passyth naturys power.
More-ouyr, blyssyd lady, *in* no maner
Myht I haue, me thynkyth, more felycyte
Than þat my wyf wych deed lyith her
From deth to lyf myht reuyguryd be
And wyth me returne to my cuntre;
Wych þe to moun I haue ful confydence,
Of my chyldys kepyng by experyence."
And as he hys *prey*er þus dede make,
Hys wyf anoon began up to ryse,
Lych as from slepe she had do wake;
And as deuouthly as she koud deuyse,
To Mary Mawdelyn she seyd þis-wyse:
„Greth is þi meryth in goddys syht,
O blyssyd lady, & so is eke þi myht!
Gramercy, lady, wych me helpyng
Where þorgh þi greth *grace* & cheryte
In alle þe *pressurs* of my chyldyng
And my mydwyf eek vouchyddyst-saf to be,
And more-ouyr þorgh þi benygnyte
In yche nede to me were as redy
As euere was handmayde to hyr lady!"
Whanne þe prynce þese wurdys dede here,
Grethly abasshyd he made þis cry:
„Art þou alyue, myn owyn wyf dere?"
„Ye, syre, þat I am, *quod* she, suthly,
And now fyrst ageyn hedyr comyn am I
And haue made an ende of þe vyage
Wych þou hast doon, & þe sam pylg*rim*age.
For, lych as seynt Petyr lede þe
To Jerusalem & shewyd þe eu*ery* place
Wher Cryst prechyd *in* oure freelte,
Wher he deyid & roos & hens dede pace:
So blyssyd Mawdelyn of hir good *grace*
Wyth yow me led & shewyd yche deel,
Wych *in* my mende I p*ren*dyd haue weel."
And anoon to rehersyn she began
Hyr husbondys iourne euene by & by,
And what þe seyde & where & whan,
And faylyd *in* no poynt substancyally.

1123 l. Were. 1145 þe = þei.

And þan, aftyr to god þankyng hertly,
To þyp þei went & wyt-ynne short whyle
Thy meryly applyid on-to Marsyle.
And noon as þei wer comyn to londe
And gunne to entryn in-to here cyte,
With hyr dyscyplys Mary þei fonde
Prechyng þe peple, as wone was she.
And þe prynce & hys wyf wyth greth humylyte
Seyde wepyng to hir fete doun fel,
And al her iourne hyr opynly dede tel.
And aftyr þis anoon þei baptysyd were
Of blyssyd Maxymyn ful deuouthly.
And alle ydols templys wych were þer
Þei dystroyid furth-wyth & dylygently;
They madyn up cherchys euene by & by,
And wyth oon assent þei chosyn to be
Blyssyd Lazer bysshop of þat cyte.
Whan þis was doon, þei went þens,
Blyssyd Mawdelyn & hir company,
And come to a cyte, clepyd Aguens:
Wych wyt myraclys, shewyde plenteuously,
To Cryst was conuertyd ryht redyly,
And Maxymyn bysshop of þat cyte maad.
Wych doon, blyssyd Mawdelyn was glaad.
For from hens forward hyr hert was set
To yeuyn hyr oonly to contemplacyoun
And al þing forsake þat myht hyr let.
For wych entent, by an heuenly inspyracyoun,
In a wyldyrnesse she took hyr habytacyoun,
Ordeynyd by aungelys in a bareyn plaas;
Wher thretty wyntyr she vnk(n)owyn was.
In wych place was growyng no tre,
Ner herbe ner watyr ner no solace
To hyr bodyly counfort, in no degre;
And þis was oonly to shew þat grace
Of oure saueoure so hyre dede enbrace
That he hyr wold in euerych nede
Wyth heuenely fode alone do fede.
For euery day in þat desolat plaas
Seuene sythys in-to þe eyr ful hye

Wyth au*n*gelys handys she up lyftyd was,
And wyth hyr bodyly eerys heuenely armonye
Ther she herd, wyth wych melodye
In body & soule she fede was so wele
Þat of bodyly food she nedyd no dele.
And in þis mene-tyme it so befelle
That a prest, desyryng to lyue solytaryly,
But twelue furlong he made a selle
From þat place where dwellyd Mary;
And þer he hy*m* ocupyid ful holyly
In studye of deuouth contemplacyoun.
Whom god þer shewyd þis reuelacyoun:
Hym þought, he sey wyth hys bodyly yhe
Aungels come doun in greth bryhtnesse
And beryn up a body a-bouy*n* þe skye,
Of melodyous song wy[t] greth swetnesse,
An whan an our or more, as he dede gesse,
Thay þer had ben meryly syngyng,
To þe seyd place þei it doun dede bryng.
And whan þe prest had seyn þis syht,
Desyryng to knowyn ful feruently
What þing it was, yf it be myht,
Purposyd hy*m* to go þe place more ny;
But fyrst he prayid god deuouthly
Th(a)t in hys iourne he hy*m* wold spede
And to þat place þe ryht wey hy*m* lede.
But whan he þus forthward was goon
And to þe place gan to comy*n* as ny
As a man myht haue kast a stoon,
Hys leggys to faltryn gu*n*ne sodeynly,
That he no ferthyr goon my[t], sothly;
But for to return homwerd ageyn
Hys leggys wer myhty I-nowe, certeyn.
And whan he assayid had þus fro & to
Dyuers sythys & it wold not be,
Hym þought it was not for to do
Thyddyrward to p*re*syn as i*n* þat degre,
For it to knowyn vnworthy was he,
As hym semyd; wherfore ful hye
In þe name of our*e* sauyour he þus dede crye:
„I coniure þe by þe uertu pure

Of god, þou þat art dwellyng
In þat kaue, yf a resonable creature
Thou be, let me haue knolechyng
What þou art, wyth-oute feynyng!"
And þis thryis seyd, Mary ageyn
To hym þus answerd in wordys pleyn:
„Come hedyr more nere & of euere thyng
Wych þi soule desyryth inuereyd to be,
Thou shalt han suffycyent certyfying,
As mych as it nedyth to be k(n)owyn of þe."
And anoon ful feerfully furth went he;
But vnneth he goon had half þe waye,
That þus to hym Mary efthsonys dede saye:
„Hast þou ony mynd in þe gospel
Of oon Marye most famous synnere,
Wych, as Luk pleynly doth tel,
Crystys feet wysh wy' many a tere
And aftyr hem wypt wy' hir owyn here,
And so of hir synnys by goddys grace
Plenere indulgence she dede purchace?"
„Thys, quod þe prest, I haue good mynde,
An thretty wyntyr ben passyd & mo,
As in holy chyrche we wr(i)ttyn fynde,
Syth she mennys cumpany departyd fro."
„I am þat same, quod Marye tho,
And in þis place her solytaryly
Alle þis tym vnknowyn dwellyd haue I.
And, lych as þou were suffryd to se
Yistyrday, ryht cotydyanly
Aungelys lyftyn seuene sythys up me,
And han doon, syth fyrst hedyr cam I.
And for now it plesyth oure lordys mercy
Me up to take to contynuel b(l)ys,
To blyssyd Maxymyn go tel al þis!
And moreouyr I wyl þou hym sey also
That on esterneday next folwyng,
Whan he up rysyth, as he is wone to do,
To matynys in þe grey morwenyng,
To hys oratorye he go wy'-oute lettyng:

1248 Thys st. yys?

Wher by holy aungelys mynystery
He me brouht shal fyndyn ful redy."
And whan þe prest þis voys herd had
Lych þe voys of an aungel clere,
Thow he nouht sey, yet ful glad
He was to ben þe massager
Of so holy & of so blyssyd mater;
And to Maxymyn he went redyly
And dede hys erand euene by & by.
Whan Maxymyn herd had al thys
Of þe prest, on-to oure saluatour
Wyth al þe entent of hys hert, I-wys,
He yaf þankyng, laude & honour.
And þe day assygnyd & eek þe our,
In his oratory Mary he fonde stondyng
Among aungels handys, wych hyr þedyr dede bryng.
And on þis wyse was hyre stondyng:
From þe erth fully two cobytys space,
Aungelys handys hir up holdyng;
And so greth bryhtnesse was in hir face
That esyere yt was þe sonnys compace
In þe clerest day to beholdyn & se
Than þe bryhtnesse of hyr beute.
Maxymyn, þis seyng, abasshyd was
To behold þe bryhtnesse of hyr cher.
And anoon to hym she turnyd hyr faas
And seyd: „fadyr, beth not in dwer,
But boldely, fadyr, comyth to me ner:
I am your doughtyr, why do ye fle?
Wherfore, fadyr, dreedles comyth to me!"
And whan gadyrd was al þe clergy
And þe seyd preste present was þer,
Of þe bysshyp she receyuyd Crystys body,
Out shedyng many a wepyng ter.
And euene furth-wyth wyth-owtyn fer
Beforn þe auter she hyr down dede leye,
And wyth-owte ony peyne she þere dede deye.
And whan furth passyd þe soule waas
Of þis blyssyd wumman & most holy,
A ful redolent odour in þat same plaas

1307 l. forth-wyth.

Euene forwyth grew sodeynly,
Wych seuene dayis aftyr lastyd *con*tunelly;
Wher-by many oon of þer sekenesse
Were curyd, thorgh meryth of hyr goodnesse.
And aftyr þis blyssyd Maxymyn
The body ther beryid deuouthly
Of þe apostelesse Marye Mawdelyn,
Wyth oyneme*n*t anoyntyng, smelly*n*g swetly.
And whan he shuld deyin, euene hyr by
He chargyd hys body beryid to be.
And so it was, wyth greth sole*m*nyte.
But long tym aftyr, whan þe yere of *gra*ce
On seuen hu*n*dryd ran & fourty & nyne,
Translatyd was fro*m* þis seyd place
Thys holy apostelesse Marye Mawdelyn
To Vizelyac, & þer leyd in shryne,
By oon clepyd Gyrard, a lord i*n* Burgu*n*dye;
Wher, as men wene, she yet doth lye. —
Now, gloryous apostolesse, wych aboue þe skye
Crownyd art in blysse i*n* þe heuenely regyoun,
Thy seruauntys in erthe gouern & gye
And eu*er*e-more hem kepe vndyr þi pr*o*teccyoun,
And of her synnys he*m* purchase remyssyoun,
And whan here mortal fate doth he*m* hens sende,
To þe ioye hem bryng, wych neu*er*e shal haue
ende. Amen.

IX. THE P*RO*LOGE I*N*-TO SEYNT KATERYNS LYF.

Kateryne of „Cata“, wych is „Al“ to seyne,
And „rima“, wych a „Fal“ do sygnyfye,
Dyryuyid is: wher-by, in wurdys pleyne,
That i*n* hyre doūn fel, we moun aspye,
Al þat þe deuylle kan edyfye,
As by mekenesse pryde, lust by maydynhood,
And coueytyse by contempt of werldly good.

2 l. „ruina“ (so L. A.).

Oor ellys þat wurd Katerina,
As in þe goldene legende seyth Januence,
Is as mych to seyn as „cathenula“,
Wych is a „cheyne“; & þis is þe sentence
There-of: þat she by copyous affluence
Of good werkys hyr maad a cheyne
By wych to heuene she myht atteyne.
And þis cheyn, aftyr þe seyd clerk,
Had foure lynkys or foure-fold degre:
Of wych þe fyrst is innocens of werk,
Clennesse of herte þe secunde puttyth he,
The thrydde is despyht of uanyte,
Therthe (!) is uoydaunce of sleythe in speche.
Wych foure þe prophete þus doth us teche:
„Who shal up steye to þe hyl, quod he,
Of oure lord or stondyn in hys place holy?
Innocent in handys, & in herte puryte
Wych hath, in hys soule not takyth veynly,
Ner to hys neychbore sweryth treccherously.“
But howe þese foure were in blyssyd Kateryne,
The processe of hyr legende kan determyne.
Wych to declaryn er I furth procede,
I the beseche, o gloryous uirgyne,
Vouchesaf me so in treuthe to lede
Of wurd & werk þat I neuere declyne
From it; & whan þat I shal fyne
My temporal lyf, help, þat I may
To þat blysse ascende wher þou regnyst ay.
More-ouyr alle þo þat redyn or here
Shal þis tretyhs, as lowly as I kan
I beseche, no-wyse to lokyn here
That I shuld telle hou she fyrst began
To be crystyne & howe oon clepyd Adryan
Hyr conuertyd & crystnyd in hyr youthe —
For þat mater to me is ful vnkouthe.
But who-so lyst knowleche for to haue
And in þat mater enuereyd to be,
My fadrys book, maystyr Joon Capgraue,
Wych þat but newly compylyd he,
Mote he seke, & he þere shal se

20 Ms. Therth st. The ferfhe. 22 A. R.: Quis ascendet in montem domini & c. Ps. 23. 45 A. R.: Capgraue de vita S. Kather.

In baladys, rymyd ful craftyly,
Alle þat for *in*gnor*an*ce here now leue I.
But for as mych as þat book is rare
And straunge to gete, at my*n* estymacyou*n*,
Compendyously of al I wyl declare
No more but oonly þe passyoun,
Of Kateryne Howard to gostly *con*solacyou*n*,
And to *con*forte eek of Denston Kat*er*yne,
If *gra*ce my wyt wyl illumyne.
O blysful Jh*es*u, sum beem lete shyne
Vp-on me of heuenely influence,
That þis legende begu*n*ne I may *ter*myne,
To þat holy u*ir*gyns laude & reuerence
Wych next þi modyr hath þe excellence
Of u*ir*gynyte by many a p*re*rogatyf,
As by þe p*ro*cessys is shewyd of hyr lyf.

HER*E* BEGY*NN*YS THE LYF OF SEYNT KATERYNE.

Whylom, whyl Max*en*ce was emp*er*oure,
Of crysten peple a cruel tormentour,
Lych as þe story us doth telle
In þe cyte of Alysaundyr dede dwelle
A maydyn yinge, ful feyr of faas,
Wych of kyng Constau*n*ce doughtyr was,
Kateryn be name. whom dam Nature
Youyn had ful many a feyr feture;
For, as it semyd, in hyr*e* formyng
She foryetyn had ych oþir þing —
So besy she was on hyr to pore
Al hyre tresoure, þat very pore
She semyd to be whan she had do.
And to þe yiftys of nature also
So greth plente addyd dame G*ra*ce
Of hyr tresour, þat in short space
By solycytude & good dylygence
Informyd she was in yche scyence
Of þe seuene wych be clepyd lyberal,

49 Ms. *in*gonor*an*ce. 69 l. kyng Costus.

So *pro*foundly, þat greth ner smal
Was no clerk founde in þat cu*n*tre,
What-eu*ere* he were or of what degre,
But þat she wy[t] hym coude comune.
What shuld I speke of hyre fortune,
Wych was ryht greth: for, as I seyd before,
A kyngys doughtyr she was bore;
To whom hyr fadyr in hys deying,
For he hyr louyd past al thyng,
Of werdly good left greth habu*n*dau*n*ce.
But so wyth *gra*ce hyr god dede au*a*u*n*ce
That al þe thyngys she set at noht
Wych been *tra*nsytorye; for in hyr þouht
She hyr purposyd for to purchace
The goodys wych neuere awey shul pace
Ner neuere ende nere neuere mysse,
As uertu in erthe & ioye & blysse
Aftyr þis lyf in heuene to leed.
For wych entent i*n* almesse-dede
She hyre ocupyid & in preying,
In hyre fadrys paleys dwellyng. —
And whan she eyghtene yere was of age,
Thys seyd Maxence in hys fers rage
Dede make a general *pro*clamacyoun,
Chargyng al men to Alysau*n*dy(r) toun,
Both pore & ryche, at assygnyd day
To comyn, ych in hys best aray,
Wher he hym purposyd i*n* solemne wyse
To hys goddys to make a sacryfyse,
Wyllyng alle men þe same to do;
And yf ony þere were þat nolde so,
But rebellyd ageyns hys seyd entent,
He fully ordeynyd þat by iugement
He cruelly shuld be brought adawe,
As a *tra*nsgressour of hys lawe
And of crystene feyth as a mey*n*tenour.
And whan þe tyme come was & þe our
That þis sacryfyse shuld be do,
Greth confluence of peple cam þer-to,
[illegible] hem bryngyng, as was þe guyse,
[illegible]ne beestys, su*m*e foulys, to sacryfyse;

And sume come wych in here preuy entent
To do sacryfyse no-þinge ment,
For in affeccyoun þei crystene were.
And as þei alle were assemblyd þere,
Redy to makyn here offryng,
Anoon at þe comaundement of þe kyng
The trumpettys lowde begun to blowe:
Wher-by at ych man myht knowe
Whan þai shuld make her offryng.
And fyrst of alle began þe kyng,
Aftyr þe guyse of þere vsaunce.
Wher many a spere & many a launce
And many a swerde men myht se drawe,
The bestys to sle wych aftyr þe lawe
In þere sacryfyse shuld offryd be.
And whyl þei were besy in sundry degre
To sacryfyse wyth dew dylygence
To her goddys plesaunce & reuerence,
The noyse of þe bestys & peplys cry,
The voys of orgons & of dyuers menstralcy
So swyftly þe eyr dede furth dryue,
That to Katerynys eerys þe sounde cam blyue.
And anoon, to wetyn what it ment,
A massager priuyly she þiddyr sent.
And whan she had lernyd clause by clause
Of þis greth noyse what was þe cause
And how it stood & in what degre,
She wyth hyr took of hyre meyne
Swych as hyre lyst, & in ful sad wyse
Thedyr went wher þei dede sacryfyse.
Whedyr whan she kam, she dede aspye
Among hem many a wepyng yhe
Of swych as priuyly crystyn were
And sacryfysyd oonly of deth for fere.
And whan (she) þis sey, she was sory,
And euene furth-wyth ful deuoutly,
Hyr cause comendyng to goddys grace,
Wyth Crystys cros she merkyd hyr face
And eek hyr brest, & wyth sad chere,
Wher þe emperour was, she drew nere.
And as he was ocupyid in hys sacryfyse,

143 v in voys aus u corr. 158 she fehlt. 163 Ms. drow in drew corr.?

To hym she seyd euene in þis wyse:
„The to salusyn, o syre emperour,
Wych lord art here & eek gouernour,
The dygnyte of þin ordur us shuld compelle
And þe weye of resoun þe same doth telle,
Yf þese sacryfysys wych þou doost to
These fals goddys, þou woldyst do
To oo god aboue, wych is creatour
Of heuene & of erthe, & sool gouernour,
And of al ther-yn wych is conteynyd.
But þese whom mannys errour hath feynyd
To be goddys, uery deuelys be
Or deuelys dennys; wherfore ye
Wrongfully to hem doon sacryfyse."
And anoon she began in crafty wyse,
Stondyng beforn þe temple gate,
By dyuers conclusyons hyr to dylate,
And by many sylogysmys & by many an argument
She þer dyserthly shewyd hyr entent.
And whan she had longe þis-wyse do,
The emperour hyr wurdys she turnyd to
And seyd: „syre emperour, loo in þis wyse
To þe I haue spokyn as to þe wyse;
But nowe I wyl return to comown speche.
Telle me þe cause, I the beseche,
Why hast þou gadryd þis multytude
Thus in veyn of þis peple rude,
Of youre goddys to wurshyp þe fonnydnesse?
What is þe skyl, telle me expresse,
Why þou so wundryst þis temple hye,
By masouns handys her maad redy,
The ornamentys þer-of & eke þe ar(a)y,
Wych, be þai neuere so fresh & gay,
Yet shul þei rote & a-wey pace,
As doth dust beforn þe wyndys face?
Maruayle rathyr by al resoun
Why heuene is up & erthe is doun,
And al þe contentys wyt-yn both-tuo,
As fysshys & foulys; maruayle also
The heuenys orbiculer reuolucyoun
From est to west wyth-oute cessacyoun,

196 Ms. ary. 202 Ms. tuo.

And why sunne & mone wy^{t} oþir sterrys fyue
Contrar*y*ous cours geyn al heuene dryue,
And han doon from þe werldys begynnyng
And shul to þe ende, wy^{t}-owte secyng
Her offyhs performyng to þat entente
That þei wer set fore in þe fyrmament.
And whan þou wel hast consyderyd al þis,
Vndyrstonde þat oon yet myhtyere is
Than al þem, of alle þe creatour,
Vnmeuable & of alle oþir þe motour;
And yf þou thurgh grace gun hym aspye,
Hym preyse, hym wurshype, hym gloryfye!
For he is god alone, & noon but he."
And whan on þis wyse longe had she
Hyr dylatyd by many a resoun,
And more-ouyr of Crystys incarnacyoun
Mych thyng dysputyd prudently,
The emperour astoynyd was inwardly,
And to hyr he seyd on þis wyse:
„Wumman, lete us our sacryfyse
Performyn & endyn as gunne haue we,
And þan, douthles, þou shalt answerd be."
And anoon forwyth he commaundyd & bad
That to hys paleys she shuld be lad,
And to be kept wyth good dylygence.
And grethly he maruaylyd of hyr prudence
In hyr talkyng, & of þe greth beute
Wych she hadde in excellent degre,
Past alle oþir, as to hys eye,
That euere to-forn he had seye;
Wherfore he purposyd wy^{t} al hys myht
Hyr ageyn to wyn, yf at he myht.
And whan þat hys sacryfyse was al do
And returnyd hys paleys he was to,
He hyr bade be brouht to hys presence.
To whom he þus uttryde hys sentence:
„Damysel, ye knowe in what wyse
Thys day, whyl we in oure seruyse
Ocupyid were ful deuouthly,
To us ye precyde euene opynly
And by maner of an exhortacyoun

211 Ms. þe mit überschr. i. 228 l. forthwyth.

Ye þere maad a longe peroracyoun,
In wych we perceyuyd greth eloquence
And wern eek ameruaylyd of youre prudence;
But, for as myche as oure wyttys applyid
Were þat tyme & fully occupyid
In excucyoun of oure sacryfyse
On-to oure goddys aftyr oure lawys gwyse,
We myht not wel takyn your entent
Ner clerly vndyrstond what ye ment;
And þerfore home hedyr on-to oure place
We you sent, tyl more lengere space
And lasere we my han of talkyng.
Wherfore nowe at þe begynnyng,
Er we ferþere forth do procede,
Fyrst I wyl knowe of your kynrede;
And whan þat to me opyn is & clere,
Than wyl I spekyn of oþir matere."
To whom Kateryne wyt ful sad chere
An answer yaf in þis manere:
„Syr, as I fynd wrytyn by a poete:
No man shuld hym-self byyete
Ner extollyn hym-self by pompous fame,
Nor ouyr-mych puttyn hym-self in blame,
For so doon folys, quod he. suthly,
Wych ben uexyd wyt veyn-glory.
Wherfore neythyr I wyl hyde
My byrth, ner wyth pompous pride
Magnyfyin it more þan yt is.
A kyngys doughtyr I was, I-wys,
Wych deed is ful longe a-go,
And but me chyldryn he left no mo;
Wherfore hys eyr I am by ryht
Of resoun, & Kateryne I hycht.
But not-wythstondyng þat I was bore
In purpyl & instruct in þe lore
Of þe seuene scyencys clepyd liberal,
Yet by my kunnyng ryht not at al
I set ner by þe greth honour
Of my byrth, wych at þis our
Wyth al myn hert I her forsake
And set at nouht for Crystys sake,

274 more more.

Wych is my spouse, my lord, my loue,
For whoos sake to suffryn reproue
I now am redy, & euere shal be.
For oþir god is þer noon but he;
For he is myhty, wytty, ful of goodnesse,
And redy to helpyn at ych dystresse,
And kan no-wyse hys grace denye
To hem, in nede wych to hym crye.
But alle þo goddys of wych ye yelpe,
So feble ben þat þai ne helpe
May neythyr hem-self ner oþir man.
Mych folys, me semyth, be þai þan
That puttyn þer trust in swych godheed
Wych may not helpyn hem at her need
Ner in trybulacyoun socour sende
Ner from no peryls hem defende."
„Than folwyth yt þus, q*uod* þe em*per*our,
That al þe werd erryth at þis our
In þe myschef of fa!s byleue
And kan not to þe treuth acheue,
Saf þou alone; wych may not be,
For in the moūth stondyth of two or thre
Al wytnesse, as techyn þe wyse,
And not in oon aloon, as þou doost deuyse.
Wherfor, þowe þou wer an aungel
Or an heuenly v*er*tu and dydyst us tel
The contrarye of þat we beleue,
We no-wyse awte þe to leue.
And mych more now, syth þou no art
Neythyr aungel ne hast no part
Of heuenly v*er*tu, but by natur
A wu*m*man þou art & a frele creatur,
Wych is eu*er*e uaryau*n*th & vnstable,
Fykyl, fals and deceyuable,
As we wele knowyn by exp*er*yence,
We owe to yeuyn no credence
On-to þi wurdys ner*e* to þi speche."
„Syr emp*er*our, q*uod* she, I yow beseche,
Suffre not your-self of crudelyte
Ner of woodnesse ouyrcome to be —
For in þe soule of a wyhs man

No passyoun of trouble abyde can.
Wherfore, syr, beth reulyd by equyte,
If ye lyst to reioyse yow of lyberte!
For, as in a poete ye fynd moun:
Who þat is reulyd by resoun
And not by hys senswal felyng,
Hath wurthyly þe name of a kyng;
And þer-ageyn, who-so ne wyl
By resoun be reulyd & by skyl
But folwyth þe lust of sensualyte,
Thow he emperour, kyng or kayser be,
He ne may for al hys hy lynage
The tytyl auoydyn of seruage.
Wherfore, syr, by counsel of me
Haboundyth you in uerteuous lyberte,
Wych euere conseruyn wyl your honour."
„A, I se rycht wele, quod þe emperour,
That wyth þi treccherous sotylte
Vs to snarlyn þou besyist þe
And by exaūnplys of phylosophye
To bryngyn us all to þi folye;
I aspyid haue alle þine entent."
And furth-wyth to presoun he hyr sent,
There to abydyn hys lasere.
And anoon he sent a massagere
Wyth lettrys on-to al þe clergye
That was wyth-yn hys tyrannye,
Chargyng þat alle þe maystrys of gramer
And of rethoryk eek, both fer & ner,
In as hasty wyse as yt myht be do
The pretory of Alysaundyr shuld come to,
Wyth a maydyn þer to contende
Wych to be whys dede pretende;
Of whom yf þai myht han victory,
Thei rewardyd shuld be wurthyly.
And anoon of dyuers prouyncys wer souht
Rethoryens & to Alysaundyr broht,
Fyfty, wych þat in her connyng
Excellyd alle oþir men lyuyng,
As of hem was blowe þe opynyoun
By þe trumpet of fame fro town to toun.

343 Ms. þou st. you.

And whan þai come þe emperour before,
They askyd cause why & wherfore
They aftyr wer sent in so hasty wyse.
„Syrs, *quod* þe emperour, for ye ben wyse
And I of wysdam haue greth myster;
For in my courght wyth me her
A maydyn I haue wych doth pretende
I(n) wyt to passyn alle men lyuende,
And despysyth our goddys & hem doth calle
Deuelys or deuelys dennys alle;
And to enforcyn wyth hyr entent,
She multyplyith many an argument,
And alle þat she seyth, by poysye,
By rethoryk or ellys by phylosophye
She confermyth ryht marualously.
Of whom yf ye kun gete þe vyctory,
I shal rewarde you wele for your labour
And home ageyn sendyn wyth greth honour."
Whan þis was seyd, wyth greth dysdeyn
Thus oon of hem answerd ageyn:
„Syr emperoure, saf oonly youre reuerence,
Of your counsel þe inaduertence
I maruayle grethly, & þat ye wold calle
Hedyr from so fer us alle,
And specyaly for so smal a mater;
To wych had suffycyd þe leste scoler
Of ony of us, I dar ryht wele seyn."
To whom þe emperour þis seyd ageyn:
„I knowe wele þat wyth fors of myht
Hyr to sacryfyse compellyn I myht,
And eke by vyolence of peyne
Hyr pompous language I myht restreyn
And puttyn hyr by turment to sylence;
But bettyr, me semyth, is þe sentence
That wyth þe wysdam & þe sotylte
Of youre argumentys she concludyd be,
Euene so opynly that she ne may
To be conuyctyd onys seyn nay.
And whan ye han doon, þan wyl I
Inducyn hyre to oure byleue softly,
Or ellys compellyn hyr by torment.

392 & st. in ? 406 Ms. the st. that.

Lo, syrs, now knowe ye myn entent;
Do ye youre deuer, as ye kun & moun!"
And in mene-whyle in a dyrk prysoun
Kateryne was kept: to whom þe caas
Of þis conflycth pleynly told was.
And whan she it herd, ful deuouthly
Doun she knelyd & to god on hy
Comendyd hyr cause in hir mater.
And euene furth-wyth þer dede aper
An aungel bryht & bad þat she
In ony wyse shuld of good confort be,
And told hyr sekyr þat not oonly
She þe next (morwe) shuld han victory
Of alle þese clerkys, but eek conuerte
She shuld hem alle, & þei in herte
Ful conuertyd, thorgh a specyal grace
By martyrdam shuld to heuen-blysse pace.
And on þe next morwe ryht by tyme
The emperour was redy anoon by prime
And set hym on hys sete trybunal;
And anoon to-forn hym he dyde furth cal
Kateryne & set hyr on þe to syde,
And euene ageyn hyr ful of pryde
The fyfty oratours he dede sete.
And whan Kateryne þis sey, wyth-oute lete
On-to þe emperour she þus dede seye:
„By what resoun ys þis doon, I preye,
That ageynys oo maydyn tendyr & ying
Fyfty greth clerkys þou doost furth bryng?
Whom, of me victory yf þei han moūn,
Thow hast promyssyd greth guerdoūn,
Greth wursype eek & greth honour;
And me þou puttyst to þis labour
Wyth-owtyn helpe as from þe ward,
Thow I be vyctryhs, wyth-owt reward
Or thank or wurshyp or dygnyte.
But not-for-þan, o seynyours, syth we
Assemblyd ben her in opyn place,
Of yow I ask leyser & space
Myn entent pleynly for to declare,
Wyth-owte rethoryk, in wurdys bare,

423 morwe fehlt.

Or argumentatyf dysceptacyoun;
For, treuly, I mak a protestacyoun
That, syth I am in Crystys sacramentys
Instruct, I forsake alle argumentys
Of seculer kunnyng & of phylosophye,
And opir thyng to kun I now denye
Than hym wych welle is of alle uertu
And of al kunnyng, my lord Cryst Jhesu,
The yiuere of whom eek of noht;
The fadyr of heuene al thyng wrouht,
Both heuene & erth & al þat þer-ynne
Conteynyd is; wych aftyr for synne
Of mankynd in a uirgyn pure
The freelnesse took of oure nature
And man becam for mannys lofe,
And, hys cheryte þat man myht profe,
Wylfully for man he dede deye,
The thryd day roos, & to heuen upsteye
The fourty day, pleynly, by reuolucyoun,
Aftyr he had suffryd hys passyoun;
Wher þat he yet regnyng is,
Wyth hys fadyr egal in blys,
And euere-more shal, tyl it hym gueme
To returnyn ageyn & to deme
Both qwyke & deed as þei deserue,
Punysshyng hem þat in syn sterue
Wyth peynys in helle intermynable,
Rewardyng hem wych ben stable
In uertu wyth euere-lastyn̄g blysse.
Lo, syrs, þis my phylosophy ys,
Myn wyt, myn art & al my kunnyng,
Bysyde wych I knouleche to kun no þyng;
Thys kunnyng passyth al tresore & cophyrs."
And whan þis was seyd, al þe phylosofyrs
So astoynyd wer of hyr talkyng
That noon of hem coude wurd furth bryng,
But stodyn as stylle as newe-shorn shepe.
And whan þe emperour of hem took kepe
And how þei dowm were, in hys fers rage
To hem he vttryd þis language:
„O ye lewyd knauys, what eylyth yow?

474 l. queme. 484 Ms. & st. in.

Wher is your pompous phylosophye now?
Wher is your bost & your auauntyng
Þat ye madyn at youre fyrst comyng?
Why stonde ye þus stylle? be ye tunglees?"
And wyth þat wurd oon put hym in·prees,
Wych wurthyest was hold of þat cumpany,
And seyd: „Þus we wyl ye knowe pleynly:
That, syth we fyrst kunnyng dede vndyrstonde,
We neuere noon founde cowde us wyth-stonde
But þat we of hym had þe victory,
Safe alone þis mayde wych stant her by,
Wych so is fulfyllyd wyt þe influence
Of goddys spyryht & wyth so hy prudence
Vttryth hyr language, þat our wyttys alle
Wyth hyr greth kunnyng she doth appalle,
So fer furth þat by no-maner weye
We kunne ne moun hyr doctryn geyn-sey.
Wherfore fynally, as in þis thyng,
We wyl þou haue uere knawlechyng:
That, lesse þan þou kunne a more able
Sect (!) furth bryng & more probable
Of þi goddys wych in-to þis our
We wurshepyd han & doon honour,
We hem vttyrly here forsake
And to Crystys feyt we us betake."
Whan Maxence þis answer dede here,
He comawndyd anoon a ryht greth fere
In þe myddys to be maade of þe cyte,
And hem alle þer-ynne for to kast be,
Faste bound both hand & foote.
Whom Kateryn wyth hyr wurdys soote
Ful dylygently dede counforte
And to stedfast pacyence eek exhorte,
And fully instruct hem in þe feyth
Of Cryst Jhesu. Of wych oon seyth:
„The most heuynesse þat now haue we,
Is þat we mow̄ not baptysyd be
Er þan we deye". *Quod* Kateryne tho:
„Of þat mater lettyth al dreed go,
For of your blood þe reed streme
Shal been to you suffycyent bapteme

511 Ms. you st. þou. 513 sect st. sentence. 529 mow̄ = mowñ.

And able to bryng you to þe blysse of heuene."
And euene furth-wyth in þe myd-leuene
They alle wer throwe, ful faste bounde.
But þe fals byleue for to confounde
Of þe hethen peple, god thorgh hys grace
Thys greth myracle shewyd in þat place:
That, as soon as þei fel in þe feer,
Wych þat brent both feyr & cler,
Here soulys þei yolde to goddys mercy,
Wyth-owtyn ony hurt of here body
Or heer of heed or threde of cloth.
And þou þe emperour wer neuyr so wroth,
Crystene men deden here besy cure
Here bodyes to bryng to sepulture.
And þis doon, anoon þe same our
To hys presence comaundyd þe emperour
Kateryne be brouht, & wyt glad chere
To hyre he seyd on þis manere:
„O maydyn ful of al gentylnesse,
Whos face for þe greth beuteuou(sne)sse
Were wurthy to were purpyl emperyal,
Lystne what I to þe now seyn shal!
Counsele þi youth, as I þe deuyse,
And to oure goddys lowly do sacryfyse,
And I þe behete þat þou shalt been
Secund in my paleyis aftyr þe quen;
And more-ouyr aftyr þi lyknesse
I shal do grauyn of marbyl expresse
A gloryous ymage wyt sceptyr in hond,
Wych in þe myddys of þe cyte shal stond,
Wher-to ych man wyth deuouth reuerence
As to a goddes shal offryn frankencence,
As long as stondyn shal þis cyte."
Quod Kateryne: „cece swych þingys to me
To seyn, & of swych language blynne,
Wych for to thynkyn is greth synne!
I nede no-thyng swych veyn fauour,
Wych sekyr am of mych gretter honour
Than þou mayst yeuyn: for chosyn hath me
My lord Jhesu Cryst hys spouse to be.
He is my ioy, he is myn helth,
My loue, my counforth & al my welth;

From whos loue neþir flatery
Of wurdys gaye ner tormentry,
Whyl þat I lyue, dysceuyr shal me."
And anoon þe tyraunt in hys cruelte
Comaundyd þat she wyth-oute taryi*n*g
Dyspoylyd shuld be of hyr clothyng
And be so longe wyth skourgys bete
Tyl al hyr body dede rede blood swete.
And whan fulfyllyd was hys co*m*maun*d*ement,
To a dyrk prysoun he hyr sent,
And chargyd þat twelue dayis folwynge
Mete ner drynk shuld no man hyr brynge, —
He purposyng hyr to enfamyne,
Lesse to hys wylle she wolde *i*nclyne.
In wych mene-tyme — so stode þe caas —
For certeyn causys constreynyd he was
The extremal marchys of hys regyoun
To vysyte. for wych conclusyoun
Whan he was goon, steryd was þe quen
Of inward affeccyoun, Kat*er*yne to seen;
And anoon furth-wyth hyr purpose
To oon Porfyrye she dede *o*ncloos,
Wych prynce of *ch*eualry*e* wy[t] þe *emper*our
Was & moost stood in hys fauour
And at hys lust myht reulyn ych offycer;
Whom she p*rey*id þat þe gayler
So wyth yiftys for to contente,
Th*at* she atteyn myht hyr entente.
And anoon Porfyrye dede hys deuer
And so hym demenyd wyth ych offycer
That, wher þem lyst, þe*i* myht go.
Who was mery but þé quen þo!
And aftyr þis, as p*r*iuyly as þei myht,
The fyrst vygyl euene of þe nyht
To-gedyr þei went both[e]-two,
The quen & Porfyry, þe p*r*isou*n*-ward to.
And whan þei entryd were þe place
Where Kateryne was, þorgh goddys g*r*a*c*e
They anoon p*er*ceyuyd so greth a lyht,
That þe bryhnesse þer-of þei suffr*e* ne my[t];
Wherfoor þei doun fel to grounde

[1] i in inclyne aus e corr. 597 Ms. encloos st. oncloos. 598 Ms. cleualry[e]. Ms. The st. That. 606 Ms. þe mit überschr. i.

Both-two to-gedyr þe same stounde.
And sodeynly of so swete sauour
And of so greth conforth & adour
In-to þer nosethyrllys dede ascende,
Þat alle here spyrytys begunne to amende
And were reuyguryd in wundyr wyse.
And goodly hem Kateryne bade up ryse,
And counseld hem no-thyng to ben aferde,
For her hertys desyr god had herde
And clepyd hem vn-to hys cheualrye.
And as þei up rysyn, thei dede aspye
Kateryne syttyng ful solemnely
In a gloryous sete, & stondyng hyr by
Aungelys, ocupyid wyth besy cure
Hyr woundys for to heel & cure
Wyt many a ful swete oynement,
Wych wer þan baum more redolent.
And anoon aftyr wyth myld chere
Kateryne preyid þe quen to come nere.
Whan she come was, in wurdys pleyn
Ful sadly to hyr she þus dede seyn:
„Be strong in hert, I þe prey, lady!
For þis I wyl þow k(n)owe pleynly
That aftyr þe dayis þou shalt pace
To god in heuene by hys specyal grace,
For by þe prouidence of predestynacyoun
Ordeynyd þou art to endlees saluacyoun.
Wherfore I counsel þe, be of good herte
And drede no peynys, be þei neuere so smert,
Wych momentanye ben & transytorye;
For þe ende þer-of is þat heuenely glorye
Wych neuere shal sece but euere endure.
Thys marchandyse ys both good & sure,
And for a greth auayle may be toulde.
Wher men payin erthe & receyuyn golde!
Þus doon þei wych by martyrdam
Receyuyn of heuene þe noble kyngdam."
Quod Porphyrye þan: „we þe beseche,
Of þat kyngdam sumwhat us teche:
Is yt a place of so greth blys?"
„Sekyr, quod Kateryne, þat place is

619 Ms. & adour st. an odour.

Of so greth bryhtnesse & clerte
Þat to no þing yt bettyr lyknyd may be
And to þe sunne, & yet incomparabylly
It is bryhtere & feyrere, sothly.
& for to spekyn of þe comodyte:
Ther is no trouble ner aduersyte,
Noon yre, no rancour ne trystesse,
No thouht, no languour ner no syknesse,
Ner hungyr ner thrust can þer dystreyne;
Absent is þens al sorwe & peyne,
But her-ageyn þer ys, dowteles,
Loue & cheryte, concord and pees,
Merthe, ioye & euere-lestyng gladnesse,
And þat more þan I maye & kane expresse;
For, as þe apostyl Joon us dotht teche:
Was neuere tunge cowd telle wyth speche,
Nere hert thynk, nere eerys here
The ioyis wych god hath to hys dere
And wele-belouyd ordeynyd aboue
In þe blysse of heuene. wherfore to loue
Swych a lord myche bounde be we."
And whan þus wyth holy talkyng had she
Dryuyn furth þe tyme tyl it was mydnyht,
Ryht weel counfortyd & in hert maad lyht
Wer both þe quen & eek Porphyrye;
And anoon þei home returnyd ful myrye,
Thankyng god þat he hem grace
Had youyn hys mercy to purchace,
And in affeccyoun so stroung hem make
That rather deyin for hys sake
Thei wolde þan offence geyn hym do.
Two hundyrd knyhtys Porphyrye also,
Wych on-to hym attendaunth were,
Conuertyd & hem þe feyth dede lere;
Wych at alle tyme, as þei dede seye,
Redy wer wyth hym to lyue & deye. —
But not-for-þan stylle in prysoun
Katheryne abode in þe seyde donioun.
And for as myche as by þe decre
Of þe cruel tyraunth meetles was she
Ordeynyd to been ful dayis twelue,

659 Ms. And st. than. 685 fehlt dede?

In þe mene-tyme Cryst hym-selue
From heuene, to compence naturys nede,
By a whyht dowe hyr dede fede.
And whan þe twelue dayis were do,
Cryst hym-self aperyd hyre to,
Of aungels wyth a greth company,
And þus to hyr seyde benygnely:
„Behoulde here, doughtyr, þi creatour,
For whos name of greth labour
Thou hast begunnen a batayle;
Be stedefast! for I wylnot fayle
In euery nede to ben wyth the.“
Thys seyde, to heuene returnyd he.
Aftyr þis þe nex daye, certeyn,
That þe emperour was comyn home ageyn,
Aftyr Kateryn to prysoun he sent,
Hopyng for hungyr she had be shent
Or ellys deed. but whan at he
Hyr beheld bryhter of ble
And of colour fressher in euery wyse
Than she was, as he cowde deuyse,
Fyrst, or he to prysoun hyre sente,
In hys woodnesse to tormente
The gaylers he chargyt & to bete,
Wenyng þat þai had youyn hyr mete
Or suffre(d) sum oþir hyre mete to brynge.
Quod Katheryne þan, hem excusynge:
„Syr, þi men þou betyst wy^{t}-owte gylt,
For, trewly I sey — leue yt, yf þou wylt! —
Of alle þese twelue dayis wych in presoun
I haue be kept in a derke donioun,
I took neuere meet of erthely man,
Lytyl nere myche; yet not-fo(r)-þan
Me hath do fede ful delycatly
My lord Jhesu þorgh hys mercy
By aungelys handys from day to day.“
„Katheryne, *quod* Maxence, lystyn what I say,
And let my wurdys synkyn in þine herte:
Thy dowtful answer & ouertwherte
Oyse no lenger; for my wyl yt were,
Not as an handmayde wyth awe & fere

723 Ms. suffre. 729 Ms. And st. I.

The to trete, but þat þow shuldyst been
In my cowrt honouryd lyche as a quen
And þat to þe shuld yche man obeye
As to my-self." „Syr, I þe preye,
Quod Kat*er*yne þan, to my wurdys ageyn
Tak hede & lystyn what I shal seyn:
Dyscern now trewly by a iust sentence
Whethyr I owe of uery prudence
Rather hym chesyn wych is mychty,
Stable & regnyng eternally,
Gracyous, gloryous, ful of beute,
Or hym wych stant in cont*rar*y*e* degre,
That is to seyn, myhtlees & vnstable,
Whos regne is short & sone meuable,
Graceles, vngloryous, ful of deformyte?
Thus faryth yt be-twyx my lord & the;
Wherfore for hy*m* I þe wyl forsake."
„I-wys, q*uod* he, I wyl no more make
Swych delayis wyth þe as I haue do;
Wherfore nowe chese oon (of) these two:
Whethyr þow wylt sacryfyse & lyue
Or wyth cruel torment to deth be dryue."
To whom þus Kateryn answerd ageyn:
„I wyl þou knowe, tyraunth, certeyn,
That lyuyn I desyre in swych degre
That Cryst, my loue, my lyf may be;
For whom to deyn I no-thyng drede,
For fully I trust endlees mede
To purchace þer in heuene-blys.
Wherfore al þat in þine hert ys
To me purposyd of tormentry,
Dyfferre no lengere! for clepyd am I
Of my lord Jhesu, for whos sake
I am redy sacryfyse to make
Of my flessh & blood wyth all myn herte,
Wych for my sake wy^{t} peynys smerte
Onys up offryd wy^{t} mylde steuene
Hys flessh & hys blood to þe fadyr of heuene."
And whan þe emp*er*our þese wurdys herd,
Lych a wood man anoon he ferde,
Musyng i*n* mynd how he myht do

758 of fehlt, Ms. two. 767 l. þer-fore.

Hyre to dystroye. & wyth þat hym to
A membre of Sathanas, clepyd Cursates,
The prefect of þe cyte, anoon dede prees
And þus he seyd: „o myhty emperour,
Yet sawe not Kateryn in-to þis our
Swych-maner engyn as my' hyr make
For feer þer-of to tremble & quake
And consent to oure goddys to sacryfyse;
Syre, I come swych oon you to deuyse.
Comaundyth þat wyth-yn dayis thre
Foure greth whelys ordeynyd be,
Of wych þe serclys goyng rounde aboute
Shul wyth hookys of yirn, weel stondyng oute,
Be thyk set, & yche spook þer-to
Ful of yirnene sawys shul be set also,
As sharp as euere þei mowe be grounde;
So þat, whan þe whelys turn rou(n)de,
Iche of hem shal sum of hyr flessh cache,
And þat oon leuyth, a nopir shal feche,
Among hem alle whan she is sett."
And anoon þis councel wyth-out lett
Performyd was, & on þe thryd day
Thei furth wer set wyth al her aray
Euene in þe myddys of þe court-yerd.
Wych who-so sey, gan wexyn aferd —
& no wundyr þow yt men dede agryse:
For þei were ordeynyd in so cruel wyse
That two shuld upward rendyng ascende
And contraryously rendyng two descende.
And whan Kateryn among þese whelys rounde
Set was, wych hyr shuld confounde
Or constreyn hyr for feer to sacryfyse,
To god she preyid in secre wyse
That he wold vouchesaf of hys grace,
To wurshyp of hys name in þat place
And þat þe peple wych þer stood to se
Mycht þe rather conuertyd be,
Dystroyin þat horryble & hydous torment.
And euene for-wyth þe same moment
An aungel þe engyn yaf swych a swap —
Euene as it had ben a thundyr-clap, —

817 Ms. dystroying st. dystroyin. 818 l. forth-wyth.

That on a thousend pecys to grounde
It fel &, þe hethen to confounde,
A thousend it slowe *in* þe fallyng
Of men, or mo, þer-by stondyng,
And neþir touchyd ner hurt o crystyn man.
Wher-of greth ioye hem amoung began,
Thankyng to god & greth gladnesse;
Sorwe & shame to alle hethenesse.
And whan þe emperour had seyn þis chaunce
And stood euene as he had been in a traunce,
Musyng in hys wyt what he myht do:
Furth-wyth þe quen cam doun hym to —
Wych crysten was, but hyr purpoos
In-to þis tym had kept cloos,
Tyl she þis myraclous ueniaunce had se;
And to þe emperour euene þus seyd she:
„O þou cursyd & wrecchyd caytyf,
What eylyth þe þus wyth god to stryf,
What woodnesse compellyth þe þis our
To rysyn þus ageynys þi creatour?
At þe leest þou myhtyst in þis dede
The myht haue knowe of þe godheed
Of crysten men & þe febylnesse.
Of þi goddys, wych in þis dystresse
For al þe myht þat þei to han pretende
Myht not her seruauntys from deth defende.
Swych goddys who-so wold wurshyp, allace!"
The emperour, þis heryng, astoynyd was,
And as he had ben fallyn in-to a frennesye,
Wyth a loude voys he þus dede crye:
„What how, o quen, what seyis þow?
Art þow wyth wychecrafth deceyuyd now?
Who is yt þat hath deceyuyd þe?
Hast þou forsakyn þe sect þat we
To-gedyr han kept ful many a yere?
I make a noth by þe greth empere
Of oure myhty goddys & immortal:
But þou mekely to ground doun fal
And hem wurchepe wyth pure entent,
Fyrst shal I do þi pappys be rent
From þi brest wyt greth vyolence,

827 Ms. Thankyd st. Thankyng. 847 Ms. who so mit auspunkt. so.

And þine heed of be smete I shal sentence,
And þi body to be throwyn in swych place
Wher bestys & foulys it shul moun race."
But for she hyr nolde to hys wyl applye,
Hys tormentours he chargyd fast to hye,
And þat þei shuld euene aftyr hys wyl
In euere poynt hys decre fulfyl.
And whan she furth went to hyr iuwesse,
She Kateryne preyid wyth greth mekenesse
For hyr to god þat she wold preye.
And þus Kateryn ageyn to hyr dede seye:
„O quen, drednot, but stedefastly
Stond in þi feyth! for þis day, treuly,
A noble commutacyoun þou shalt make,
Whan for a temp(or)al regne þou schalt take
A kyngdam wych þat is eternal,
And for a deedly husbond a spouse immortal."
Wyth wych wourdys þe quen maad stroung,
Prayid þe tormentours not to taryin to long
But, þat þei wer bodyn, þei wold do
In hasty wyse. & þei dede so.
For whan þei hyr in-to þe feld had brouht
Ther she shuld be sleyn, þei sparyd nowht
But wyth forkys of yryn ful cruelly
Hyr brestys þei rent from hyr body,
And aftyr þat smet of hir heed,
And leftyn hyr body, whan she was deed,
In þe felde lying, aftyr þe decre,
Of bestys & foulys deuouryd to be.
But Porphyrye þe body þe same nyht
Bar owte þe felde & it wele dyht
Wyth swete oynementys, dede hys cure
It wurthyly to bryng to sepulture.
And on þe next morwe ful erly
Whan questyoun was maad who þe body
Of þe quen had beryid ageyn þe lawe —
For wych of suspycyoun many oon to awe
The emperour dede puttyn ful cruelly —
Anoon Porfyrye cam furth opynly
And seyd: „o tyraunth, I am the man
Wych beryid þe body of þis blyssyd wumman,

875 Ms. cm̃uctacyoun. 876 Ms. tempal. 879 Ms. wourdys, o aus e corr. 880 Ms. praying st. prayid.

That was martyrd for she seruaunth was
To Cryst in heuene. & to lych caas
I stond my-self: for pleynly I beleue
In crystene feyth & uttyrly repreue
Alle fals goddys wyth al myn herte."
At wych wurd þe tyraunth up sterte
As hastyly as he had woundyd be
Wyth a spere, & owte cryid he:
„Allas þe whyl þat I was bore!" —
And so horrybylly he began to rore
That alle þe paleys it myht here —
„Allas, Porphyrye, myn owyn compere,
My soulys kepere, my synguler counfort,
To whom I was wone for to resort
For counsel at nede in euere caas,
Deceyuyd is now, as me semyth, allas!
For crystene mennys god he apprysyth
And owr goddys he vttyrly desprysyth."
Vp-on wych he furth dede calle
Beforn hym Porphyryis knyhtys alle,
Inquyryng of hem yf þei know owht
How þis mater aboute was browht.
And wyth oo voys þei alle dede crye:
„Wyth oure lord Porphyrye we be redy to dye,
And euene as he doth we repreue
All fals goddys & fully byleue
On crystene feyth; for wych entent
We wyl forsakyn no-maner torment."
And whan þe tyraunth sey her stedefastnesse,
The sentence he yaf in hys woodnesse
That Porphyrye & alle hys knyhtys in-fere
Shuld ben hefdyd & in swych manere
Her bodyis lefth as was of þe quen,
Of bestys & foulys deuouryd to ben.
Aftyr þis up-on þe next day
He hym dyht in hys best aray
And set hym vp-on hys emperyal stalle,
And beforn hym Kateryne he dede calle;
And for he wold hyr herte inclyne
To hys entent. he seyd: „o Kateryne,
Thowe here-to-forn wyth þi wycchecrafth

And wyth þi mysbyleue þou hast me rafth
Both Porphyrye, my knyht, & eek my quen,
Yet it is my wyl þat þou shalt ben
In my paleys þe secunde persone
And aftyr me han alle þe reule alone,
And no man þer-yn up-on dethys peyn
Shal be so hardy þe to geyn-seyne,
Vp þis condycyoun þat in louly wyse
To my goddys þou make a sacryfyse,
Wyth a deuouth hert, of frankencence;
And yf þou nylt concente to þis sentence,
I wyl þe graunth no lengere delay,
But þat þine heed shal of þis same day.
Take þis nowe for a conclusyoun fynal!"
„I-wys, quod Kateryne, tyraunth, at al
The lengere to delayin I ne desyre;
Wherfore, aftyr þe passyoun of þine yre
What-euere þou lyst to me be do,
At ych oure redy I am þer-to."
And at þis wurd he yaf þis decre
That wyth-out tarying she hefdyd shuld be.
And whan þis decre opynly puplychyd was
And þe tormentours hyr lede towert þe plaas
Where she shulde receyuyn hyr iuwesse,
Many a matrone of hy wurthynesse,
Many a wedwe & many a maydyn ying
Aftyr hyr folwyd, ful sore wepyng
For sorwe þat she þis-wys shuld deye.
To whom benygnely Katheryne dede seye:
„O nobyl wyuys & wedwys & maydyns ying,
Leuyth your heuynesse & your wepyng
& lettyth no-wyse youre entencyoun
Be besy for to lettyn my passyoun,
But rather ioyith & makyth good chere
That my lord, my loue, no lengere here
Wyl me suffryn, but to hys house
Home wyth hym ledyn as hys owyn spouse!"
And whan þis seyd was, upward hyr eyne
To heuene she lyftyd & þus dede seyn:
„O hope & helpe of hem alle tho
That in þe trustyn, o wurshepe also

And synguler glorye of uirgyns alle,
O gracyous Jhesu, to þe I calle,
Wyth al myn hert thank yeuyng to þe
That among þine handmaydyns to noumbre me
Thow vouchyst-saf of þi greth goodnesse.
The, lord, I beseche wyth al meeknesse,
Shewe to þine handmayd þis grace
That, what man or wumman in ony place
In wurshype of þi name my passyoun
Remembryth of specyal affeccyoun,
Or in þe oure whan þei deed shul be
Or in ony angwyssh & necessyte
To me for helpe make her preyere,
Redyly her bone vouchesaf to here!
More-ouyr, Jhesu, syth for þi sake
I am redy þe swerd of deth to take,
Vouchesaf to receyuyn up to the
That by þe tyraunth may not kept be,
I mene my spyryth, wych I commende
In-to þine handys." but vnnethe anende
She had made of þis preyere,
That a voys hyr answerd on þis manere:
„Come, loue, com, spouse, come hedyr to me,
For þe gate of blysse opnyd is to þe,
And owte þere-at, my spouse swete,
Of seyntys greth noumbre commyth þe to mete,
Bryngyng wyth hem, to glade þe wyth-al,
Of euere-lastyng blysse a croun tryumphal,
Wych þou shalt weryn eternally.
Come forth & for thy boonys besy
Be ne lenger! for, certeynly,
They acceptyd been in my courght oonly,
And countrollyd euere-lastyngly to endure,
That, who-so-euere wyth herte pure
Remembraunce haue of þi passyoun
Or in ony angwyssh or trybulacyoun
To þe clepe, þat of me hys boone
For þi sake shal ben herd ful soone."
And þis seyd, hyre nekke feyr & whyht
She put euene furth & bad hym smyht.
And wyth oo st(r)oke went þe same stounde

1015 Ms. ne st. no. 1025 Ms. stoke.

The soule to heuene & þe body to grounde.
And euene as soon as þis was do,
God for hyr shewyd myraclys two:
The fyrst was þat in steed of blood
Of mylk þer ran owt swych a flood
From hyr nekke whan it was smete,
That alle þe grownd abowtyn yt wete
And maad yt as whyht as ony lake;
The secunde was þat aungels dede take
Vp hyr body & in short whyle
Caryid yt þens ful many a myle
Vp on-to þe mounth of Synay,
From Alysawndyr ful twenty dayis iournay, —
Wher Moyses of god þe lawe dede take, —
And a ryal beryels for yt dede make.
Wher oute of hyre tōunbe contunelly
Oyle doth renne ful plenteuously,
Wych al dysese or male-euenture
Thorgh hyr merytys doth hele & cure,
If yt be receyuyd wyth deuocyoun. —
Now, blyssyd Kateryne, for þi passyoun
Be mene for me to þe mercyfulnesse
Of god in heuene, þat þe wrechydnesse
Of my foor-lyf, or þan I hens pace,
Amendyd may be throgh hys grace!
Also, lady, for þi Katerynys two:
Howard, & Denstōn, I beseche also,
For whos goostly counfort & consolacyoun
Of þi legend þis short translacyoun
I maad in englyssh in dayis fyue:
Graunth hem, lady, here in þis lyue
In uertu so to ben exercysyd,
And me also, þat, whan we a-complysyd
Haue of þis wrechyd owtlaurye
The fatal cours, aboue þe skye
By thy conduct & þi specyal grace
We entryn moun to þat gloryous place
Where þow lyuyst & regnyst, as knowe alle men.
Sey ych man þat heryth þis legende, Amen.
Mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

X. THE *PRO*LOGE OF SEYNT CYCYLYS LYF.

Cycile ys as mych to seye
As „lylye of heuene“, or „to þe blynd weye“;
Or ellys þis wurd Cicilia
Is compoũnyd of „celu*m*“ & *of* „lya“;
Or ellys Cicyle aftyr þe ethimologye
„Wantyng blyndnesse“ doth sygnyfye;
Or it is seyd of þis wurd „celo“
And „leos“ þat „peple“ toknyth also.
And to ych of þese interp*re*tacyouns
Assygnyd ben *con*uenyent applicacyouns
In hyr legend, aftyr Januẽnce,
Wych auctour ys of þis sentence.
Fyrst „þe lylye of heuene“ hyr callyth he
For þe heuenely ge*mm*e of virgynyte
Wych she hadde in greth excellence;
Or ellys a „lylye“, aftyr hys sentence,
For causys thre men may hyr calle:
For she þe whytnesse fyrst of alle
Off clennes had, & of conscyence
The v*er*dour or gre*nn*esse, & þe redolence
Of good fame wych sprang ful wyde.
„To þe blynd eek both wey & guyde“
She was by empler informacyoun.
Eek she was „heuenely“ by co*ntem*placyoun,
„Lya“ she was, as seyth þis clerk,
By steedfastnesse in good werk.
Or ellys „heuene“, as he doth seye,
She may be seyd by a noþir weye:
For, as Isidorus us doth teche,
Heuene aftyr phylosophyrs speche
Is uoluble & eu*er*e turnyng,
Round, & ardently brennyng.
Turnyng was Cycyle of *con*swetude
Of good werkys by solycytude,
Round by p*er*seueraunce, & by cheryte
Ardently brennyng eu*er*e was she.

überschr. 20 Ms. v*er*douror gr. 23 L. A. per exempli informationem.

Seyd she is also „wantyng blyndnesse“
Of wyhsdam by þe greth bryhtnesse
Wych she hadde ful excellently,
As men moun seen þat sereously
Hyr legende reed. & last of alle
„The peplys heuene“ he doth hyr calle,
And he resonabylly þis doth conclude
Be manere of a very symylytude:
For, lych as þe peple in heuene
The sunne & mone & sterrys seuene
Beholdyn & seen materyally,
So in Cecyle þei moun spiritually
Aperceyuyn dystynct bryhtnesse
Of dystynct vertuhs, wych expresse
Men þus moun, as þis cle(r)k seyth:
By þe sunne wysdam, & by þe mone feyth,
And by of sterrys þe dystynct uaryaunce
Of dyuers uertuhs þe habundaunce,
Wych ben dystynct in sundry degre. —
Now, blyssyd Cecyle, syth ye be
Lylye of heuene by chast clennesse,
Weye to þe blynde by perfythnesse
Of good werkys, & wyth actyf lyf
Endewyd wer (&) wyth contemplatyf,
And of wysdam by þe greth bryhtnesse
Voyd wer of inward gostly blyndnesse,
And an exempler heuene of vertuhs alle:
Hem helpe, in nede þat to þe calle
And wurshepyn þe of specyal affeccyoun;
Geyn her enmys hem get proteccyoun
And purchase hem clennesse of lyuyng,
Be her ledere, þat for no thyng
In synne þei falle in-to therknesse,
To heuenely conuersacyoun (her) hert so dresse
That, whan þai passyn from þis owtlaurye,
They atteyn mow to þat hy glorye
Where, aftyr þe holy prophetys doctryne,
The ryhtful shuln as sterrys shyne
Fynally in perpetuel eternyte!
Sey yche man Amen, for cheryte. Amen. —

70 her fehlt.

HERE BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF SEYNT CYCYLE.

Cycyle of þe nobyl Romayn blood
Born was, wych at þat tyme stood
Of temporal wurshepe in ful hy degre;
And from hyr credyl fostryd was she
In Crystys feyth ful dylygently,
And in hyr brest she bare pryuyly
Crystys gospel wyth al hyr myht,
And neuere cecyd daye ner nyht
From preyer ner from holy talkyng,
To god hyr maydynhede commendyng.
And despousyd she was to a yung man,
Whos name was clepyd Valeryan,
Wych born was eek of hy lygnage.
And whan þe day fyxyd of hyr maryage
Was come, nexst hyr skyn an hayre,
And a smok abouyn both whyt and feyre,
She dede on, & þem both dede wrye
Wyth clothys of gold, wrouht craftylye,
Al wyth-owtyn þe werd to blynde.
And couertly in hyr inward mynde,
Whyl þe orgons sunge in her melodyous guyse,
Cycyle to god song in thys wyse:
„Lord god, I the beseche mekely,
My hert kepe & eek my body
Vndefoulyd *in* clennesse of chastyte,
That I no-wyse confoundyd be!“
And to thys entent two dayis or thre
She fastyd & preyd in humbyl degre,
To god commendyng þat she dede drede.
But forth in oure processe to procede,
I seye þat (whan) þe derknesse of nyght
Of þe maryage-day had flemyd þe lyht,
And ych man to hys loggyng was go,
Valeryan & Cycyle to her chaumbyr went þo.
Where whan þei were in her secre silence,
Thus Cecylye to hym vttryd hyr sentence:
„O swetest yung man, o spouse dere,

101 Ms. & st. in. 107 whan fehlt.

Wych I best loue wyth herte entere,
A mysterye I haue of greth pryuyte,
Wych þat I knouleche wyl to the,
Vp condycyoun þat þou swere & seye
That in no wyse þou shalt it by-wreye
But obseruyn & kepyn yt wyth al þine entente."
And Valeryan anoon þer-to dede assente
And swor þat neuere for no necessyte
It to no creature dysclosyd shuld be,
Whyl þat hys lyf myht lest & dure.
Quod Cycyle þan wyth chere demure:
„An aungel of god a louere haue I,
Wych my body kepyth wyt greth jelusy;
Wherefore, yf he neuere so lytyl may proue
That þou me touche wyth vnclene loue,
Wyth wyl me to defoulen flesshly,
Anoon wyth þe he wyl ben angry
And ful cruelly on þe veniaunce take,
And so for a lytyl fleshly lustys sake
Of þi fresh youth þe greth beute
Þou shalt lese þe flour; & yf þat he se
Þat þou me louyst in perfyth clennesse
And be not besy me to oppresse
Ner þe flowre to byreuyn of uirgynyte,
Than shal he þe louyn as wel as me
And plenteuously shewyn to þe hys grace."
Valeryan þan wyth a sad face,
As he þat preuentyd was wyt mercy,
Þus answerd: „If þou wylt at I
Yiue credence to þe: in wurdys fewe,
That aungel of whom þou spekyst, me shewe!
And whan I haue prouyd hym an aungel to be,
Than wyl I perform þat þou counselyst me.
But yf I fynd þat anoþir man
Thou louyst þan me, þi spouse Valeryan,
I make a vow, wyt-oute more respyte
Your bothyns hedys I shal of smyte."
Quod Cycyle: „to þis I wele assente.
Wherfore, yf þou wyt humble entente
To my counsel þe wylt applye
And in þe welle of lyf þe do puryfye

129 Ms. wych.

And leue oo god in heuene oonly to be,
Than shal þou moun myn aungel se."
„And wher euere þer be ony swych man
That me puryfye so may, quod he, & kan,
That I an aungel shuld moun behold?"
Quod Cycyle: „I know oon, but he is oold,
Wych kunnyng hath & eek power
To puryfyen men & make so clere
That þai an aungel may behold & se."
„And where myht I fynd þat man? quod he;
If þat I wyst, I wold hym seche."
Quod Cycyle þan: „I wyl þe teche.
Thre myle hens go fyrst of alle
In þat weye wych men Appya calle,
And þou shalt fynd þer in þe strete
Pore men syttyng: whom þou weel grete
On my behalue, for hem euere haue y
In myne affeccyoun louyd tendyrly,
And of my counsel þei know mych thying;
Sey þat I send hem my blyssyng,
Preying hem þat in secre wyse,
Wher þou myht fynd, þei wyl deuyse,
Pope Vrban, for fro me hym to
Pryuy erandys þou hast to do.
And, doutlees, anoon þei shul þe wys
On-to þe place wher þat he ys.
And whan þou comyst to hys presence,
Wurd for wurd al my sentence
To hym declare euene pleynly;
And he þe puryfyin shal ful gladly
And newly arayin in clothys whyte.
In wych whan þou art clad & dyht
And returnyst ageyn in-to þis place,
To seen þe aungel þou shalt haue grace,
Wych þe shal louyn as weel as me,
And what þou ask it grauntyd shal be."
These wurdys seyd, up roos Valeryan
And hys iourne furth-wyth began.
And (whan) wyth-owte þe gatys a myle
He cam: by þe tokne wych Cecyle
Hym took, he Vrban fond darkyng

193 whan fehlt. a st. thre?

In kauys & grauys; & w*yth*-oute lettyng
He dede hys erand as Cecyle bad.
And whan he it herde, he wex ful glad,
And lyfty*ng* to heueneward bothe ha*n*dys & eyne,
Knelyng & wepyng he þus dede seyne:
„Lord Jhe*s*u Cryst, wych al thyng knowyst
And of chast counsel þe sede eue*r*e sowyst,
The fruht of þe seed to þe up take
Wych Cecyle sowyn hath for þi sake!
Tak hede & behold, o lord Jhesu,
How Cecyle, þi seruanth ful of ue*r*tu,
As besy is in yche-maner degre
The to seruy*n* as eue*r*e was ony be
Flourys to gadryn & hony to make;
For, lo, hyr husbond whom she dede take,
As fers fyrst as a uoyde lyoun,
As a lamb she hath maad to þe buxu*m*
And hedyr hym sent þe treuth to pr*e*ue;
Wych þus to come, as I do leue,
Shuld not assentyd, but he youe credence
Had of Cycylys doctryne to þe sentence.
Wherfore, lord, wyth hert ente*r*e
For hym to þe I beseche now here:
Of hys herte vouchesaf the gate
To opnyn & yt so to dylate
Of þir wurdys to þe doctryne
And so wyth grace hy*m* to illumyne,
That he may þe knowe, hys creatour,
Hys lord, hys god, hys redemptour,
And renouncyn alle þe werkys blake
Of þe deuyl & alle ydols forsake
Wych he hath wurshepyd her-to-for,
And neue*r*e her-aftyr to seruy*n* he*m* more."
And whyl he þus ocupyid was i*n* pr*e*yere,
Sodeynly beforn hem dede appere
A man wych fer ru*n*nyn in age
Was, as semyth by hys vysage,
Al arayid in fayr*e* whyt uesture,
In hys hand holdyng a scrypture,
Wych wryty*n* was wy‘ lettrys of gold.
Whom whan Valeryan dede behold,

211 uoyde st. woode. 215 assentyd st. a (= ha) assentyd.

So he astoynyd was for fere
That doun to grounde he fel euene þer
As he deed had been. whom þe old man
Lyftyd up & seyd: „drede not, yung man,
But rede, þe text of (þis) scrypture,
And byleue yt, þat þou mayst ben pur
An clene þo aungel for to se
Wych Cycyle þi wyf promyssyd to þe.“
Wyth þis wurd Valeryan roos up redyly
And on þe scryptur lokyd ful dylygently,
And in hys hert priuyly he dede rede
Wher-of þe sentence wyth-oute drede
Was þis: „o lord & oon feyth þer-to,
O baptem þer is, & o god also,
Wych fadyr is of alle thyngys,
And ouyr alle, by alle, & in alle us is“ —
Thys pleynly was þe scrypturys entent.
And whan Valeryan ryht good auysement
Had take þer-of, þe old man anoon
To hym þus seyd: „leuyst þis or noon?
Or stondyst in doute? sey on pleynly!“
And at þat wurde Valeryan loude dede cry:
„Ther is no thyng, þat, as yt semyth me,
Vndyr heuene may treulyer beleuyd be
Than þis.“ & þer-wyth þe eldere
Vanysshyd a-wey, þei ne wyst where.
And anoon Vrban hym dede baptysse
And instruct in þe feyth of crystene guyse,
And home to Cycyle ageyn hym sent.
Wher whan he cam, to þe chaunbyr he went
And Cecyle besy he fonde in preyer,
And bysydyn hym stonde an aungel clere,
Whos wengys bryhter glastryd þan gold;
Wych in hys hand two garlondys dede hold
In wych by maner of a ryal fret
Rede rosys wyth whyt lylyis were set,
Wych eek wer of so swete redolence
That neythyr baum ner frankencence
Yaf so swete a flauour as dede tho.
And anoon þe aungel wy'-owte mo
Departysoun made of þese garlondys

241 þis fehlt. 243 Ms. þo st. þe. 268 hym st. hyr.

And set oon on Cecylys heed & a noþir on hys,
Thys-wys seyng: „þese corouns two
Wyth clennesse of hert & body also
Kepyth, I counsel you, dylygently,
Wych from paradyhs now brouht haue I;
In tokne wher-of þei kepyn shul euere
Both colour & odour, & welke shul neuere;
Mor-ouyr ner hem shal noon mouⁿ se
But þo aloonly whom chastyte
Is prouyd to han plesyd, as yt hath doon yow.
And, Valeryan, for as mych as thow
To þe counsel of chastyte has youyⁿ assent,
Therfore to þe god hath me sent
That, what petycyouⁿ þou lyst to craue,
Of hym aske & þou yt shal haue.
Aske on! for þine answer I abyde.“
„I-wys, quod Valeryan, at þis tyde
Ther is no creature in erthe here
Next my wyf to me so leef & dere
As my broþir Tyburcyus ys;
Wherfore ful gladly I wold þis,
For uery compassyouⁿ & eek for reuth,
That, lych as I do, he know þe treuth
Of hys errours & hys mysbeleuyng —
For yt were, me thynkyth, a cruel thyng
And ageyn þe ordre of brothyrly cheryte
That I were sauyd & he lost shuld be.
Wherfore, syth god hath grauⁿtyd me
My bone, as now in þis degre
Compendyously I forme my petycyouⁿ:
That, lyche as god me fro perdycyoun
Hath sauyd by Cycile here, my wyf,
So he vouchesaf from deth to lyf
Clepyn ageyn my brothyr by me,
And us both in hys loue perfyht to be —
Thys ys þe summe of my prayere.“
Quod þe auⁿgel þo wyt a mery chere:
„Syth þou hast askyd so cherytabylly
Wych thyng as plesyth god souereynly
To graunt, I þe make promys
That þi petycyouⁿ admyttyd ys.

283 Ms. þo mit überschr. i. 305 Ms. gog.

And more-ouyr of hys specyal *grace*
He hath *gran*tyd þat wy^{t}-in þe space
Of oo daye ye shul comyn both-two
Thorgh martyrdam þe blysse of heu*en* to,
Ther eu*ere* wyth hy*m* in ioye to abyde."
Thys seyd, þe aungel awey dede glyde,
They ne wyst how. & furth wyth-al
Tyburce cam & at þe dur*e* dede cal.
And whan (he) was entryd, i*n* curteys wyse
Cycylys heed, as it was þe guyse
In þo dayis, he anoon dede kys,
And seyd: „I marueyle wher-of it is,
Thys tym of yer*e* þat of rose-flour
And of lylyis I fele so swete odour,
As þou it were mydsomyr eue;
For, treuly, brothyr, as I beleue,
Thow þat I w*yth*-y*n*ne my fyst
Lylyis & rosys to-gedyr dede thryst,
A swettere odour myht yt not be;
I feel þat yt refresshyd hath me
Maruaylousere þan I telle kan."
„Tyburce brothyr, q*uod* þo Valeryan,
God be þankyd, thorgh my preyere
Odour of rosys & lylyis here
Thow hast get. but thorgh hys *grace*
And thyn owe*n* byleue þou mayst purchace
Of hem both to han þe syht,
Wych to þe shuld be greth delyht.
For both þi sustyr Cycyle & I
Garlondys han, made craftyly,
Owt of p*ar*adyhs from god vs sent:
Wych of hem þat wy^{t} wanhope be blent
To ben seyn yt is vnpossyble;
Wherfore to þe yete inuysyble
Thei been, & shul, tyl þou credence
Ful yiue tyl to a bettyr sentence
And be treuly subiect to Crystys feyth."
To whom Tyburce þus ageyn seyth:
„Here I þis in a dreme or ellys wakyng?
Is yt soth, brothyr, þis þi talkyng?"
„In slepe we han lyuyd, & þat is reuthe,

354 tilge tyl?

Hedyrtoward, brothyr, but now *in treuthe*
We ben, *quod* Valeryan, & no falsnesse
In us ys, I boldely dar expresse;
For þo mamettys wych to þis our
We han seruyd wyth godly honour,
Ben in good feyth but uery deuelys."
Quod Thyburce þan: „how knowyst þis,
Valeryan brothyr, I þe beseche."
„An au*n*gel of god þus dede me teche,
Quod Valeryan, whom no-wyse þou se
Shalt moun, tyl þou puryfyid be
From þe fylth of fals ydolatrye."
„Why shuld I not þan, *quod* Tyburce, me hye
To be puryfyid, yf þer-by I myht
Of an au*n*gel atteyn to haue a syht?
Wherfore helpe fast þat I were do!"
And wy' þat wurde Cecyle we*n*t hy*m* to
And kyssyd hys brest, & seyde: „cosyn,
Now knowleche I þe u*e*rely to be myn;
For, lych as thy brothyr goddys loue
To be myn husbonde þis day doth p*r*oue,
Rycht so contempt of ydols the
Shal treuly shewy*n* my cosy*n* to be.
Wherfore, þe for to puryfye,
Go wyth þi brothyr, & fast þe hye,
That þou þerby g*r*ace may purchase
Of au*n*gels to seen þe gloryus face."
And as þei shulde fro*m* Cecyle wende,
Quod Tyburce: „brothyr feythful & kynde,
Or þan we go, I þe beseche,
Whedyr we shul goon, do me teche,
To be puryfyid, & of what man!"
„I-wys, *quod* he, to þe holy pope Vrban
We shul goon, wych hath power
Men so to puryfyin & maky*n* cler
That þei shul af*t*e*r* mou*n* au*n*gels se."
Quod Tyburce: „ys not þis Vrban he
Wych in þis cyte is so odyous
That he dar abydyn *in* noon hous
But darkyth in beryels & *in* g*r*auys
And vndyr þe erthe hy*m* hydyth *in* kauys,

375 Ms. I st. it?

Wych ofte hath be iugyd slayn to be
Or ellys to be brent, by a comoun decre?
Wherfore, wyth hym yf we be founde,
I dar weel seyn, þe same stounde
We shul wyth hym douthles be brente,
And þan is frustrat al oure entente;
For, wher we sekyn lyf immortal,
Fynd we shuln a ful cruel fal —
And þerfore swych thyng is good to fle."
Quod Cycyle þanne: „Tyburce, to me
Take heed a whyle & I the ensence
Wyt goddys grace shal a bettyr sentence.
Thys lyf to lese were good to fere
And to eschewe besyly, yf ellys-wher
Noon oþir lyf were bettyr þan þis.
But who þus thynkyth, doth amys:
For anothyr lyf þer ys incomparabylly
Bettyr þan þis, & more wurthy;
Wych who-so haue grace onys to kecche,
Shal deth hym þens neuere aftyr feche,
Nere hungyr ner thyrst ner no syknesse
Shal hym (ony)-wyse moun dystresse.
Thys lyf to teche, of þe fadyr of heuene
The sone cam doun wyth a mylde steuene,
In oure freelnesse born temporally
Of a mayde, but of hys fadyr eternally
Born to-forn al tyme, to whom egal
He is, & was, & euere be shal;
In whom, by whom al thyng was wrouht,
And wyth-oute whom was neuere maad noht;
To whom wyth þe fadyr consubstancyal
The holy gost ys, & coeternal;
And þow þei personelly dystynct be,
Yet in substaunce but oon þei arn al thre,
Vndeuydyd owtward in her werkyng."
Quod Tyburce þan: „þis-manere talkyng
Ageyn al resoun me semyth to be,
For nowe o god þou puttyst, anoþir tyme thre;
To wych thyng my wyt can not inclyne."
„No wundyr, *quod* Cycyle, for, but þe illumyne
God vouchesaf wyth specyal influence

419 Ms. haua. 422 ony fehlt.

Of hys *gra*ce, to þe intellygence
Thow neue*re* shalt of þis ma*ter* atteyne.
Yet not-for-þan in wurdys pleyne
Oon exaūnple or two I wyl þe meue,
Wherby naturally þou mayst preue
Substancyally su*m* thy*n*g but oon to be
And yet by resoun yt ys dysty*n*ct in thre,
Wher-of, to seyn p*ro*pyrly, noon oþir ys.
And fyrst by a soule I shewe wyl þis,
Wych hath powers *con*dystynct thre
And yet substa*n*cyally þei but o soule be:
As mende, resoun, & vndyrstondyng;
Anoþir exaūnple by feer I may eek bry*n*g,
Wych threfold *in* p*ro*pyrtees hath varyau*n*ce
Formally dystynct & yet in substaunce
Þei ben o feyr; so snow, hayl, & yhs
Dystynct ben, as seyn phylosophyrs wyhs,
In name & forme, but substancyally
They be but watyr. so coniecturally
May be conseyuyd of þe trynyte:
Ternyte in p*er*sonys, *in* substau*n*ce vnyte; —
Al-be-yt þat noon forseyde symylytude
May fully as yt ys þe treuth conclude,
For resou*n* here faylyth, & oonly feyth
Preuaylyth; wherfore sc*ri*ptur*e* seyth:
But ye feyth haue & eek byleue,
To vndyrstondy*n*g ye ne mou*n* acheue.
And þerfore for resoun forsake euydence
And to doctryne of scryptur yiuyth crede*n*ce,
Wych vs techyth *in* þe souereyn deyte
Thre dystynct p*er*sonys oo substau*n*ce to be.
Of wych þe secu*n*de, as I seyd beforn,
Was of a maydyn wy[t]-owte man born
And as a medyatour dede vndyr-take
To hys fadyr in heuene a-sythe to make
For owr forn-fadrys transgressyoun,
Wych had infect al hys successyoun
Wyth orygynal sy*n*ne; for wych entent
Wylfully he suffryd cruel torment:
For fyrst he was takyn & bou*n*dyn also,
Scornyd & skourgyd & crownyd þer-to

450 wyl aus wel corr.

Wyth a croun of thornys, & to a cros of tre
Both hand & foot aftyr naylyd was he
And hangyd up betwyx theuys tweyne
As mayster of hem & most vyleyne,
And eysyl youe dronk in hys greth threst,
And aftyr al þis, whan þat hym lest,
To hys fadrys handys he dede comende
Hys spyryht & frely yt furth dede sende;
And whan he deed was wy^{t} peynys smert,
Stungyn he was euene to the hert
Wyth a sharp spere thorgh hys ryht syde,
And anoon watyr & blood þer-oute dede glyde:
Blood for raunsoun mankynde to bye,
Watyr from synne yt for to puryfye
Of holy bapteem by þe sacrament,
If yt be receyuyd wy^{t} a dew entent.
To þis yiue feyth & ful credence,
And receyue þis baptym wy^{t} reuerence,
And þan shal þou clensyd & puryfyid be
And able maad aungels for to se."
Quod Tyburce to hys brothyr þan:
„Haue mercy on me & leed me to þe man
That me can puryfye wy^{t} þat sacrament,
Wych to receyuyn ys myn entent,
Aftyr counsel of my sustyr Cycyle!"
And þus þis Thyburce wy^{t}-ynne short whyle,
By hys broþir led, of pope Vrban
Was baptysyd & maad a crystene man,
And wyth-ynne short whyl greu so perfyth
That, whan he wold, he aungels se myht
And speke wy^{t} hem face to face,
And what-euere he askyd — swych was hys grace,
Of god he yt hadde wy^{t}-owt lettyng.
Wherfore hys brothyr & he ych oþir thyng
Leftyn & ocupyed hem in almesse-dede;
And for þei god both dede loue & drede,
Thei dedyn her dylygence wy^{t} besy cure
There bodyes to bryng to sepulture
Whom Almache, þe prefect of þe cyte,
For þei crystene were, slow of cruelte.
And whan he herd seyn þat þei dede so,

513 Ms. hym st. hem.

He chargyt hem to be brouht hym to.
And whan (he) hem sey, ful sturdyly
He askyd what was þe cause & why
That þei to byryin dede swych bysynesse
Hem þat he had dampnyd for þere wykkydnesse.
Quod Tyburce anoon: „wold god þat we
Were able her seruauntys for to be
Whom þou clepyst dampnyd wroungfully,
Wych wyth her hool herte despysyd wyshly
That semyth to be sum-what in apparence
And ryht nowht ys in very existence,
And þer-ageyn han foundyn & wyth dethe boht
That most ueryly is & yet semyth nouht."
Quod Almache þan: „what may þat be?"
„Take hede, quod Tyburce, & I shal telle þe.
That semyth to be & ys nouht, I-wys,
Is al þat here in þis werd ys,
Wych deceyuyth & bryngyth to nouht al þo
That þer-in trustyn, whan þei hens go;
But þat þing wych most perfythly ys
And semyth nouht, ys þat eternal blys
Wych ordeynyd ys to hem þat dwelle
In heuene aboue, or ellys in helle
Wych to tormentyn þe dwellers shal neuere sees."
„I trow, quod Almache, þou art mendlees,
For þou spekyst lych hym þat no wyt kan."
And furth-wyth he seyd to Valeryan:
„For as mych as Tyburce þi brothyr
Wytlees ys — me semyth noon othyr —,
Thou, þat bettyr art in þi mynde,
A wysere answer, I trow, shalt fynde;
For, treuly, me thynkyth þei grethly erre
That pees forsakyn & chesyn werre,
And sorwe þan ioye louyn hertlyer."
Whom Valeryan þus dede answer:
„Ful oftyn in wyntyr, I haue herd sey,
In frost & snow many iape & pley
And skornen hem wych wold labour
The ground to tylyn wyt her labour;
But in somyr, whan þe fruht was come
Of þer laboure, þei were ful-some

525 he fehlt. 535 Ms. broht st. boht. 546 fehlt þe peyn nach ellys?

And haddyn of welth greth fulsumnesse,
Where þe toþir wept & were in dystresse
For uery myserye & necessyte.
And in þis wyse fare ye & we:
For we now here in þis lyf present
Suffren myscheef, peyn & torment,
Wych sone be doon, but, whan we hens wende,
We receyue ioye that neuere shal haue ende;
But ye doon euene þe contrary:
For ioye ye han here transytory
And momentanye, but, whan ye hens go,
To þe place ye wende of endles wo."
„Than concludyst þus, quod Almache, þat we
Wych be pryncys of temporal felycyte,
Shuld go to þe place wher sorwe euere ys,
And ye trecherous caytyfs to endles blys?"
Quod Valerye þan: „þou seyist amys,
For ye homouncyons ben, & no pryncys,
In your tym born, ful lytyl durable,
And whan ye hens pace, of mych countable
To god ye arn, mor & oþir be."
Quod Almache ageyn: „where-to we
That cercly(n) aboute in batayle verbal?
Take þis for conclusyoun sentencyonal:
Offryth to oure goddys her in þis place
A sacryfyse & harmlees ye shul hens pace,
Or ellys, certeynly, ye shule deye."
And ageyn wyt oo voys þei both dede seye:
„Ich day, as soon as we up ryse,
To owre god we offrene a sacryfyse."
„What is hys name", quod Almache þan,
Of youre god?" „I-wys, quod Valeryan,
Thow þou haddyst wyngys & myhtyst flye
A thowsend myle abouyn ych skye,
Yet shuldyst þou neuere moun come þer
Where he doth dwelle." „A, þan Jupiter,
Quod Almache, I trowe, is hys name."
„Fy, lat be, quod Valeryan, for shame!
Do neuere owre god swych dyshonour
To lykne hym to an homycyde & an auentour
As Jupiter was." „Ergo, quod A(l)mache, now

585 & st. þan? 587 that st. thus? Ms. That cercly aboure & batayle v. 604 Ms. auentour st. auoutour.

Al þe werd erryt saue þi broþir & thow,
And ye two aloon han þe trew byleue?"
„Nay wys, tyraunth, þow yt þe sore greue,
Q*uod* Valeryan, yet many hu*n*dyrdys þer be
That on þe same wyse beleuyn as we."
And whan Almache sey þat i*n* no wyse
He myht hem brynge to do sacryfyse,
Neythyr w*yth* sturdy ner w*yth* feyr chere,
To oon Maxim*us*, hys cornyculer,
He hem delyu*er*id, wyt þis charge:
That þei no-wys shuld goon at large
Tyl þei had louly sacryfys do.
And anoon Maxim*us* þus seyd he*m* to,
Whan he hem at home had in hys hous:
„O purpyl flowrys of youth delycyous,
O broþirly affeccyou*n*, in oon knyt
Indyssolubylly, how ben may yt
At ye to deth as gladly go
As to a feste?" Q*uod* Valeryan þo:
„If þou wylt to us make pr*o*mys
To beleuyn, þou shalt seyn, I-wys,
Aftyr our*e* deth our*e* soulys up wende
To þat ioyful blys wych neu*er*e shal ende."
Q*uod* Maxym þan: „greth god in heuene
Make me to steruy*n* wy' thu*n*dyr & leuene,
If I not in hy*m* feythfully byleue,
The affect of your wourdys whan I suth pr*e*ue!"
And euene furth-wyth au*er*tyd was he,
The tormentourys eek & alle hys mene,
And of Vrban þe pope þei baptem nam,
Wych þedyr by nyht pr*e*uyly cam —
And so dede Cycyle, wych was ful glad
That swych a multytude þei *conuer*tyd had.
And so þat nyht wyth holy talkyng
Thei furth dreuyn, tyl up gan spryng
Aurora, wych wy' hyr bryhtnesse
Flemyd a-wey þe nyhtys therknesse.
And þer-wyth anoon Cycyle gan seye:
„Beth glad & myry, Crystys knyhtys, I pr*e*ye,
And þe werkys of therknesse awey doth throwe!
For þis certey(n)ly I wyl ye knowe

632 l. effect. 633 l. conuertyd.

That ye han begunnen a good chyualrye.
Beth perseueraunth þer-yn whyl þat ye dye,
And þe cours of lyuyng wyᶜ ye han take,
And yeure byleue eek, doth neuere forsake!
And yf ye þus do, wyth-owte mysse
Receyuyn ye shuln þe croūne of blysse
Of Cryst Jhesu, most ryhtful iuge,
Wych after her desert shal alle men iuge
The last day at þe greth assyse."
And anoon, aftyr þe sunne dede ryse,
Foure myle or more oute of þe cyte
They were led, ther hefdyd to be,
Lesse þan þei wold in humble wyse
To Jubyter statu doon sacryfyse.
Where whan þei come: for þei nold do
Sacryfyse, þei hefdyd wer both-two.
And anoon Maximus euene opynly
Swore þat he þe same oure sy
Aungelys bryht her soulys vp bere
In-to heuene, þan þe sunne bryhtere
Or þan euere was mayde wych in fressh wede
Owt of hyr chaūnbyr dede procede
Ageyn hyr spouse, hym in to fette.
Whan Almache þis herd, wyth-owte lette
He hym chargyd wyᵗ shourgys of leed
So long be betyn tyl he wer dede.
Whos body wyth Tyburce & Valeryan
Cycyly beryid. & Almache þan
Of her goodys made inquysycyoun;
And anoon to hym was made relacyoun
Of Cycyle wych to Valyryan wyf was.
And anoon for hyr home to hyr plaas
He sent hys offycers & chargyd þat she
Anoon to hys presence brouht shuld be.
Whedyr whan she cam, of two thyngys oon
He bad þat she shuld chesyn anoon,
That ys to seyn: or ellys sacryfyse
Or to be sleyn most shameful wyse.
And whan þe apparytours hyr gunne lede
For to compellyn hyr to þat dede,
And consydyrdyn the hye noblesse

649 Ms. wyᶜ = wych. 650 Ms. yeure.

Of hyr byrth & eek þe semelynesse
Of hyr *per*sone & eek þe greth beute,
They gu*nn*e to wepe for uery pyte
And seydyn: „allas, why wyl þis mayde
Hyr youthe þus lese?“ To whom she seyde:
„Wepyth not, yu*ng* men, for me, I praye,
But lystnyth rather what I shal saye!
That I now rather to deye chese
Than to sacryfyse, ys not to lese
My youth, but a co*m*mutacyou*n*
Of wysdam it ys, as ye se mou*n*,
Lych as a man comenanht dede make
Erthe to yiuyn & gold to take,
Or ellys to chau*ng*yn an oulde rotty*n* hous
For a ryal paleys of stonys p*rec*yous.
But now of you I aske a questyoun:
For ych peny (if) ye reseyue shul*d* moun
At a market or a feyr an hool shyly*ng*,
As many as þedyr ye dede bryng,
Wolde ye not spedy*n* you þedyr hastly?
I trowe, ye wold. now, serys, treuly,
God of hys goodnesse hath up set
In hys courht abouyn a bettyr market:
For to eu*er*y thyng þat to hy*m* ys soulde,
The reward ys ordeynyd an hu*n*dyr-foulde,
And þer-to lyf þat neu*er*e shal cees.
Now thynke ye not þis a noble encrees:
An hu*n*dyrd for oon, w*yth* hys addytament?
Hou trou ye? seyith your entent!“
Q*uod* they ych oon: „we byleue ueryly
That Cryst, þi lord, ys god oonly,
And noon but he, wych to hys seruyhs
The hath chosyn, prudent & wyhs.“
And anoon pope Vrban was souht
An þiddyr by nyht p*reu*yly brouht;
Wher he crystnyd, er he þens dede go,
Of þese neuly-co*nuer*tyd fourty & mo,
Wyth greth ioye & eek gladnesse.
And whan Almache þis wyst, i*n* hys woodnesse
Neu offycers for Cecyle he anoon sent.
And whan beforn hys benche she was p*re*sent:

704 if fehlt.

„Of what condycyoun art þou?“ q*uod* he.
„A ientyl wu*m*man born & noble“, q*uod* she.
„I aske, q*uod* he, of þi relygyou*n* & þi byleue.“
„Thy askyng, q*uod* she, ys lewyd, I preue,
That two answers sekyth to oon questyoun.“
„Wher-of hast þou þis bolde p*re*su*m*pcyoun
Me þus to answere?“ Almache seyth.
„Of pur*e* conscyence & not feynyd feyth
To me þis answer, q*uod* Cycyle, cam.“
„Knowyst not, q*uod* he, of what power I am?“
„Yis Yis, q*uod* Cycyle, I knowe yche deel
And what your*e* powere ys, I can tel weel.
Alle your*e* power, as yt semyth to me,
May wele to a bleddyr lyknyd be
Blowe ful of wynd tyl yt hath starknesse:
Wych who-so lyst may sone depresse,
For wyth a nedlys poynt he may make
The wynd oute to goon & þe sterknesse slake;
Euene þus it faryth by þe puyssau*n*ce.“
„Wyth iniury*is* þou begu*n*ne, & hast p*er*-
seueraunce
In þe same“, q*uod* Almache. Q*uod* she: „sothly,
Iniurye may not be seyd pr*o*pyrly
But wyth wurdys of deceyt yt uttryd be.
Wherfore fals to han seyd, fyrst pr*o*ue me,
And yf þou ku*n*ne not, þou art to blame
Wyth fals calumnye me to defame.“
„What, knowyst not, q*uod* Almache, our*e* pr*i*ncys
decre,
Wych ordeynyd han: what-eu*er*e þei be
That Cryst wyl reneyn & forsake,
Shul bothe wurshepe and fredam take,
And þai þat Cryst wyl not denye,
W*yth* peynful torment shul be maad to dye?“
„As weel your pr*i*ncys erryn as ye,
Q*uod* Cycyle, wych us, þat i*n*nocentys be,
Ku*n*ne, as you semyth, noon o þir wyse shame
Than to obiecty*n* ageyn us Crystys name.
But þis we wyln þat ye wete pleynly:
That we, wych knowe þis name holy,
Neythyr yt moun ner wyl denye;

747 þe st. þi. 748 i in iniury*is* überschr.

For bettyr us thynkyth blyssydly to dye
Than cursydly to lyuyn." Quod Almache hyr to:
„Anoon com of. chese oon of þese two:
Or to oure goddys sacryfyse deuouthly
Or þe to be crystene forsaak opynly,
And þan mayst þou harmles askape."
Quod Cycyle þo, as she had lyst to iape:
„Lo, syrs, seeth to what necessyte
Thys iuge ys brouht þat he wold me
Do forsakyn to ben an innocent,
That he me myht makyn a nocent!"
Quod Almache ageyn: „knowyst not, wrecche,
Hou þat my power dothe astrecche,
By commyssyoun of oure prynce myhty,
To quekyn or sleen? wherfoor so prudly
Why answeryst þou me at þis tyde?"
„I-wys, quod Cycyle, fyrst, as for pryde,
I dar weel seyn, noon allyaunce
It wyth me hath, but in very constaunce
Foundyd & groundyd ys myn answere.
But, treuth to heryn yf þou ne fere,
Ageyn opyn treuthe in wurdys fewe
The to han lyid, I wyl þer shewe.
Thou seydyst ryht nowe here to me
That þi pryncys commyttyd had to þe
Power to sleen & to quekyn also;
But þer þou lyiddyst, for of þese two
Thou mayst performyn no mo þan oon:
Sle many þou mayst, but quekyn noon.
Sey þan þus, yf þou wylt not lye:
Mynystyr of deth of your polycye
The pryncys the han maad, & no more;
For yf þou do, þi treuth ys lore."
„Put aweye, quod Almache, þis boldnesse,
And to oure goddys þe to sacryfyse dresse
In hasty wyse! for by phylosophye
I lernyd haue my wrongys to drye
Personel and þem wyth pacyence
To suffryn; but oure goddys irreuerence
I may not bern in no degre
Pacyently." „Now, treuly, quod she,

790 þer st. þe. 808 Ms. pacynethy.

Syth þou fyrst gunne þi mouth to vndo,
Was no wurde þat shewyd þe so
To been a fool as now doth þis,
For not oonly þi resoun inward blynd ys,
But also þi bodyly eyne blynd been:
For þat þing wych, as we alle seen,
Is but a stoon, a god callyst þow.
Wherfore by my counsel do for þi prow:
Put furth þine hand & wyth touchyng
Proue a stoon to been wych wyth seyng
Thou wenyst vnwyhsly þat it a god were,
And so let þine hand þine eye treuth lere!
And þan shalt þou be lawhe to skorn
No lenger, as þou hast ben here-beforn,
Of myche pepyl wych knowyth uery ly
That god in heuene dwellyth oonly
And þat þese fygurs of stoon, bras or tre
Not trew goddys, but fals ydols be,
Wych neythyr hem-self ner oþir moun
Helpyn ner socouryn, as by resoun
It prouyd may be & by experyence."
And whan Almache sey from þis sentence
That Cycyle no-wyse he myht remeue,
Ful sore hys hert yt dede greue;
Wherfore to hyr hous he (hir) home sent,
Chargyng þat she þer shuld be brent
In an hoot bath. wher whan þat she
A day & a nyht fully had be,
Wyth-oute harm or hurt of hyr body
In ony-manere part, & eek as myry
As she had ben in an herbere cold & grene —
For of swete no drope on hyr was sene.
And Almache, informyd of þe caas,
Seyd in hys hert ful oftyn: „allaas!
What may I best doon for to han
Vyctory of þis wykkyd wumman?
For, whyl she lyuyth, shal I neuere han ese
In herte." wher-foor, hym-self to plese,
He yaf a decre wyth-owte let
That hyr heed shuld of be smet
Euene þer she was; to wych entent

821 t in shalt überschr. 833 hir fehlt. 838 fehlt she was? 837 Ms. or st. of.

He þedyr oon of hys tormentours sent
And chargyd hym, hastyly yt shuld be do.
Wych aftyr oo strook yaf hyr two;
But notwythstondyng þese strokys thre
Hyr heed of-smytyn myht not he.
And, for as mych as þan þe lawe
Wold not þat þai wych shuld be slawe
Wyth hefdyng, strokys shuld han no mo
Than thre, (þe) lyctour þens dede go
And left hyr half-deed. & þer-wyth anoon
Of crystene men come þedyr many oon
And gadryd up hyr blood by & by
I(n) feyr clene kerchys ful reuerently.
An thre dayis, wych aftyr she was lyuyng,
She neuere cecyd of holy techyng,
Exhortyng hem stedefast to be
To crystene feyth wych wunne hath she;
Amoung whom also wy' hert glade
She departyd swych thyngys as she had,
In almes-dede. & whan þis was doon,
She hem alle commendyd to þe tuycyoun
Of pope Vrban, to whom mekely
She þus seyd: „holy fadyr, I
Thre days haue askyd of respyth,
That I to þe comendyn myht
Thys pepyl wych by goddys grace
I wunnen haue, & þat my place
To goddys seruyse myht halwyd be
In-to a cherche perpetuelly by the.“
Thys seyd, hyre soule, whedyr yt god wold haue,
Forth went anoon. but hyr body dede graue
Pope Vrban in þe selue place
Where popys beryid wer, by a specyal grace.
And aftyr þis to hyr hous he went
And blyssyd yt & halwyd, aftyr hyr entent,
In-to a cherche ful deuouthly;
Wher myraclys ben shewyd plenteuously
To þe honour of god & hys martyr dere.
But whan she was m'rtyrd who-so lyst to here,
I say þat m'rtyrd was Cycyle þe holy uirgyne
The yere of grace, treuly to termyne,

856 tilge not? 868 Ms. has st. had.

Two hundyrd twenty & eek thre —
Legenda aurea thus techyth me —
The tende kalende euene of Decembre;
Wych tym regnyth, as he doth remembre,
Alexaundyr of Rome þe emperour. —
Now, blyssyd Cycyle, of maydynhode flour,
Gemme of stedfastnesse, of martyrdam rose,
Lylye of uirgynyte in þine holy purpose,
To þe sympyl preyer benygly attende
Of hym þat translatour was of þi legende,
Wych þe, Feyth, & Barbara, long-go dede take
To hys valentyns, & neuere you wyl forsake,
Whyl þat he lyuyth; purchace hym grace
Swych sethe to make, or he hens pace,
For þe wrechydnesse of hys forn-lyuyng,
That, whan body & soule shul make partyng
And he shal forth passyn from þis owtlaury,
Wyth you in heuene he may be myry!
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

894 l. regnyd. 898 Ms. & st. in 906 Ms. shuld mit auspunkt. d.

XI. THE PROLOGE OF SEYNT AGAS LYF.

As y fynd wrytyn in legend aurea,
On fyue wysys may þis wurd Agatha
Ben expounnyd. and fyrst of „Agyos“
Wych sygnyfyith „holy“, & of „Theos“
That „god“ toknyth — þanne in wurdys pleyne
„Goddys holy“ ys Agas for to seyne;
And þis to hyr acordyth by congruyte:
For to goddys holy longyn thyngys thre,
As seyth Joon wyth þe golden mouth,
Wych to blyssyd Agas were kyd & kouth:
As clennesse of herte, & eek presence
Of þe holy goost, þe thrydde ys affluence
Of werkys good. anoþir wyse,
As seyd Januence doth deuyse

9 d. i. Joh. Chrysostomus.

Pertynently to oure purpos,
Agatha ys seyd of „Agyos“,
„A“ „wyth-owte“, „geos“ „erthe“ ys;
Wher-of þe vndyrstondyng ys þis
That Agas in hyr inward entencyoun
Voyd was of al erdely affeccyoun.
Or of „aga“ wych „spekyng“,
And „Thau“ wych betoknyth „endyng“
Thys wurd Agatha seyd ys, quod he,
And wurthyly: for pleynly she
Fyrst & last in hyr spekeyng
Perfyht was, as shewyth hyr answeryng.
Of „agad“, to oure purpoos, also,
„Seruage“ toknyth, & of „Theos“ þer-to
Wych sygnyfyith „souereyn“, ys deryuyid
Thys wurd Agatha: & to þat applyid
That she seyde, souereyn balnage
Prouyd ys in Crystys trewe seruage.
The fyfte & þe last deryuacyoun,
Aftyr þis clerkys determynacyoun,
Of þis oftyn seyd name Agatha,
Is eftsonys of þis wurd „aga“
Wych „solemne“ ys by interpretacyoun,
And of „thav“ wych toknyth „consummacyoun“;
And þis to Agas longyth congruently,
For consummat she was ful solemnely
Of holy aungels by þe sepulture. —
Now, blyssyd Agas, do þi besy cure
That þei wych louyn & wurshepyn þe,
Goddys holy, in þis werd mow be
Endewyd of herte wyt clennesse
And of good werkys wyth plenteuousnesse,
Pure from al erdly affeccyoun,
And to haue in speche swych perfeccyoun
That alle here wurdys mow sowde (!) uertu;
So eek in þe seruyse of Cryst Jhesu
To been excercysyd in þis werde here,
That, whan þere bodyis ben leyd on bere,
Here soulys wyt aungelys led mow be
To þat place of endlees felycyte
Where þou doost dwelle! & specyally

27 L. A.: Vel ab agath quod est servitus, et thaas superior. 32 l. barnage.
49 Ms. sowde st, sowe?

To Agas Fleg attende, o blyssyd lady,
And hyr to purchase help swych grace:
Owt of þis werd or she do pace,
That she may haue deu contrycyoun
Of alle hyre mys & plener confessyoun,
Space & leyser a-seeth to make
And þe holy sacrament to take
Of Crystys body & wyt so holy entente,
That þe deuyl wyt noon enpechemente
Hyre mow lette from þe souereyn blys,
Where ioye & merthe endlees ys:
Whedyr mot brynge both hyr & us
Thorgh thy merytys oure lord Jhesus!

HERE BEGYNNYS THE LYF OF SEYNT AGAS.

Agas, of whom I haue spoke beforn,
In an yle, Cycyle clepyd, was born
And of Cathanence in þe royal cyte,
Of þe nobyllest blood eek of þat cuntre
Lyneally succedyng she dede descende,
Aftyr þe sentence of þe golden legende.
But no scryptur I fynd þat kan descrye
Of here kynrede þe lyne ner hyre genealegye
Declaryn nere hyr progenytours pedegre,
Nere what hyr fadrys name myht be
Nere hyre modrys, treuly; but þis I fynde
That wyth þe yiftys both of grace & kynde
She endewyd was most excellently.
But not-wythstondyng þat in body
And soule eek she had greth excellence
Of beute, yet euere hyre dylygence
God to seruyn she dede in al holynesse
Both daye & nyht, wyth greth besynesse;
For pryuyly in hyre inward thouht
Rychesse & welth she set at nouht,
Alle fleshly lustys she dede despyse,
No werdly wurshepe myht hyr supprise

60 Ms. olle. 69 Ms. feforn. 76 Ms. lyue st. lyne.

Nere fro goddys loue changyn hyr entent.
I(n) wych mene-tyme from Rome was sent,
Of al þat cuntre þe reule to han,
And clepyd was hys name Quyncyan,
And to ocupyin þe offyce of consularye;
Lowe of byrth, by Fortune set hye,
Vp-on hyre whele wych ay vnstable
And vertyble ys & ful mutable,
Neuyr stondyng styl but euere turnyng —
As of þis Quyncyan shewyd þe endyng,
As at þe ende of þis legende
They here shul wych lyst attende.
And not oonly ygnoble was þis Quyncyan,
But he eek was a ful vycyous man,
And specyally he was lybydynous
Thorgh fleshly lust, & þere-to coueytous,
Fals of byleue & an ydolatour —
Wych to mammettys doth godly honour
And uery god in heuene doth denye.
But whan þis Quyncyan dede aspye
The purpose of Agas in hyr entent,
By hys offycers for hyr he sent
And del(y)ueryd hyr tyl oon Affrodyse,
A wumman wych lyuyd in synful wyse,
Hyr body offryng to þe vnclennesse
Of ych þat cam; and of lyk wykkydnesse
Wyth hyr she had doughtrys nyne.
Whom he chargyd þat wyth sum gyne
They shuld alle doo al her kunnyng,
Both by behestys & by thretyng,
Of thretty dayis wyᵗ-yn þe space
To remeue Agas from goddys grace
And enclynyn hyr herte to ydolatrye.
And þei anoon them dede applye
To that purpoos. but yt nold not be;
„For thys I wyl ye knowe, quod she,
That myn herte on swych a stoon ys groundyd
And yn Cryst Jhesu so steedfastly foundyd
And byldyd up in swych degre,
That alle youre wurdys, wych as wynd be,
Youre thretys as flodys, youre hestys as reyn,

110 A. R. v. ders. H.: here is Agas delyueryd to Affrodyse.

As to me ben both frustrate & veyn;
For, þow ye ncue*r*e so sore assayle
My fu*n*dacyoun, ye not p*r*euayle
Shul mown þer-geyns ner vndyr you alle
Shul þe byldyng maak doun to falle."
Thus oftyn wepyng she dede seye;
And wyth deuouth herte she god dede preye
That he vouchydsaf hyr make
For hys loue deth for to take
And so to entry*n* in-to that blys
Where ioye & myrth endles ys.
And whan Affrody seye þe stedefastnesse
Of blyssyd Agas & þe goodnesse,
From wych she nold remeuyd be,
To Quy*n*cyan she seyd on þis degre:
„Syre, as fer forth as I kan aspye,
Esyere yt ys stonys to mollyfye
And to makyn as soft as ys lyht brede,
And bre*n*nyng yry*n* to þe softnesse of lede,
Than yt ys þis tendyr maydyns herte
Fro þe entent of crystene feyth *con*uerte" —
Wych both i*m*possyble semyng to be.
And anoon Quy*n*cyan comau*n*dyd þat she
Shuld be brouht to hys p*r*esence;
And whan she come was, he hys se*n*tence
Vttryd þus: „damysel, anoon sey me
Of what kynrede born ye be?"
Q*uod* Agas: „I sey yt for no pompousnesse —
A ientyl wu*m*man I am, as bern wytnesse
Al my parentele ryht wele kan."
„If þou þan, q*uod* he, be a ientyl wu*m*man,
A serual p*er*sone why shewyst the
In man*er*s & condycyou*n*s for to be?"
„For I am, q*uod* she, Crystys handmayde,
There*f*ore to shewe me I ne am dysmayde
A seruyle p*er*sone for Crystys sake."
„Than to þis questyoun a-sieth þou make,
Q*uod* Quy*n*cyan: syth þou ientyl art & fre
Of byrth, & handmayde hou mayst þou be?
For by al resoun, as I do gesse,
Ful contrarye ben seruage & ientylnesse

147 A. R.: her*e* Affrodyse delyue*r*yth Agas agey*n* to Quyncyan. 153 l. semyth? 163 l. seruyl. 171 Ms. & st. a.

And to-gedyr no-wys may be combynyd."
„I-wys, quod Agas, yf þou were illumynyd
Of heuenely grace wyth þe influence,
Thou sone shuldyst chaungyn þis sentence
And yn þine inwarde conseytys sone aspye
That Crystys seruage ys grettest genterye,
And most souereyn fredam & lyberte
Is in hys seruyse prouyd to be,
Whom to seruyn ys a kyngys offyhs."
„Ya, leue al þis talkyng, quod he, vnwyhs,
And of two thyngys anoon do chese:
That ys to seyn, whethyr þou wylt lese
Thy lyf of peyn wyth greth vyolence,
Or ellys louly to offryn frankensence,
Deuoutly knelyng up-on þi kne,
On-to oure goddys wych immortal be
And al thyng weldyn in her subieccyoun."
„I-wys, quod she, syth so hy renoun
Is in youre goddys as þou doost expresse,
I wold to Venus, youre goddesse,
Thy wyf were lyk, & þou to Joue,
Thy god, whom to syttyn aboue
Thow feynyst othyr goddys alle
And syngulerly for helpe to hym doost calle
And in ych myschef for socour dost seke."
And anoon a buffet vndyr þe cheke
He comaundyd hyr haue, seying þis-wyse:
„In-to þe iniurye of þi Justyse
Be not presumpteuous þi mouth to vndo,
But kepe þi tonge — wyhsdam wyl so —
And iape me not, I the counsayle."
„Sykyrly, quod Agas, I grethly meruayle
That þou, wych holdyst þi-self so wyhs,
So fonnyd art wexyn & so nyhs
And so fer forth led in errour,
That swych goddys þou doost honour
And wyrshepyst wyth greth solemnyte
To whom comparyd for to be
And to be assemelyd to as in lyf
Neythyr þe þou deynyst ner þi wyf,
But thynkyst iniurye to you & wroung

That I desyre you to lyue long
Wyth your goddys in egal degre.
For, yf þei very perfyht goddys be,
Voyde of al malyhs & of yre
And to you but good no-thyng desyre,
And efthsonys on þat oþir syde
If from here lyf thou þe dyuyde,
Dysdeynyng her lyknesse of entente,
Thanne to my purpoos þou doost assente
And as lytyl apprysyst hem as do y."
Quod Quyncyan: „why art þou so besy
Wyth veyn cours of wordys slye
And cautelous me for to ludyfye
And to prolonge þe tym in sotyl wyse?
Shortly I sey: but þou sacryfyse
Do to oure goddys in humble manere
Here opynly & wyt hert entere,
Swych torment to þe I shal applye
That for uery peyn þou shalt dye
And so lesyn al werdly solas."
To whom demurely þus seyd Agas:
„Ful lytyl I charge hou þou me threte;
For, thowe wyld bestys þou behete
To me to sende: whan Crystys name
They onys here, they shul waxe tame;
And thowe þou threte me by feer,
Yet chaunge no-wyse I wyl my chere,
For þe dew of heelful saluacyoun
Aungelys from heuene shul bryng me doun;
And þow þou torment & woundys me threte
And wyth yerdys & scourgys to be bete,
Yet of þe holygost counfort to haue
I hope weel, swych as schal me saue
And so strong make in sundry wyse
That, what-so-euere þou kanst deuyse
Of peyn & of cruel torment,
Thorgh hys grace of hool entent
I hem alle despyse wyth herte entere."
And he anoon wyth a sturdy chere
Chargyd hyre on-to prysoun be lad,
For she hym vttyrly confoundyd had

A-forn alle folk euene opynly.
Whedyr Agas went as myryly
And as gladly as þow þat she
To a feste royal led had be;
And as she þedyr went, & eek there,
Lych as Januence us dooth lere
In hys book clepyd golden legende,
Wyth deuouth preyer she dede comende
To god hyr cause ful humbylly.
And Quyncyan þe next morwe erly
Agas beforn hym comaundyd apere;
To whom he seyd on þis manere:
„Agas, I counsel þe for þi prowe,
Cryst for þi god forsake thowe
Euene here in opyn audyence,
And to my goddys offre wyth reuerence,
Deuouthly on þi kne knelyng!"
But Agas ne wolde for no thyng
Neythyr Cryst for hyr god forsake
Ner to hys goddys sacryfyse make.
Wherfore anoon hyr comaundyd he
Vp-on a iebet hangyd to be,
And there to be betyn ful cruelly.
And she þus hym seyde demurely:
„I in þis peynys haue swych lykyng
As he þat heryth a newe glad tydyng,
Or as he þat seth & doth vndyrfounge
Hym whom to seen he desyryd hath longe,
Or as he þat depe hyd in grounde
A precyous tresour hath neuly founde
Wych neuere to-forn he had seyn.
For þis I wyl þou knowe, certeyn,
That, lych as þe nobyl greyn-whete,
Tyl yt be weel trosshyn & bete
And from þe chaf be partyd so clene
That no fylth þer-in be sene,
It ne shal be put in-to þe garnere
Of þe lord; & so in lych manere
May not my soule depuryd from vyce
Entryn yn of gloryous paradyce
By palme of martyrdam to þe place,

But þou my body do al to-race
Wyth þi tormentours ful dylygently.
Spare not therfore! for I am redy
To suffre what-euere þou lyst to do."
Quod Quyncyan þan: „anoon go to,
O tormentours, & to þis damysel ying
Sumwhat shewyth of youre kunnyng:
Touchyth hyr a lytyl from þe herte
Vpon hyr pappys & doth hyr smerte,
And let hyre knowyn what ys peyn!"
And þei anoon hyre gunne to streyn;
Sum wyth pynsouns blunt & dulle
Hyr tendyr brestys begunne to pulle
Ful boystously, summe in here hondys
Browhtyyn brennyng-hoot fyr-brondys
And therwyth hyr pappys al to-brent,
Sum wyth yirnene forkys out rent
The flesh þer-of, that grete pyte,
How þe blood owt ran, yt was to se,
On euery syde ful plenteuously;
And whan þis was doon, he gan to cry
And chargyd hys tormentours in al hast
Hem of to kutten & way to kaste,
Wyth-oute pyte or reuthe, allas.
Al þat he bad, performyd yt was.
And whan a-wey was kut both flesh & fel,
Agas þus seyd: „o wrecchyd & cruel
And cursyd tyraunth, hast þou no shame
A-wey to kuttyn that on thy dame
Thou dedyst soukyn for þi fostryng,
Ere þou koudyst etyn, whyl þou were ying,
And ere þou wyt haddyst or dyscrecyoun?
Where-fore, me semyth, greth confusyoun
It awt to be to euery man
Thus to dysfyguryn a wumman,
As þou hast me in þi fersnesse.
But not-wythstondyng al þi cruelnesse,
Maugre al þi furyous vyolence,
Thorgh help of heuenely influence
In my soule al hool wyth-ynne
Pappys I haue wych fro me tuynne

Thou neuere shalt moun wyth no peyne,
Where-wytht I fostre & susteyne
Al my wyttys ful dylygently;
Wych to my lord god halwyd haue y
From þe begynnyng of my tendyr age."
And þis seyd, Quyncyan in hys fers rage
To prysoun chargyd hyre to be lad
Wyth-owte lettyng, & eek forbad
That no leche shuld entryn hyre to;
Mete & drynk he chargyd also
No man so hardy hyr to brynge,
To enfamyne hyre fully purposynge
In hys malyncoly & in hys yre.
But god, wych of heuene ys lord & syre
And al thyng weldyth at hys wylle,
Wold not suffren hym for to spylle
Hys seruaunth wyᵗ so cruel iugement;
Wherfore to hyre in prysoun he sent
A ould man aboute mydnyht,
Beforn whom went a chyld wyth lyht.
Thys old man sempt a leche to be,
And dyuers medycyns wyth hym broht he
Wych were both good & sure
And suffycyent hyr woundys for to cure.
And whan he cam euene þere she was,
To hyre he seyd þus: „o mayde Agas,
Al be yt so þat þis mad man,
Thys consularye, þis Quyncyan
Wyt torment hath þe doon greth dere,
Yet hast þou hym wyᵗ þine answere
Tormentyd more þan he hath þe:
For in hys conscyence ful confuse ys he
And, as yt semyth, at hys wyttys ende.
But, for I present was whan he dede rende
From þi brest þi pappys cruelly
Wyth-oute eythyr pyte or mercy,
I consyderyd haue by my kunnyng
That wyth good dylygence & entendyng
They moūn wele be recuryd ageyn
And maad al hool. yf þou wylt, certeyn;
And comyn I am to þe same entent

355 A. R.: here comyth Seynt Petyr to Agas in prysoun.

And *wyth* me brouht many an oynement,
Wych be both good & profytable
And to cur*e* ych soor good & able,
And ellys I nolde haue com*e* now here."
Quod Agas ageyn wyth ful sad chere:
„Syr*e*, treuly, I wyl ye knowe þat y
Dede neu*er*e yet medycyn to my body,
Syth I was born; wherfore now shame
To begy*n*ne yt were & wurthy blame."
„Doughtyr, I am a crystyn man, q*uod* he,
And þerfore þou nedyst not to be shamyd of me."
„Nay nay, syr*e*, q*uod* Agas, certeynly,
No-thhyng a-shamyd of you am y
Ner aferd; for, syth fer stopyn in age
Ye been, as semyth by your vysage,
And on þat oþir syde w*yth* greth torment
So woundyd I am & so al to-rent
That on no wyse, as yt semyth, be me
No man of lust myht tempyd be.
Wherfore, fadyr, ryht humbylly
I you thank & sey gramercy
That ye of your cherytabylnesse
Vouchesaf to do swych besynesse
Me to curyn wyth greth dylygence.
But yt shal not be; wherfore goth hence!"
„And what ys cause, I you beseche, q*uod* he,
That you to coryn ye nyl *s*uffryn me?"
„I-wys, syr*e*, q*uod* she, for ful of uertu
A lord I haue, clepyd Cryst Jhesu,
Wych of swych myht ys & of puyssau*n*ce
That wyth o wurde al my greuaunce
He curyn may, & eu*er*e sore,
And p*er*fyth helth to me restore.
Therfore, yf he wyl, yt shal be do."
„And þis same lord sent me þe to,
Quod þis elder softly smylyng,
And hys apostyl I am, wy^{t}-owte dout*yng*,
In whos name I dar wele expresse
Dylyueryd þou art from al dystresse
And eek alle þi woundys ful curyd be."
And þis seyd, sodeynly vanysshyd he

881 e in come überschr. 404 Ms. fuffryn.

And no more was seyn in þat plas; —
Januence seyth þat seynt Petyr yt was.
And anoon wyth a deuouth entencyoun
On bothen hyr knees Agas fel doun
And thankyd god wyt deu mekenesse
Of alle hys greth grace & hys goodnesse;
For alle hyr woundys both mest & lest
Ful curyd were & to hyre breest
Hyr pappys restoryd meruelously
At Petrys partyng euene sudeynly.
And wyth þe bryhtnesse þat þere was
In þe prysoun whan curyd was Agas
Of seynt Petyr, so astoynyd were
Hyre kepers alle, & so ful of fere,
That from hyre they went anoon,
And þe dorys lefth opyn euerychon
Of þe prysoun, & fast gunne fle.
Quod oon to hyr þan: „o mayde fre,
Syth alle þi kepers ben flad awaye,
Goth wher you lyst, I yow praye.
For euery dore ope stond ful wyde;
Wherfore why lenger ye here abyde?“
Quod Agas: „woldyst þou *I* shulde fleen hens
And so leuyn þe froyht of perfyht pacyens?
God forbede! for not oonly so
It shulde befalle, but eek þer-to
I shulde be cause thorgh my cowardnesse
That my kepers shulde been in dystresse
And grethly damagyd for lesyng of me.
It shal not be so, for I wyl not fle,
But, pleynly, what-euere of me betyde,
Stylle in þis prysoun I wyl abyde,
As long as yt lykyth my lord, my loue,
Cryst Jhesu, wych in heuene aboue
Lyuyth & regnyth of myhtys most,
Wyth hys fadyr & wyth þe holygost,
And euere hath doon & shal doon ay.“
But sone, euene aftyr þe fourte day,
For Agas out of prysoun sent
Quyncyan, and þus hys entent
To hyr he seyde: „oon of þese two

437 flad st. fled. 441 Ms & st. I.

Chese anoon whethyr þou wylt do,
That ys to seyn: or in humble wyse
To oure goddys þou shalt saeryfyse
Beforn alle folk here opynly,
Or ellys wy' more cruel tormentry
Than þou hast suffryd, be maad to dye."
„Thy wurdys, quod Agas, been ful of folye,
Wykkyd, froward & ful of uanyte,
The eyr defoulyng in sundry degre!
Sey me now, o wrecche in þi felyng
But wrecchyddere yet in þin vndyrstondyng,
Woldyst þou þat I shuld make
Sacryfyse to stonys & god forsake
Wych ys in heuene & from al dystresse
Me hath delyueryd thorgh hys goodnesse
And of my body hath curyd euery wounde?"
„Who ys he that, sey me þis stounde,
Wych þe hath helyd?" quod Quyncyan.
„I seye, quod she, Cryst, god and man,
And sone of hyr, by a specyal prerogatyff
Wych was both maydyn, modyr, & wyf,
And of god eek þat syttyth in heuene on hy."
„How darst þou, quod he, so malapertly
Hym nemelyn ageyn in my presence
Of whom to heryn me doth offence?"
„How-euere, quod Agas, þe yt hangyr or greue,
On Cryst my lord I wyl beleue
Wyl þat my lyf here doth endure,
And louyn hym wyth herte clene & pure
And wyth my lyppys to hym clepe & calle
In euery nede, what-so-euere befalle,
Wych, yf he wyl, may me saue."
„Now shal be sene yf powere haue
Thy Cryst, quod he, þe to saue & hele
From swych peynys as þou shalt fele
Sone aftyr þis!" & anoon he bad.
Broke sherdys greth plente abrood be sprad
And vndyr þo sherdys ful hoot brennyng
Colys be kast, & wyth-oute tarying
Agas al nakyd þer-on be leyd.
And doon was anoon lych as he seyd.

And whyl þei were besy vndyr hyr to rake
The hoot colys, sodeynly to quake
The erthe began, and so myhtyly
The cyte yt shook þat a greth party
Fel sodeynly doun, & in þe fallyng
Two conselours, wyt þe iuge syttyng,
It oppressyd & slow, wyth many oon mo;
And forthwyth þe peple ful of wo
Wyth o voys ful loude þus dede crye:
„Syr iuge, for þe wnryhtful tormentrye
To Agas doon, we suffre al thys;
Wherfore to secyn oure counsel yt ys,
Ne hap what ellys may be-falle."
And whan þei on hym þis-wyse dede calle
Inportunely, he roylyd in hys mende
How he myht best þis matere ende; —
For whan he thus sey þe erthe quake
And on euery syde doun housys shake,
Castellys, tourys & wallys hye,
He wex aferde; & on þat oþir partye
Of þe peple he drede sedycyoun,
Wych lyk was to growyn in þe toun.
Anoon he chargyd hys tormentours
Agas to relese of hyr sharp shours
And quenche þe feer & to prysoun hyr lede.
And as he comaundyd, done was in dede.
Where whan she cam, wyth hert entere
To god she maad þus hyre preyere:
„Lord Jhesu Cryst, wych me of nowt
Oonly by grace hast made & wrowt,
And fro my yung & tendyr age
Preseruyd hast from synnys seruage
And my body also from pollucyoun
Hast kept of al fleshly corrupcyoun
And þe werdys loue hast fro me take,
And hast eek vouchydsaf me vyctryhs make
Of alle tormentys & wyth-oute resystence
Wyth þe vertu me enduyd of pacyence:
Taak now up my spyryth, I þe prey hertly,
And comaunde me to come to þi mercy!"
And whan she þus had preyid wyth mylde steuene

510 Ms. wuryhtful. 525 A. R.: þe last (preyer) of Agas in prysoun.

Wyth a greth voys to þe fadyr of heuene,
She yald up þe spyryt — aftyr Januence decre
Aboute þe yerys of grace two hundryd fyfty & thre,
Wych tyme as Decius was emperour.
And whyl wyth oynementys of sw(e)te odour
Feythful peple dede here besy cure
Hyr blyssyd body to þe sepulture
Redy to dressyn, euene ynwarly
A yung man, in clothys of sylk freshly
Arayid, & wyth hym al clad in whyht
An hundryd chyldryn & mo, ful freshly dyht,
Besyde Agas graue dede stonde,
And a taplet of marbyl held in hys honde,
Wyth an epytaphye craftely graue þere-yn,
These wurdys conteynyng in latyn:
Mentem scām habuit, spontaneam, honorem deo, & patrie liberacionem.
Of wych scripture in wurdys fewe
Januence þe sentence þus dede shewe:
Thys Agas, quod he, had a soule holy,
And to hyr passyoun she hyre offryd frely,
Honour eek & worshype to god yaf she,
And fredam she purchasyd to hyr cuntre —
Thys was þe sentence of þe seyde tablet.
And whan on þe graue yt up was set,
The yunglyng wyth alle hys cumpany
Awey dede vanysshyn euene sodeynly,
Wych neuere were seyn aftyr þat whyle
In al þe marchys of Cycyle.
And whan puplysshyd was þis myracle & told,
Of paynyms & iewys both yung & old
Ful many oon wyth greth dylygence
Come to hyre sepulcre & dede reuerence
To þis holy martyr & blyssyd virgyne. —
But sone aftyr þat she hyr lyf dede fyne:
As Quyncyan wyth greth pompe & pryde,
To enserchyn hyre patrymonye, dede ryde,
Tweyn hors of hys wex ful sauage
And gunne to nehyn in here fers rage:
Of wych þe toon hym greuously boot,

543 A. R.: The deth of Agas. 546 Ms. Ane. 554 l. tablet. 555 Ms. epycaphye. 575 A. R.: The deth of Quyncyan.

And wyth hys kakun þe toþir hym smoot
And doun hym threu in-to a reuere —
Whos body neuere aftyr dede apere
Nere myht be foundyn in no wyse,
Ne neuere shal tyl at þe last asyse
Reioynyd to þe soule on-to helle
It shal goon, þer-yn to dwelle
Wyth deuelys in peyn endlesly.
Lo, þus kan god ful ryhtfully
Ful lowe hem throwyn wych þat hye
In here propyr conceyt aboue þe skye
Surmountyde were as for a tyde!
Lo þis ys euere þe ende of pryde
And of hem wych oute of here mynde
Puttyn here creatour & ben vnkynde
To hys goodnesse, & euere debate
Wyth hys seruauntys & hem doon hate,
And lyst in no wyse here god knowe,
Tyl þei in peyn be plounchyd lowe!
Infynyht exaunplys here-of we han;
But for þis tyme þis Quyncyan
As to oure purpoos ys suffycyent,
Whom fro seruyl condycyoun Fortune up hent
Of hyre whele by uertybylyte
And put hym in þe staat of hy degre
And wyth greth worchepe hym dede auaunce
And yaf hym þe reule & þe gouernaunce
Of þat wurthy & comodyous yle
Wych of ould tyme clepyd ys Cycyle,
And þe dygnyte eek of consularye;
And whan (he) þus clombyn was so hye,
For hys vnkyndenesse sone ouyr-th(r)owe,
As ye herd, he was & leyd ful lowe.
I wyl of þis mater now no more seyn,
But to blyssyd Agas turne I wyl ageyn
And makyn an ende of hyre legende.
But fyrst I wyl, who-so lyst attende,
As Januence techyth, o myracle telle,
Wych in þe cyte of Cathanence befelle,
Aboute swych tyme by reuolucyoun
As blyssyd Agas suffryd hyr passyoun;

586 Ms. þei. 611 Ms. thowe. 618 A. R.: A myracle of S. Agas.

Next folwyng lytyl *b*eforn hyr day
Of veniaunce fel þis meruelous frey.
A greth hyl wych stood þat cyte nere,
Sodeynly brast, & þer-oute cam fere
Ryht copyous, wych feruently brent,
And toward þe cyte so swyftly yt went
And so *im*petously as yt had ben a brook
Of reyn-watyr; & what-eu*er*e yt took
In hys re*nn*yng cours, wer yt styk or stoon
Or erthe, in feer*e* yt went anoon
And *con*sumyd was almost sodeynly.
And whan þe multytude of paynyms sy
Thys-wyse al thyng aboute hem bre*nn*e,
Doun from the hyl þei gu*nn*e to re*nn*e
To Agas graue, ful ny for fer
Owt of her*e* wyt; & whan þei come þer,
They took þe veyl wych þe graue dede wrye,
And toward þe feer þei fast dede hye
And betwyn þe cyte & þe feer yt set,
So trustyng þe cours þer*e*-of to let
And þe furyous rage & þe greth vyolence.
And so yt dyde: for swych resystence
It made, þat, whan yt cam þer-to,
It cecyd & no more harm myht do.
And, doutlees, al þis doon was
The meryht to shewyn of blyssyd Agas
And how plenteuously *in* gr*a*ce she dede habounde,
And þe frowardenesse eek for to confounde
Of paynyms wych neu*er*e wyl beleue
How myhty god ys, tyl þei yt preue
Be sum myracle shewyd sensybylly. —
Now, blyssyd Agas, wych in heuene on hy
Croũnyd as a quene wyth ioye & blys
Lyuyst & regnyst, as wurthy ys,
And eu*er*emore shalt wy'-owtyn ende:
Purchace us gr*a*ce, or we hens wende,
In þis owtlaurye so to lyuy*n* & do
That at owr*e* partyng we may come to,
Plenerly purged from al our*e* sy*nn*e,

621 Ms. feforn. 652 A. R.: Oracio finalis.

The gloryous place wych þou art ynne,
There euere to abyde wyth god & the —
Sey yche man amen, pur cheryte.
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

XII. THE PROLOGE OF SEYNT LUCYE.

Lvcye of „lyht", aftyr Januencys purpose,
Takyth þe name by dyryuacyoun:
For þe kynde of lyht ys, as seyth Ambrose,
That in syht þerof ys gracyous consolacyoun;
It dyffoundyth þe self wyth-owte inquynacyoun;
It ryht furth procedyth wyt-owte crokydnesse,
And a long lyne wyth-owte morous dylacyoun
Ful redyly yt passyth, for þe greth swyftnesse.
In wych exaūnple Januence doth expresse
That Lucye had þe beute of virgynyte,
Wyt-owte spot of fylthe or of vnclennesse;
And ful wyde on brede she chad hyr cheryte;
Ryht entent to god wyt-owtyn oblyquyte
She had, & þe lyne of good werkyng
Wyth perseueraunce fynally possedyd she —
Thys ys þe entent of Januences wrytyng. —
Now, blyssyd Lucye, wych clepyd art lyht
Or lyhtys weye, by a synguler propyrte
Of specyal grace whom so greth myht
The holygost yaf þat in no degre
To þe bordelhous myht not drawyn þe
A thowsend men, wyt oxyn many a peyre:
Granth vs in vertu so strong to be
That no-maner vyce vs mow apeyre! Amen.

HERE BEGYNNYS THE LYF OF SEYNT LUCYE.

Thys nobyl virgyne, þis blyssyd Lucye,
Whos lyf y purpose for to dysc(r)ye

12 l. shad. 14 Ms. lyue. 26 Ms Ms. dyscye.

Brefly in englyssh, yf god me grace
And of lyf graun*te* leyser and space,
Born was in a comodyous yle
Wych þat storyis clepyn Cecyle,
And in a cyte wych þei vse
That þer dwellyn to clepy*n* Syracuse;
And lyneally descendyd of þe wurthyest kyn
The seyd cyte wych dwellyd yn.
Whos fadyr deyid in hyr noūn-age.
And a modyr she had, bothe wyhs & sage,
Whos name clepyd was Eutyce,
Wych v*er*tu louyd & hatyd vyce.
And so befel þat þe greuous syknesse,
Clepyd dyssentyrye, hyr dede opp*r*esse,
Ful yerys foure, & þat so greuously
That no leche hyr cowde do remedy. —
But who-so lyst to vndyrstonde
What dyssentyrye ys, let hy*m* fonde
To aqueyntyn hy*m* w*yth* su*m*me of þese men:
Ypocras, Constantyn, or Galyen,
Wych of fysyk þe pryncys be
And arn souereyns clepyd i*n* þat faculte;
Wych kun declare clause by clause
Of yche syknesse both ruth & cause
And how þei shuldyn curyd be.
But I no skyl kan of þat faculte;
Wher*e*fore no man loke aftyr her*e*
That I shuld more seyn i*n* þis mater*e*
Than þat dyssentyrye of comou*n* vsage
The reed flyx ys clepyd in our*e* langwage,
Wych wyth of þe guttys excoryacyoun
Sendyth owte sangweyn agestyoun;
But how þis syknesse hath spycys thre
And how of thre humours þei causyd be:
As coler reed, fleum salt, & coler adust —
Wych of alle þe thre ys þe wurst —
Ner*e* for what skyl yt ys incurable,
And specyally whan þe colour ys sable:
Of þat faculte for I am but bare,
I wyl not p*r*esumyn her*e* to declare.
Suffycyth to knowy*n* þat þis syknesse

27 Ms. ys st. yf. 35 noun age = nonage minority. 40 L. A. fluxus sanguinis. 58 l. congestyoun.

Is ful greuous, as bern wytnesse
Kun þei best þat han experyence,
And specyally seyd Eutyce, wych greth expence
Doon had þer-on, as to-foor seyd ys,
Ful yerys foure. but aftyr þis,
Whan thorgh þe prouynce of seyd Cecyle,
Wych of lengthe & brede ys many a myle,
The gloryous fame dyuulgyd was
Of þe blyssyd virgyn seynt Agas,
Wych in (þe) cyte of Tagatence
Was neuly martyrd wyth greth vyolence, —
Whom for to seken wy' an holy entent
On hyr festful day mych peple went
From euery plage of þe seyd Cecyle,
And specyally from Syracuse, wych fourty myle
And fyue ys from þens. or lytyl lesse —:
At wych tyme, excytyd, as I gesse,
By Lucye, hyre doughtyr, Eutyce also
The same pylgrymage purposyd to do;
And not-wythstondyng hyr syknesse
She & Lucye hem þedyr dede dresse.
And whan þei doon had her pylgrymage
And offryd, as þan was þe vsage,
And performyd was þe processyoun,
In wych yerly was red & of custom
That gospyl wych tellyth of a wumman
That of þe reed flyx no remedy myht han
Tyl she had touchyd wyth feythful entent
The hem benethyn of hys garnement;
And whan þe gospel was endyd & do,
Lucye hyr modyr þis-wyse seyd to:
„Modyr, yf þou yiue ful credence
Of þis gospel on-to þe sentence,
Beleue þat Agas hath euere present
Hym for whos name she suffryd torment;
Wherfore I counsel þat þou hyr graue
Wyth ful feyth touche, & þou shalt haue
Of þi syknesse soon remedye."
And aftyr, whan yche man hym dede hye
Hoom to hys yn, hym to counforte
Wyth bodyly food & othyr dysporte,

77 l. Catanence. 96 hys st. Jhesus?

They two abydyn, & wy' humble entent
To Agas toūnbe to-gedyr þei went,
To offryn to hyr deuouthly here preyere.
And whan þei contunyd had in þat manere
A lytyl whyle: or þan (s)he took keep,
Lucye oppressyd was wyth a sleep.
And anoon as she a-slepe was,
Hyr thouht, she sey blyssyd Agas
In myddys of ryht a grete cumpany
Of aungelys stondyn, and ryally
Wyth gemmys arayid bryht & clere,
And to hyr seying on þis manere:
„Lucye, sustyr, & mayde deuouth,
What ys þe cause þat þou come outh
Of me for to askyn swych a bone
As to þi modyr þou mayst grante sone?
For thorgh þi feyth & þi goodnesse
Curyd ys þi modyr of hyr syknesse.
More-ouyr I wyl þou knowe treuly:
That, lych as þis cyte þorgh goddys mercy
Of Tagatence onouryd ys by me,
So shal Syracuse ben vurshepyd by þe;
For a dwellyng-place both myry & glad
To god & þi maydynheed þou hast maad."
And wyth þis wurd Lucye abreyd
Out of hyr slepe, & to hyr modyr þus seyd:
„Modyr, be myry & of ryht good cher!
For releef þou hast of þi myster
And art ful helyd of þi syknesse.
Wherfore I þe prey for þe goodnesse
Of hyr thorgh mene of whos preyere
Thou art maad hool, þat in no manere
Here-aftyr, neythir in ernyst nere game,
No mortal husbonde to me do name
Nere of my body þe fruht of successyoun
Neuere desyre by fleshly corrupcyoun;
But alle þo thyngys wych þou me
Shuldyst yeuyn of my virgynyte
Seyng (!) to a mortal coruptoure,
Yif me Joying (!) to þe conseruatoure
And þe keper of my virgynyte,

113 Ms. he st. she. 147 Seyng u. 148 Joying sind verderbt; l. Joyning?

Cryst Jhesu, wych eu*er*e blyssyd be!“
Quod Eutyce þan: „o doughtyr Lucye,
Thys nyne yer*e* syth þi fadyr dede dye
Al thy patrymony ful dylygently,
Wych he þe left, kept haue y,
And no-thyng yt lessyd *in* ony degre;
And also al þat longyth to me
As my-self þou knowyst as weel,
Wych þine shal ben eu*er*y-deel.
Wherfore, douhtyr, fyrst me be-gr*a*ue,
And þa*n*ne shalt þou ful power haue
Wy‘ al to do what-eu*er*e þou lest.“
„Modyr, q*uod* Lucye, þis ys not best,
As me semyth, þe soth to seyn;
For bettyr plesau*n*ce to god yt ys, c*er*teyn,
A man for hys sake to refuse
Swych as no lenger*e* he may vse.
Wherfore, yf þou wylt acceptyd to be
Thy yiftys of god, by cou*n*sel of me
Swych thyng yif hym wylfully
And yn swych tyme as þou mayst frely
Leuy*n* or kepyn stylle whyl þou lyuyst;
For in þi deyng what-eu*er*e þou yiuyst,
Therefoor þou yiuyst yt, for *in* no degre
Aweye þou ne mayst yt bern wyth þe,
And swych yiftys lytyl thank-wurthy
Been, as me semyth.“ *Quod* Eutyce: „treuly,
As þou wylt, doughtyr, I wyl assente.“
And aftyr þis þei home wente.
And euene forwyth quotydyanly
They almesse delte haboundau*n*tly;
So þat of her tempo*r*al possessyoun
Was maad anoon ryht greth dystraccyoun
And ych daye yt began to amenuse.
Where-up-on ful sore dede muse
He that commenauntyd had to be
Hyr husbonde; & anoon aftyr he,
The treuth of þe matere for to aspye,
To þe nuryhs he labouryd of Lucye
An pryuyly of hyr he dede enquere
If she owt knew of þat mater.

166 tilge no? 179 l. forthwyth.

„Ya, q*uod* hyr noryhs, I knowe ryht wele;
The cause why þat she su*mme* dele
Of hyr meuable good dystraccyoun
Makyth, ys for she a possessyoun
Hath aspyid wych for to bye
She hyr dysposyth ful hastylye.
To þe comoun p*rofyht* of you both-two."
Glad was he þa*nne* & fully þer-to
He assentyd, & was ryht glad,
And yt to p*er*form both cou*n*seld & bad,
Weny*ng* þe fool þat she þat-wyse
Ment had a tempo*r*al marchau*n*dyse.
But whan he sawe how þe game went,
And weel p*er*ceyuyd þat ner al spent
Was in almes-dede & no thyng bowt
Therwyth ageyn, anoon he sowt
Occasyoun how he myht Lucye teynt.
And forth-wyth geynys her he reysyd a pleynt
Beforn (P)ascasye, wych of consularye
The offyce hadde & þe lawe dede gye;
And þe su*mme* of hys pleynt was þis:
That she crysten was & ageyn þe lawys
Of þe emp*er*ours lyuyd. & wha*n*ne Pascaas
Thus ageyn Lucye ensencyd was,
In hasty wyse he for hyr*e* sent.
And whan she was come, he hys ente*nt*
To hyr dysclosyd i*n* þis manere:
„Lucye, þou art acusyd here
That þou a crysten wu*m*man shuldyst be
And lyuyn ageynys þe gen*er*al decre
Of our*e* emp*er*ours, of þi lygnage
To greth vylany & eek damage;
If yt be soth, þou art to blame.
Wherfore, if þou wylt eschewy*n* shame
And harm also, as wu*m*man wyhs,
To our*e* goddys anoon do sacryfyhs,
Mekely þem offry*ng* frankencence!"
To whom þus Lucye seyd hyr sentence:
„A uery & i*m*maculat sacryfyse
To god, þe fadyr of heuene, þis-wyse
Is maad: a man hym to delyte

209 Ms. Aspasye.

The fadyrlees chyldyrn to vysyte
And hem to counforte þat troublyd be;
And for I now stond in swych degre
That I not ellys haue to take to,
But my-self oonly, sacryfyse to do
To þe fadyr of heuene in humble wyse,
My-self I offre to hys sacryfyse,
For hys sake euene redy to dye."
„These wurdys, quod Pascas, þou myht, Lucye,
To a crystene fool telle, swych as þou art;
But her I seye as for my part,
Wych kepere am of þe emperours decre
And euere wyl, þi wurdys veynly seyde be;
Wherfore sece þer-of, Lucye, I preye!"
„Ya, Pascas, quod she, lyst what I seye!
Thou dredyst þi pryncys wych ben mortal,
And I drede þe god þat ys eternal;
Thou þi pryncys decrees hast in awe,
And I besy to kepe my goddys lawe;
Thou dredyst þi pryncys to offende,
And to offend my god I am dredende;
Thou desyryst þi pryncys plesaunce to do,
And I god to plesyn coueyte also.
Wherfore do þou now as þou lest,
And I wyl doon as me thynkyth best."
Quod Paschasye: „þou hast wy' coruptours
Thy patrymonye spent & wyth lecchours,
Wherfore þou spekyst as a strumpet."
„My patrymonye, quod Lucye, I haue beset
In sykyr place; but of soule ner body
Coruptours yet neuere noon had I."
„Of body & soule, o þou nyce Lucye,
Wych ben coruptou(r)s, þou vs descrye!"
„Coruptours of soule, I-wys, quod she,
And gostly auoūterers ben al ye
Wych do youre besynesse in your laboure
To makyn soulys to forsakyn her creatour —
For, as seyth seynt Poule: shrewyd talkyng
Corumpyth good maners & good lyuyng.
But þei ben coruptours of þe body
That delectacyoun preferryn here temporally

244 Ms. he st. be. 267 in st. &.

Of here flesh, wych ys mortal,
Beforn þe delycys wych eu*e*re dur*e* shal."
„I-wys, q*uod* Paschasye, þese wurdys shul fayle
Whan tormentys þe onys begy*n*ne assayle!"
„Sekyr, q*uod* Lucye, þat ys a lees,
For goddys wurdys shul neu*e*re cees."
„Ergo þou art a god?" q*uod* he.
„Thyn argument is not wurth, q*uod* she,
I am no god but I am þe hand-mayde
Of hym, wych in hys gospel seyde:
Beforn ky*n*gys & meyrys whan ye stonde
Wych me fro you to departen shuld fonde,
Not thynkyth to-forn in your*e* mende
What shal be gy*n*ny*n*g or what ende
Of swych wurdys as ye þer*e* shul seyn;
For þis I wyle ye k(n)owe certeyn:
It ys not ye þat spekyn, sothly,
But yt ys þe spyryht of your fadyr on hy
In þe blysse of heuene of myhtys most."
„Ergo, q*uod* Paschasye, þe holy gost
Is þe wyth-y*n*ne & þis-manere speche
Wych þou her*e* vsyst now doth þe teche?"
„Certeyn, q*uod* Lucye, þis weel woot I:
That þei wy^{c} chast leuyn contunelly
Her*e* in þis werd, been thorch grace
The holy gostys te*m*ple & hys dwelly*n*g-place."
Q*uod* Paschasye þan: „her*e*-ageyn shal y
Ful redyly ordeynyn a remedy,
To dryuyn þe holy gost fro the:
For to þe bordelhous þou led shat be,
Where, wylt þou or nylt, folwe þe lust
Of eu*e*re comer-þedyr nedyst þou must
Of nature aftyr the condycyoun;
And whan þou þus wy^{t} corupcyoun
Defoulyd art, I vndyrtake
The holy gost wyl þe forsake."
Q*uod* Lucye ageyn: „ful weel knowe I
That defoulyd shal neu*e*re þe body
Wyth-owtyn assent of þe soule be —
As by an exaũnple þou mayst se.
I put þis caas þat wy^{t} vyolence

286 Ms. begy*nn*ny*n*g. Vor ende ist shal ausgepunktirt. 294 Ms. y^{e} st. þe. 296 Ms. wy^{t} st. wy^{c} = wych.

Ageyn my wyl þou put frankencence
In myn hand & up-on colys reede
Beforn your goddys yt to shede
Thou me compellyst, myn hand shakyng;
Wenyst þou þat þis were plesyng
To youre goddys as for sacryfyse?
I trow nay; but in no wyse,
I dar weel seyn, to þe hy reuerence
Of my lord god no-manere offence
That shuld do nere dysplesaunce,
Wych in euery thyng more attendaunce
Takyth to þe entent þan to þe deed.
Wherefore, þow þou for þi cruelheed
Make by force þe integryte
Of my body to be reft fro me,
Yet shal I þer-to neuere assent
In soule. wherfore, what-euere torment
Thou to me lyst of þi tyranny
Applyin, to suffryn I am redy.
Why taryist so long? anoon begyn,
Thou sone of þe deuyl, & euery gyn
Of peyn wych þou kanst deuyse,
Spare not in me to excersyse!
For I wyl þou knowe I þe not fere."
Whan Paschasye herd þis answere,
Anoon to hys presence he dede calle
Of þe cyte þe Ruffyens alle —
Wych been men þat synfullye
Wummen ben customyd to selle & bye
And to settyn hem to ferme at þe bordelhous,
Ther to gete wyt her craft vycyous
Her lyuyng, & her maystrys þer-to,
Greth peyne to suffre, lesse þei so do.
And whan þei were come to þe presence
Of Paschasye, þus he hys sentence
To hem shewyd: „Syrs, I you charge:
Whan ye þis damysel han forth at large
Whom I iuge comoun wumman to be,
Makyth proclamacyoun þorgh þe cyte
That to þe bordelhous come who-so wyl,
Wyth hyr þe lust for to fulfyl

343 Ms. ferine st. ferme.

Of hys flessh at hys owe lykyng,
And doth hem to wet þat she ys ying,
Lusty & feyr, & a maydyn also:
And men þe gladlyer shul *pr*ecy*n* hyr to.
And so long hyr letyth ben excercysyd
Lych to you as I haue deuysyd,
Tyl she be deed for werynesse."
And anoon furth-wy[t] þe gu*n*ne he*m* dresse
Hyr furth to lede, as Paschasye bad.
But wyth al þe myht at þei had,
Wyth so greth wyhte þe holygost
Hyr had fyxyd þat lest & most
Styryn h*ir* ne myht ner remeue.
Wych Paschasys hert sore dede greue;
And anoon he comau*n*dyd al þe men
Wych abouty*n* hy*m* stood, þedyr to ren
And help to drawe. but yt wold not be.
And anoon he chargyd hem þat she
Shuld both handys & feet be bou*n*de;
And whan þat was doon, þe selue stou*n*de
Thedyr he ordeynyd to repeyre
Of myhty oxyn ful many a peyre,
Weel harneysyd & arayid þer-to.
But neythyr men ner bestys myht do
To hyr ryht nowt, but as an hyl
Rotyd, she stood both fyx & styl.
And whan he þis sawe, he forth dede calle
The wycchys & þe p*r*estys of þe te*m*plys alle
And p*r*eyid he*m* þat w*yth* þer*e* incantacyouns
And to her goddys w*yth* i*n*uocacyouns,
That þei shuld helpy*n* hyr forth to bry*n*ge.
But for al her crafth & here p*r*eyinge,
Ner for no thyng þei cowde deuyse,
They myht hyr steryn in no wyse.
And whan he þis sawe, weny*n*g þat she
Had by wycchecrafth þus heuy be,
Vp-on hyr oyle he dede caste,
Hopyng þer-wyth for to waste —
Aftyr þe comoun opynyou*n*s entent —
The myht of malgyk or enchau*n*tement.
But alle hys besynesse myht not auayle.

367 Ms. he st. hir. 396 malgyk st. magyk.

And whan al hys craft he saw fayle,
„Lucye, he seyd, I þe beseche,
What be þi wycchecraftys do us teche!“
„I wyl þou knowe, Pascasye, q*uod* she,
That wycchecrafth þer ys noon i*n* me,
But al þat doon ys, by þe v*er*tu
Doon ys of my lord god Jhesu.“
„How ys yt þa*n*ne, q*uod* he, dylate,
That a maydyn yung & delycate
Of a thousend men may not styryd be?“
„Sekyrly, the holy gost, q*uod* she,
Swych wychte me yeuyth, þat, þow þou do
Othyr*e* ten thousand men þer-to,
They shul me neythyr styr*e* ner meue.
For fully in þat scrypture I beleue
That seyth of hem wych to god calle
In ony nede: a thousande shul falle
On þi lyfth syde & on þi ryht hand
Shul ouyrth(r)owe ten thousand,
And be þei neuere so shrewyd of wyl,
Shal noon of hem alle neyhy*n* þe tyl.“
Wyth þis answer*e* he greuyd was sore
And in hym-self troublyd more & more,
Compasyng alle hys wyttys wyth-ynne
By what crafth or by what gynne
He moost cruelly myht to deth hyr bry*n*ge.
And whan Lucye hy*m* stondy*n* þus saw musy*n*g,
She dede þus crye: „o wrecchyd Pascaas,
Why art þou so tormentyd in þis caas,
Wych y*n*ne þi-self wyth malycyusnesse
So grethly doth þine herte oppresse?
Why art þou of colour*e* so pale, & heu?
Syth þou hast pr*o*uyd how by þe v*er*tu
Of þe holy gost I hys dwellyng-place
And hys temple am made by a specyal gr*a*ce,
Leue þine erroure & yiue credens;
And yf þou ne wylt, fast hy þe hens —
What shuldyst þou leng*er* her*e* abyde?“
Whan he þis herd, ful loude he cryde
For uery angwyssh euene of hys herte.
And anoon he chargyd men to sterte

412–6 aus Psalm 90, 7. 414 Ms. ouyrthowe, wie Agatha 611.

Feyr for to fecche, &, yt to encrees,
He bad hem bryng wax, pych & grees,
And makyn a feer hyr round aboute.
And of þe tormentours al þe route
To executyn were myry & glad
Al þat cruel Paschasye bad.
And whan þe feer began to glowe,
Vpon hyre he bad men throwe
Feruent oyle ful fast boylyng.
And whan performyd was al þis thyng,
In þe myddys stondyng of þe leye
Lucye stedefastly þus dede seye:
„I haue besowt my lord Jhesu
That þis feer mow no vertu
Or power haue to touche me,
For two causys: oon ys þat þe
The more anguysshyd I myht make,
Anothyr ys, of deth to take
Awey from crystene men þe fere
And to suffraunce of passyoun þe myhtyer."
And whan Pascasyis frendys stondyng by
Herde þese wurdys, þei wer angry,
And euene lych woodmen þe ferd:
For in hyr throte þei shouyn a swerd,
Hyr sone desyryng to confounde.
But not-wythstondyng þat greuous wounde
She kept hyr speche, & þus pleynly
To þe feythful she seyd þat stood hyr by:
„Syrs, be ryht glad! for I telle you,
To Crystys cherche pees ys yeue now:
For deed þis daye ys Maxymyan,
And from hys regne ys kast Dyoclycyan.
More-ouyr I wyl ye knowe sothly
That, as Agas for Tagatence, so am y
Thorgh goddys grace ordeynyd to be
A medyatryce for þis cyte.
Thankyth hertyly god of hys goodnesse,
That lyst for you so wele to dresse
And aftyr greth sorwe send mery tydyng!"
And whyl she þis-wyse stood talkyng,
Pascasye takyn & boundyn myhtyly

The romayns mynystrys brouht þer forby
To Rome-ward, for þei relacyoun
Haddyn þat he greth depopulacyoun
Had maad *in* the prouynce of Cecyle.
Wher whan he cam, w*yth*-yn short whyle
Acusyd, conuyct, & iugyd was he
Of þe senate hefdyd for to be;
And so home to helle he dede hym hye.
But not-for-þan seyd blyssyd Lucye
Neythyr deyid ner meuyd from þat grounde
In wych she took hyr deedly wounde,
Tyl prestys comyn & wyth holy entent
Mynystryd had hyre þe sacrament
Of Crystys body, & tyl eek alle men
W(y)ch stood be-syde had answerd amen:
And þan anoon she dede comende
To god hyr soule & forth it sende
To heuene-blysse þourgh goddys grace.
Whos body was beryid in þe same place,
And þere-ouyr a cherche made hastyly,
In wych yt ys shrynyd ful reuerently,
Abydyng þe daye of þe greth assyse.
In wych, o Lucye, in humble wyse
I the beseche þat þe translatour
Of þi legende for hys labour
By mene of þe, wych clepyd art lyht,
Aftyr þi name, may haue a syht
Of þe greth lyht & eek bryhtnesse
Of hym þat sunne ys of ryhtwysnesse
And illumynyth wyth hys grace alle men,
Whom onys to seen ys ioye, amen.
Mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

481 Ms. & st. in.

XIII. THE PROLOUG INTO SEYNT ELIZABETH LYF.

The yere of grace, who lyst attende,
As seyth Januence in hys golden legende,

A thousend and two hundyrd also
Yf thretty & oon be addyd ther-to,
The nyntende day euyn of Nouembre —
Wych ys þe threttende kalende of Decembre —
By the uertybyl cours of fatal deth
Owt of thys werd passyd seynt Elyzabeth,
Wych the kyngys doughtyr was (of) Vngarye
& wyf to Langrauye, pryince of Turyngye.
Whos lyf my wyl ys to declare
In englyssh tonge, al be yt but bare. —
Elyzabeth, as myne auctor doth expresse,
„My god knowyth“ ys for to seyne,
„My goddys seuente“, or „my goddys fulsumnesse“.
In wych threfold interpretacyoun, certeyne,
If yt be declaryd in wourdys pleyne,
Of thys blyssyd Elyzabeth men shul know moun
The synguler laude and comendacyoun.
Fyrst, as I seyde, betoknyth Elyzabeth
„My god knowyth“: & þat congruently
To hyr pertenyth, wych wyth þe swete breth
Of grace enbaumyd was so copyously
In hyr tendyr age, þat hyr werkys treuly
He approuyd & made hyr to be knowe
And throgh-out þe werde hyr fame be blowe.
Or ellys in thys threfolde cognycyoun
Of god mow wele vndyrstonden be
The thre dyuyn uertuhs, aftyr myne opynyoun,
That ys to seyn: Feyth, Hope, & Cheryte —
Wych Elyzabeth had in excellent degre,
As euery wytty man may perpende
That dylygently redyth hyr legende.
What made hyr þe werd for to despyse
In hyr tendyr age & to han uyctory
Ther-of in so many sundry wyse,
But perfyth feyth, aftyr hyr reoule, treuly?
Moyses throgh feyth so grete wex & hy
That Pharaos doughtir sone he forsuke to be —
So dede þis Elyzabeth thys werdys vanyte.
What made hyr to haue so greth pacyence
In suffraunce of trouble & of aduersyte

9 of fehlt. 14 Ms. senente. L. A.: Dei mei septima. 27–54 Zusatz des Dichters.

And þat she neuere wolde m(ak)e no resystence,
But ful hope, of god rewardyd to be? —
Wych seyth in þe gospel on þis degre:
They shuld be blyssyd wych for ryhtwysnesse
Mekely trybulacyouns suffryn & dystresse.
That she had cheryte, ys eth to knowe,
Syth cheryte includyth loue & eke pyte,
Of god & our neybours both hy & lowe;
I trowe þan þat moor had neuere noon þan she,
As, who-so abyde tyl hyr lyf red be,
Shal þereof heren meche experyence.
Lo, þus þese thre vertuhs she had by excellence!
More-ouyr Elyzabeth on þe secunde wyse
Is as mych to seyn as „goddys seuenty day“:
Wych, as myne auctor pleynly doth deuyse,
To oure Elyzabeth weel applyid be may,
For in þe seuene werkys of pyte she hyr ocupyid ay,
Or for now in seuente day of soulys rest she ys,
Abydyng þe octaue of body & soule in blys;
Or by þis nounbyr of seuene, who-so take hede,
Seuene statys wych she was yn, vnderstonde be moun:
As maydenhede, maryage, & also wydewede,
Actyf, & contemplatyf, þe relygyoun,
The seuente, where she now dwellyth, ys heuenly regyoun.
And so þe wurd to Danyel seyd affermyd of hyr may be:
That seuene tymys han chaungyd up-on the.
The threde interpretacyoun, as I seyde before,
Of þis name Elyzabeth ys „goddys fulsumnesse“,
And sygnyfyith þe ioye wych for euyrmore
Elyzabeth ys entryd thorgh goddys goodnesse;
Of wych ioye kyng Dauyd þus seyde expresse:
„I, lord, wyth þi fulsumnesse sacyat shal be
Thanne whanne þi ioye shal appere to me.“ —
Now, blyssyd Elyzabeth, for þi cherytabylnesse
Helpe us alle to comyn to þat blysful place
Where þou art in ioye wych neuer shal lesse
And euere beholdyst god in hys gloryous face;

43 Ms. me st. make. 56 l. seuente. 65 lyf fehlt.

And syngulerly helpe, þorgh þi specyal grace,
I the beseche, to dwelle w*yth* the there
Aftyr þis outlaury dame Elyzabeth Vere. Amen.

Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth, as I seyde before,
The kyngys doughtyr was of Vngarye,
Noble of byrthe, but of relygyous lore
More nobyl — for she dede magnyfye
Alle hyr kynrede & eek gloryfy
Wyth manye exaunplys of p*er*fyhtnesse,
And wyth myraclys bryht*er* þan þe skye
Enbelshyd yt by þe gr*a*ce of hyr holynesse.
No wundyr for of kende þe sou*er*eyn auctour*e*
Abouyn al natur hyr extollyd ful hye,
Whan she, þat was of beute flour*e*
And fostryd up w*yth* kyngly delycacye
Wyt many anothyr of hyr allye,
Alle chyldly thyngys dede despyse
Or ellys them treuly she dede applye
Wyth al hyr dylygence to goddys s*er*uyse.
In wyche-man*er* werkys men se moun
Hyr tendyr youthe wyth what sympylnesse
Began fyrst, & wyth what deuocyoun
From day to day she dede hyr besynesse
In studijs to ben ocupyid of goodnesse.
Veyn pleyis to despyse was hyr dylygence,
The fauour*e* to fleen of Fortunys fykylnesse,
And eu*er*emore to p*er*fytyn in goddys reu*er*ence.
For, whan she fyue yer*e* was of age
Or ellys lesse. as þe legende doth seye,
So deuouth to god was hyr corage
That to cherche she oft wold go to pr*e*ye;
And whan she ther*e* was, hyr to·getyn aweye —
To seruyn god so desyrous was she —
Hy*r* compers & hyr maydyns, for to pleye,
Anethe myht wyth·oute greth dyffyculte.
Yet whan to pleyn aftyr chyldryns guyse
Wyth hyr pleyfers brouht was she
And yche othyr chasyd in dyu*er*se wyse,

113 Ms. hys st. hyr.

Euer to chercheward she dede fle,
Sekyng ther by an oportunyte
To entryn; yn whan she come was,
God worchepyng she fel doun on hyr kne,
Or ellys in þe pawment up-on hyr faas.
And thou she of lettrure no kunnyng had,
Yet ful oftyn-tyme she wold vse
To han a sauter opyn beforn hyr sprad,
Where-in she made hyr for to muse,
And long yt was or she hyt wold refuse,
As thow she had red euen by & by,
Sekyng a colour hyr so to excuse,
Not to (be) led oute þens to hastyly.
Also ful oftyn in hyr pleying
Prostrate to ground she fel doun,
Vpon hyr face hyr-self mesuryng,
As þe pley askyd; but hyr intencyoun
Was þer-by to han an occasyoun,
Vndyr colour of pley, so couertly
To worshepyn god wyth deuocyoun,
Whom in herte (she) louyd souereynly.
She usyd also a ful noble custum:
That, yf she owt wunne by pleying,
Were yt more or lesse, þat al & summe
To opir smale maydyns pore & ying
She yaf yt anoon, þem exhortying
Her Pater noster often forto seye
And oure lady to salusyn wyth Gabriels gretyng,
And þus shem (!) inducyd for to kun prey.
Thus, as by processe of yerys she dede growe,
She encrecyd by the effect of deuocyoun.
And for in no wyse she wolde ben ouyrthrowe
By sleythe of þe deuyl or of hys suggestyoun,
She put hyr in oure ladyis proteccyoun,
Hyr mekely besechyng hyr aduocate to be;
And seynt Joon þe ewangelyst by specyal affeccyoun
She ches to be kepere of hyr uirgynyte.
For wyche entent on seynt Valentynys day,
Whan of sundry apostlys aftyr vse of þat cuntre
Vp-on sundry taprys, wych on þe auter lay,

125 sprad aus spred corr. 130 be fehlt. 146 shem st. she hem. 155 ff. Anders L. A.

Wrytyn sundry namys vsyd were to be
And yche mayde tooke oon aftyr þe casuelte,
Thryis tooke euenly Elyzabeth aloon
Aftyr þe desyre in hyr hert secre
The tapyr wych intytlyd was to seynt Joon.
Aftyr wych tyme in hyr affeccyoun
Thys blyssyd apostyl she set so hye
That, who-so askyd hyr ony petycyoun
In hys name, she ne koude yt denye.
And þat no successyoun shuld hyr ludyfye
Of werdly prosperyte, she dayly dede vse,
As ner as she koude ony about hyr spye,
Sum thyng prosperous from hyr to refuse.
Wherfore, in pleying when she sey succede
Myrthe & wantounnesse aftyr chyldyrns guyse,
Sodeynly she secyd & wold no more procede,
Seying to hyr pleyfers sadly in þis wyse:
„Oon song ys ynow, as I you deuyse,
Wherfore for goddys sake wyl we vs restreyne
From a noþir soung!“ & þus be wurdys wyse
Hyr handmaydyns from vanyte she vsyd to restreyne.
And of hyr outward port what shuld I more seyn
But þat in al hyr aray she louyd honeste
And of nyce garnementys skorn had & dysdeyn?
Also certyn vrysouns vsyd yche day she;
Wych for ony occupacyouns yf happyd lefth to be:
Thow she by hem at euyn wych dedyn hyr kepe
Constreynyd were to bedde, yet in no degre,
Tyl hyr stent were seruyd, she ne wolde slepe.
Solemne festys þis maydyn eek ful of grace
Euere kepte wyth swych deuocyoun
That no-bodi hyr sleuys to lace
She suffren wolde, tyl mes was doon;
Ne glouys on þe sunday, tyl yt was noon,
Wer yt neuere so coulde, vsyn nold she,
In þat to satysfyen hyr deuocyoun
And for þe reuerence of þe dominycal solemnyte.
And þat she shulde of swyche syngulartes
Wych þat she louyd & had in vsage,

167 l. succesee? L. A. mundi successus. 169 ner st. fer? vgl. 582. 186 stent portion.

No-wyse be lettyd, up-on hyr knees
Ful oft knelyng wyth deuouth corage
Auowyd þat neuere for no language,
Of man nere wumman, neythir greth ne smal,
From þese cerymonyis she shulde outrage,
Tyl dethe of hyr lyf vndyrmynde þe wal.
Dyuyne seruyse also wyt swych reuerence
She herd, þat, whan þe gospel shulde be
Red, & in þe sacramentis presens
Of Crystys body, euere ryht up stude she
Wyth sleuys vnlacyd, & hyr nowchys perde
She put a-syde, & eek al othyr gere
Wych to hyr hede longyde in ony degre,
On hyr shuldyr þat tyme she vsyd to bere.
And whan þis body innocent þus prudently
Had reulyd þe tyme of hyr virgynyte
And by cours of yerys successyfly
Atteynyd þe state of wummans degre,
By hyr (fadyr) constreynyd to entryn was she
The state wych longyth to weddit men,
Wych stant in þe feyth of þe trynyte
Wyth kepyng of goddys preceptis ten.
To þe wych astate, thow she, sothly,
Loth were, yet she assentyd þer-to,
Neythyr for lust nere lykyng of hir body,
But hyr fadrys wyl for she wold do,
And in þat astate þat she myht also
Educatyn, yf hyr fruht god dede sende,
Them to hys seruyse — þis meuyd hir lo
To þis conclusyoun to condescende.
But yet, er she to þe lawe was bounde
Of maryage, stondyng in hyr lyberte:
Shewyng þat no lust of flessh founde
In no-maner wyse in hyr myht be,
In a maystrys hande wyth humylyte
She a vow made: yf for to sterue
Yt happyd hyr husbonde er than she,
Perpetuel continence þat she shulde obserue.
Thus weddyd was to Langrauye, of Turyngye
The prynce, þis Elyzabeth, of contynence
The uery myrour, ful solemnelye

207 Ms. hys st. hyr. 215 fadyr fehlt.

As askyd þe stat of þer magnyfyce*n*ce,
As ordeynyd hadde goddys p*r*ouydence
That to hys loue she many shuld brynge,
Both greth & smale, & throgh hyr prudence
He*m* god to seruy*n* she shuld yeuy*n* techynge.
Wherfor*e*, althow hyr estate dede chau*n*ge
Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth by hyr fadrys decre
To swych as to hyr*e* was ful straunge,
I mene to matrymony from u*i*rgynyte,
Yet not-for-þan in hyr hert secre
Hyr affeccyou*n* wyth-owtyn chau*n*gabylnesse
Was more leef a maydyn to haue be
Than p*r*incesse or quene or emp*er*esse.
But of (how) greth deuocyou*n* & eek reu*er*ence
To godward she was, & of what mekenesse,
And efthsonys, of how greth abstynence
She was to hyr-self, & of what largenesse
And pyte to þe pore, & what tendyrnesse
Of seke men she hadde & how men in care
To cou*n*forte & chere she dede hyr besynesse,
The p*r*ocessys folwynge shul cl*er*ely declare.
To speke fyrst of preyer: of swych feruour*e*
She was þat hyr mady*n*nys she dede p*r*euente
In goyng to cherche ful many an our*e*
Or more: where þe tyme she spente
So deuouthly & wyth so holy entente
That yt semyd she purposyd to purchace
Of hym þat fro*m* heuy*n* al goodnesse sente,
Wyth hyr pryuate p*r*eers su*m* newe grace.
And not oonly in cherche þis was hyr guyse
To p*r*eyen, but eek yche nyht also
Ful oft-tymys she dede up ryse
Out of hyr bed, þe same to do,
There abydyng an our or two
In swyche p*r*eyers as hyr thoute best;
Yet hyr husbonde ful oftyn hyr p*r*eyid lo
To sparyn hyr body & hyt yeuy*n* su*m* rest.
And for þis custome she wold wele kepe
And in no wyse hyr-self þerfro restreyne:
If hyt hyr happyd ony tyme to slepe
Past hyr custom, she dede ordeyne

251 how fehlt. 258 Ms. cherely.

Oon of hyr maydyns, wych was, certeyne,
Most famylyare hyr wyth, hyr for to take
By þe bare foot & hyr soor to streyne
Ther-by, tyl she of hyr slepe dede wake.
And so yt fel þat onys on a nyht
Thys damysel, as she was wone, priuyly
To þe bed cam wyth-outyn ony lyht
And by þe foot she shoke vnwarely
The pryince. & he woke sodeynly,
And whan of þe cause he had informacyoun,
He hyt foryaf & ful prudently
Euere þer-of made dyssymulacyoun.
So þus by suffraunce of þis good man
Conformabylly yche nyght dede ryse
Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth, þis holy wumman,
As ye me han herde beforn deuyse.
But þat þe acceptabyllere þe sacryfyse
Of hyr preyers to god myht alwey be,
Them to wattryn in plenteuous wyse
Wyth wepyng eyne ful oftyn oysyd she.
And not-wythstondyng þe greth wepyng
Wych she dede vsyn in copyousnesse,
In hyr chere apperyd no dyffyguryng
By hyr terys, but rather gladnesse;
And so, who hyr sey, myht uery gesse
That ioye & sorue in hyr had swych a temperaunce
That, þow she outward shewyd trystesse,
Yet of inward ioye she hadde habundaunce.
And for to spekyn of hyr mekenesse:
A mekere creatur no-where þan she
Was neuer noon, lyche as I gesse,
For more meke, soothly, þer myht noon be;
For þe more despect thyng were in ony degre
And þe more contemtyble in sundry wyse,
Of them euere she hadde þe more cherte
And þe gladere was hem to exercyse.
Thys sempt wel by oon þat in hyr seruyse
So greuously syknyd, þe soth to seyn,
That hym to seen ych man dede agryse
And hym to touchyn had uery dysdeyn —

300 Ms. capyousnesse. 301 Ms. dyffyguryng. 303 l. atemperaunce?

Saf she alone, þis ys certeyn:
For of hym she had swyche tendyrnesse
That hys heed in hyr lap for to leyn
She hym oft suffryd, thorgh hyr gentylnesse;
And not-wythstondyng hys horrybylnesse,
Swych in mekenesse was hyr grace, lo,
That alle hys sorys both more & lesse,
Whan no madyn of hyrs wold put hand to,
Wyth a pyn or a nedle for to vndo
And lete out þe fylthe, she not dede abasshe,
And hys ruggyd (h)erys she clyppyd al-so,
And wyth hyr owyn handys hys hede to wasshe.
In ragacyouns also, aftyr hyr custum,
In lynene clothys alway clad was she
And bare-foot euere folwyd þe processyoun —
So was she groundyd in humylyte;
And eek at stacyouns wher sermons shuld be,
She nold ben among þe statys hy,
But among þe wummen of porest degre
She alwey wold syttyn ful deuouthly.
In hyr puryfycacyouns eek she ne wold
Wyth precyous gemmys hyr dysguyse,
Wyth nowchys nere wyth clothys of gold,
As of ladyis of astate yt ys þe guyse,
But by exaunple of Marye in humble wyse
In hyr owyn armys hyr chyldryn fre,
Werdly pompe so vsyng to despyse,
Wyth a lamb & a candele up offryd she.
And whan she from cherche cam home agen,
In-to hyr chaunbyr she went hastyly
And all þo clothys dede of, certeyn,
Wyth wyche to cherche she went, sothly,
And anoon forthwyth euene by & by,
Ere þan she wolde to mete goon,
To sum pore wumman wych dwellyd þer-ny
Awey she hem yaf euene euerychon.
A tokne yt was also o greth mekenesse
In hyr, þat stood in swyche lyberte
As she dede & in so greth wurthynesse,
That to oon maystyr Conrade she wolde be
Subiect, stondyng þe greth pouerte

329 Ms. erys. ad so. 331 l. rogacyouns. 342 a in astate überschr. 354 Ms. she she. 359 l. not-wythstondyng.

Wych he was yn, saf þat of kunnyng
And of doctryne ful excellent was he
And ful perfyth eke was of good lyuyng.
To whom by leue of hyr husbonde
Thys humble & most meke creature
A solemne vow made in hys ryht hande:
Hym to obeyin wyth-outyn forfature
In alle thyngis whyl hyr lyf dede endure —
And þis she dede oonly for þat entent:
To purchasyn þe meryht of obedyens pure
And by exaunple of Cryst to deyin obedyent.
Not long aftyr þis up-on a day,
Whan he hyr had clepyd to hys prechyng
And þe Markesesse of Menence kept hyr away,
That she ne myht kepyn hys byddyng:
So greuously he bare hyr absentyng
That no foryiuenesse he wolde hyr hete
Tyl, to hyr smok voydyd hyr clothyng,
Wyth othyr gylty maydyns she was bete. —
O uery mekenesse, o blyssyd obedyence!
What wumman koude now obeyin to
Swych a comaundement wyth-oute offence,
As dede þis myroure of pacyence, lo!
Vnneth ony nunne yt mekely wolde do,
And to seyn pleyn treuthe, I trowe yt nolde here
Wyth-owtyn murmur & grucchyng also
Neythyr prest ner munk, chanoun ner frere.
For both of men & wummen also
The molde þese dayis ys so sore alayde
Wyth froward wyl, þat, for to do
Swyche obedyencys yf þei were asayide,
They wolde compleyn & ben euyl apayid;
And þis ys o greth cause, as I dar wele saye,
That relygyous gouernaunce ys so sore affrayid,
For dew coreccyouns ben al put aweye.
But in þis mater I wyl no ferthyr walk
Ner þer-of do make lenger exclamacyoun —
For perauentur, yf I dyde treuly talke,
Sum folk wolde haue greth indygnacyoun
That fro my mater swych dylatacyoun

366 Ms. forfatoure mit auspunkt. o. 373 Ms. Meuence; L. A.: marchionissa Misenensi.

I dede make wyth-owtyn nede;
Wherfore to cece I make protestacyoun
An ageyn to Elyzabeth I wyl me spede. —
I sey, þis myrour of uery obedyence,
Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth, þe soth to seyn,
Greth rygour vsyd of streyht abstynence
And wyth vygylyis & dyscyplynys hir body dede peyn;
And ful oftyn also she hyr dede restreyne
From hyr husbondys bed & in priue manere
Al nyht slepelees, þis ys certeyne,
She perseuerently lay in hyr preyere.
And yf yt happyd ony whyle þat she lest,
Aftyr þat she long had wacchyd be,
To graunt hyr body to haue sum rest,
Constreynyd by þe comoun necessyte
Of slepe — as yt nedyth mannys freelte:
To bed to hyr lord she nolde goon ageyn,
But euyn in þe flore al clade wolde she
Down on tapytys to slepe hyr leyn.
Hyr maydyns also she vsyd to charge
Ful oft-sythys, in hyr lordys absence,
Wyth yerdys, wych wer both grete & large,
Hyr body to betyn wyth greth vyolence —
And þis she dede to make a recompence
Of Crystys chorgynge to þe byttyr peyn,
And eek þat she wyth swych sharpnesse
Hyr flesh from wantounnesse she myht refreyn.
More-ouyr, hyr abstynence in etyng
And drynkyng to knowyn yf we wyl muse,
And temperaunce eek in al swych thyng,
I say þat ful oftyn she dede vse
At þe table syttyng, hyr to excuse
To hyr husbonde, oonly for that entent
That delycat metys she myht refuse,
And wyth symple brede oonly to be content.
For maystyr Conrade hyr had streythly
Chargyd, no-wyse þat she shuld eete
Of hyr houshould-metys wych conscyensly
Hyr thoute hyr seruauntys dede not gete.
And for þis charge she nold forgete:

412 l. wacchyng.

Whan othyr delycatly dede habounde,
She & hyr maydyns oftyn dede frete
The most groos metys þat myht be fou*n*de.
But notwythstondyng þe *gr*eth streyhtnesse
That to hyr-self she vsyd contunely,
Yet mete she wolde both hanlyn & dresse
And departyn hyt aboutyn ful plenteuously
Throgh-out þe (h)alle, both fer & ny —
Thys was þat in hyr of sup*er*stycyou*n*
No n*o*te shuld be, but wyth curteysy
Alle gestys comyng she glad shuld moun.
It fel on a tyme, aftyr a longe iourne,
Whan she both feynt was & wery,
That to mete were set hyr lorde & she
An seruyd wyth met wych, certeynly,
Wer not as she trowyd get ryhtfully;
Wherfore blak brede & hard also
In hote watyr moystyd, ful pacyently
Wyth hyr maydyns she eet, & content was so.
For wych cause of hys most clere expe*n*ce
A certeyn porcyou*n* assygnyd he
Wherby wyth-owte scrupyl of *con*scyence
She & hyr maydyns myht fou*n*dyn be
Wych wer assentyd to lyuy*n* in swych degre
As her lady dede. but not-for-than
Mete of þe courte ful often left she
And eet þe meet of su*m* good pore man.
Whan Langrauye þis man*er* of reule dede here
Of hys wyf, he hyt suffryd pacyently
And neue*r*e yt grucchyd in wurde & chere
But rether yt approuid i*n* hys thought p*r*euy,
And ful oftyn he seyd very feythfully:
Ne had be in part for the wardys shame
And for trowble also of hys meny,
He gladly wold han done þe same.
The state more-ouyr of wylful pou*er*te,
Wych no-weye contendyth for to be gaye,
Not-wythstondyng hyr hy dygnyte
In wyl she desyryd from day to day —
And þat for two causys, þe soth to sey:
Fyrst to Crystys pou*er*te for to be kynde,

445 l. handlyn. 447 Ms. alle st. halle. 449 Ms. nete st. note.

And þat þe werde wyth hys po*m*pous aray
Shuld of hys i*n* hyr ony p*r*opyr thyng fynde.
Wherfore ful oftyn þis blyssyd matrone,
Whan in hyr chau*n*byr euene p*r*euyly
Wyth hyr owy*n* maydy*n*s she was alone,
She hyr wolde arayin ful porely
Whyth rude clothys & also on hy
Vp-on hyr hede leyn a foule kerche,
Seying: „lo þus wyl I goon, sothly,
Wha*n*ne I come to þe state of pouerte."
And thow wyth þe brydyl of abstynence
She hyr-self refreynyd, as herd haue ye,
Yet to pore men swych affluence
Of almesse shersyd (!) & swych lyberalte,
That she noon suffryd wych she myht se
In-to myserye or myschef for to falle.
Wherfore thorgh-oute al þat cuntre
„Modyr of pore men" folk dede hyr calle.
And to þe seuene werkys of mercy
Wyth greth dylygence she dede intende
And hem euer*e* fulfyllyd ryht deuouthly,
For þat entent þat she myht *com*prende
That frendely blyssyng wych Cryst shal sende
To hys chosen chyldren whan in aspecyal
Of þese werkys he þem shal comende
And seyn: comyth takyth þe kynda*m* et*e*r*n*al!
And shortly to makyn a rehersayle
Of hem, I saye þ*at* she wold gladely
Clothe þe pore nakyd, ner she nold fayle
Pore pylgrymys to beryin ful honestly;
She made also crysmys ful dylygently
For pore chyldryn whan þai shul crystyn(d) be,
And wolde be godmodyr, þat she þer-by
To helpe hem myht haue þe more lyberte.
Ful oftyn wyth hyr maydyns also wold she
Wyth hyr owy*n* handys wul spyn & dresse,
To makyn of cloth — & þat for causys thre:
Fyrst wyth hyr labour to excludy*n* ydylnesse,
Exaunple eek to shewy*n* of mekenesse,
The thryd cause ys þat wyt þe labour*e*

482 ony st. noon. 494 shersyd st. she seruyd. 504 l. espec*y*al. 506 Ms. þe st. þat. 512 Ms. crystyn.

Of hyr owyn handys she myht doon almesse
To pore men wych askyd for Crystys honour.
The hungry more-ouyr she vsyd to fede,
Yeuyng vytalys ful plenteuously
To alle þo peples wych weryn in nede,
But in tyme of derthe most copyously.
Wherfore onys, whan hyr husbonde, sothly,
Wyth Frederyk þe emperoure was at Cremone,
Alle hys garners she emptyd vttyrly
And delt corn aboute, where ony made mone.
Drynk also wyth ryht glad chere
Ful oftyn she yaf on-to þe thrusty.
Wherof a greth myracle, as ye shal here,
Fel onys: for, whyl she to a greth company
Yaf bere in a cuppe ful dylygently
Wyth hyr owyn handys thorgh hyr mekenesse,
Whan þei alle had dronkyn suffycyently
Yet of beere in þe cuppe was neuyr þe lesse.
And for to spekyn of hyr hospytalyte:
She þer-yn had so gret affeccyoun
That pylgrymys & al men in pouerte
To herberwyn she vsyd wyth deuocyoun.
Wherfore an hospytale in þe vale doun
Euene vndyr þe castel she dede make,
In wych þo þat up shuld not clymbyn moun
Shuld receyuyd ben & hyr almes take.
But not-wythstondyng þe dyffyculte
Of to & fro-goyng, both up & doun,
Yet yche day onys at þe lest wold she
Of þis hospytal makyn vysytacyoun
And to þe seke men makyn admynystracyoun
Of swych as þey nedyd, & þer-wyth-alle
She hem yaf many an exhortacyoun
That þei from pacyence shuld not falle.
And þow she euery stynkyng exalacyoun
Of þe eyr bare alwey ful heuyly,
Yet for goddys loue seke mennys corrupcyoun
She not abhorryd but ful pacyently
It suffryd euyr, & eek ful dylygently
Hyr besyid hem for to helpe & cure,

551 ad in admynystracyoun überschr. 555 Ms. ouery.

Whan hyr maydyns wych stodyn by
Vnneth of hem myht þe breth endur.
Pore wummens chyldryn also vsyd she
In þat place to kepyn ful many oon,
To wych she shewyd as grete cherte
As she modyr had be to þem euerychon;
And whanne she cam, sume to hyr runne anoon
As chyldryn to þe modyr, & sume dede crepe,
And eftsonys, whan she awey dede goon,
As she here modyr had ben, þei gunne wepe.
Smale pottys of glas she onys dede beye
And anelectys eek, wych ryht freel be,
The chyldryn þer-wyt for to pley,
As yt was þe guyse of þat cuntre.
And as in hyr lappe doun broght hem she,
From þe hyest cra vnwarely at onys
They fel, noon harmyd in no degre,
Al-be-yt þei fel on ryht greth stonys.
Seke wummen eek was hyr delyte,
In þat cuntre wych bedlaure dede lye,
Both yunge & olde, for to vysyte,
As fer as she ony koude aspye;
And here preuy chaunbrys she wold yn prye
To knowyn her nede, ful dylygently,
And þem to counforth she wold hyr hye
Both wyth wurde & dede, cherytabylly.
In wych dede, as me semyth, sothly,
She by fyue-folde of consyderacyoun
Of god purchasyd rewarde eternally:
Fyrst by propyr & personel vysytacyoun,
By trauayle eek in goyng up & doun,
The thrydde ys compassyoun & pyte,
The fourte ys gostly consolacyoun,
The fyfte of temporal subsydye ys plente.
She also wele louyd to beryin pore men,
And in þat dede she had swyche lykyng
That, whan of ony she herde, she fast dede ren
Tyl she cam þer, wyt hyr beryng
Sum-maner cloth of hyr owyn makeyng,
In wych she myht þe deed body leyn;
And tyl yt were beryid, for no thyng

572 l. annulettys; L. A.: olliculas et annullos vitreos. 575 t in broght überschr. 588 tilge of.

Home she ne wolde returne ageyn.
And onys yt happyd þat no thyng redy
Aftyr hyr entent she myht fynde
To wrap in a mannys deede body,
For, þat she ordeynyd, was left behynde
For greth haste. & þer-wyth to hyr mynde
Cam hyr greth vayle: & anoon she hyt rent,
The deed body there-yn to wynde,
And þer-yn yt beryid wyth humble entent.
Lo, þus exercysyd was þis blyssyd wumman
In þe seuene werkys of bodyly pyte,
An mo wysys þan I now tellyn can.
In wych eke hyr husbonde comendyd may be,
For to godwarde ryht deuouht was he,
And, for he swych werkys myht not tendyn to,
Hys wyf leue he yaf and auctoryte
For her bothyns profyht what hyr lyst to do.
Thus longe to-gedyr lyuyd these two,
Langrauye & Elyzabeth, ful uerteuously.
And up-on a day she hym þus seyd to:
„Dere spouse, whom next god most tendyrly
I loue, & euere haue done, treuly,
I counsel you fully you to delyte
To leuyn alle þese ocupacyouns werdly
And þe londe of behest for to vysyte —
I mene Jerusalem & al þat cuntre
In wych Cryst made hys bodyly pylgrimage
And for oure sake þer deyid on a tre,
Betrayid by þe iewys cruel outrage;.
Wych now hethyn men kepyn in seruage.
Where yf þou woldyst wyth a deuouth entent
To delyueryn yt exercysyn þi corage,
I ne kan seen where yt myht bettyr be spent.
Bettyr no, ner nowher ellys so weel
In þis werd, y dar ryht boldly seye;
For, who be þe cours of þe fatal whele
In þat holy iourne happe for to deye:
If he be clene, he goth a sykyr weye,
To heuenewarde for he may not fayle.
Wherfore, husbonde, I yow counsel & preye
For soule-hele forsake not þis trauayle!“

Thus thorgh þese wordys & many mo
Of Elyzabeth Lan*g*rauye was steryd, treuly,
To Jerusalem on pylg*ri*mage for to go
And ageyn þe hethene to fyhty*n* manly.
And whan he hym (had) made al redy
And shuld furth passyn on hys pylg*ri*mage,
To takyn hys leue he cam ful goodly
To Elyzabeth, stondyng in opyn place.
And þer anoon ful many a wattry*ng* face
Of lordys & ladyis men myht aspye!
And þe comou*n*s þer clothys dede al to-race
And weptyn eek wyth-outyn remedye,
And su*m*me lowde „allace allace“ dede crye,
„Why forsakyst us, our*e* lord, o Langrauy?“
But Elyzabeth hyr eyne fro*m* terys kept drye
And þus to hym seyde ful wu*m*manly:
„Wyth what affeccyou*n* & how enterely
I þe loue, dere spouse, & euyr haue do,
No man knowyth but god, & þou & I,
Wych not oonly in fleshe bodyly lo
By þe knot of spousayle ioynyd hath us two
But in spyryth eek thorgh hys cheryte
So to-gedyr confedryd hath so
That i*m*possyble ys vndo þe knot to be.
But why I now shuld wepe in ony wyse,
Resonable cause kan I noon se,
Syth I se þe goon to doon hym se*r*uyse
Whom I loue in most souereyn degre.
Su*m*tyme I sorwyd whan thow wentyst fro me,
But now neythyr sorwyn ne wepy*n* I may,
Be so þat Cryst thorgh hys benygnyte
The grace yiue to seruyn hym to hys pay.“
Thus Langrauye, as Crystys owy*n* knyht
Armyd in uertu & in cheryte,
Leue takyn goodly of euery wyht,
To Jerusalem forth took hys iourne.
Where whan (he) had a certeyn tyme be
And in goddys cause quyt hy*m* ful manly,
The froyht of hys labour þere receyuyd he
And deyid & went to goddys mercy.
And þus entryd Elyzabeth consequently

647 had fehlt. 655 Ms. forsakyst þou mit ausgestr. þou. 665 So st. vs? 679 he fehlt.

The state of wydewod — in wych þat she
Exercysyd was ful uerteuously
And assaylyd wyth ful myche aduersyte,
And hyr pacyence assayid in sundry degre;
But she so was rotyd in stedefastnesse
That in no wyse she hurt myht be,
For alle thyng she suffryd wyth gladnesse.
Anoon þan, as by þe trumpet of fame
Blowe was thorgh-owt al Turyngye
Langrauyis deth, Elyzabethys grame
Began to growyn: for euene sodeynly
Langrauyis brothyr by uery tyrauntrye,
As she a wastour & a dystroyour had be,
From hyr dowarye hyr drof ful vnpytouslye
And from alle þat she hadde in ony degre.
And whan she was brought to swych pouerte
That she ne hadde where hyr heed to leye,
In a tauerners hous in a swyncote lay she,
Tyl mydnyht; & þan she took þe weye
To a place of menours & hem dede preye
Te deum laudamus to synge wyth deuocyoun,
That he hyr maad wurthy, er she dede deye,
To suffren despyht & persecucyoun.
The next day aftyr compellyd she was,
Wyth hyr yunge chyldryn & hir maydyns also
Of oon of hyr enmyis to dwellyn in þe place,
Where a streyht loggyng was sygnyd hyr to;
And both hyr ost & hyr ostes hyr dede do
Alle þe greuaunce þat þei coude deuyse.
And whan she þis sey, ful humbylly lo
Bad þe wallys fare wele, seying þis-wyse:
„Yf I hadde foundyn in þis place here
In men & wummen ony gentylnesse,
I wolde han leue take of hem wyth a glad chere;
But syth I noon fynde, I me hens wyl dresse.“
And þus constreynyd by ful greth dystresse,
To hyr fyrst herberwe ageyn she went;
But fyrst hyr chyldryn for þere tendyrnesse,
To be norsshyd, to sundry placys she sent.
And onys hyr happyd to pacyn forth by
A ryht foule weye, whedyr she wold goon,

695 Ms. tyrayuntrye. 703 Ms. in st. &. 723 Ms. lappyd.

Wych ryht depe was & ryht vnesy,
Wher-yn was leyde ful many a stoon,
Many a blok & many an hors-boon
In wych men myht skape goyng warlye,
And ellys pleynly þer myht noon
Scapyn awey wyth clothys drye.
And euene as she entryd had þe strete,
An old wu*m*man, to whom hyr m*er*cy
She oftyn had shewyd, she ther dede met,
But weye she hyr yeuyn nolde, treuly;
And so in þe slooth she fel rewly.
And as sone as she myht, she dede up ryse
And was not wroth, but low meryly,
And wypt hyr clothys in ful besy wyse.
Aftyr þis an abbesse of greth dygnyte,
Wych hyr grau*n*dam was by lyneal descence,
Hauyng compassyou*n* of hyr pouerte,
To þe bysshope hyr broht of Hauen*b*eregen*ce*,
Wych was hyr eme, a man of greth reu*er*ence.
And he hyr receyuyd ful honestly,
Purposyng to doon al hys dylygence
Hyr ayen to maryin ful sole*m*nely.
And whan hyr maydyns þis herd pr*e*uyly
Wych w*yth* hyr had vowyd to ke(pe) chastyte,
In her hertys inward þei wer sory,
Dredyng uttyrly þat yt so shuld be;
Wherfore þei weptyn, þat pyte was to se.
And whan þei yt hyr tolde, ful sor*e* wepyng,
She fyrst was astoynyd of þat nouelte,
And þus aftyr þem cou*n*fortyd, mekely sey*ing*:
„I truste i*n* my god oonly, for whos loue
Perpetuel avowyd I haue contynence,
Þat he wyl my purpose gracyously approue
And brekyn to þat cont*r*arye eu*er*y uyolen*ce*
And geyn al ma*n*nys cou*n*sel make resyste*n*ce;
And yf I noon opir wyse may me sur*e* make,
Kuttyn of my nose I shal in her*e* pr*e*sence;
Þan me so dyfformyd no man shal wyl take."
And forth-wyth at þe bysshopys comau*n*dem*e*nt
Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth ful of humyly(t)e
Maugre hyr teth to a castel was sent,

728 in st. on? 737 low laughed. 742 L. A. Babenbergensem. 748 Ms. toke st. to kepe. 756 Ms. contynente. 764 Ms. humylye.

Ther to abydyn hyr frendys decre
And to sum wurthy man maryid to be;
But she hyr comyttyd to god *in* hyr thouht.
And in þe mene-tyme fro be-yonde þe se
Hyr husbondys bonys by goddys *grace* wer broht.
Thanne anoon ageyn she fecchyd was þens,
Wyth þe seyd bonys to metyn deuouthly.
And whan þat she was commyn, wyth greth
reuerence
The bysshope & she wyth a greth cumpany
Them ageynys wentyn processyonelly.
And whan þei were receyuyd. she dede conuerte
To godward in heuene hyr eyne mekely,
Thus to hym seying wyth a deuouth hert:
„Euere-lestyng honour, lorde, be to the,
Wych in myne husbondys bonys home sendynge
Hast vouchydsaf of þi benygnyte
Thy wrechyd handmayd to yiuyn gladynge!
Thow knowyst wel, lorde, thow y hym þe
lyuynge
Louyd next þe, yet, lord, for þine honoure
I gladly hym wantyd & wyth-oute wepynge
To Jerusalem I sent hym, yt for to sokour.
And al-be-yt to me ful delectable yt were
Wyth hym to han lyuyd euere in swych pouerte
That yche of vs shulde haue been a beggere
And thorgh al þe werd sowt oure necessyte,
Yet wold I not, lord, wytnesse of the,
Ageyn þi wyl hys raunson appende
Oon heer of myn hede; wherfore hym & me
Oonly to þi grace I lowly recomende."
And whan she þis-wyse receyuyd had
Hyr husbondys bonys fro be-yunde þe se,
Inwardly in hert she was ful glad;
And anoon she wyth greth solemnyte
Hem dede beryin. & aftyr þat seyd she
Thys-wys to þe bysshope in wurdys pleyn:
„Syr, syth my lord ys now comyn home to me,
Othyr husbonde wyl I neuere haue noon, certeyn."
And þat þe hundyrdfold fruht she ne shuld lese
Wych longyth to hem þat wyth stedefastnesse

792 appende st. expende; l. for hys raunson.

Of Crystys gospel þe *per*feccyou*n* do chese
And fro þe lyfth hand passyth of wrechydnesse
To þe ryht hand of heuenely blysfulnesse,
The state she entryd of pore relygyoun,
Wylful pouerte w*yth* chast clennesse
Kepyng & of obedyence þe subieccyou*n*.
Hyr habyth co*nte*mptyble & of lytyl valu
Was russet, þe werst þat myht be founde.
Wych ful oftyn wyth cloth of a nothyr heu
Was le*n*gthyd. þat yt myht touche þe grounde;
And for al nyce pryde she wold confounde,
Wha*n*ne hyr sleuys wer rent, wer seruyd þe same.
And for she in mekenesse so dede habounde,
To spynny*n* & cardy*n* she hadde no shame.
And whan hyr fadyr. þe kyng of Vnga*r*y,
As ys seyd beforn, al þis dede here,
How she was brouht to pou*er*te & myserye,
An erl he sent, wych he louyd entere.
Thedyr anoon, hyr to cou*n*fortyn & chere
And to steryn hyr to returne to hy*m* ageyn.
And whan to hyr p*re*sence he gan appere,
He astoynyd was & þus dede seyn:
„Was neue*re* kyngys doughty, I trow, certeyn,
So euyl arayid & in so rode degre
Seyn syttyng & vsyn werkys vyleyn!“
And anoon dounknelyng to hy*re* seyd he:
„Leue al thys. lady, & return wyth me
Home to your fadyr w*yth*-owt mo*re* let!“
But for nouht he coude seyn, yt nolde be,
For þus to lyuyn & deyin hyr hert was set.
And þat hyr hert myht oonly to god up pace
And so no lettyng shuld han hyr deuocyoun,
She hym prey.d enterly of hys specyal g*r*a*n*ce
That he hyr graun*t*yn wold of al tempo*r*al
possessyou*n*
Contempt, & fro*m* hyr hert al delectacyoun
Of hyr chyldryn takyn in eue*r*y degre,
And ageyn al spyht & eek desolacyoun
Constau*n*th & pacyent eue*re* for to be.
And whan she had pr·yid hertyly þis-wyse,
To hyr maydyns she seyd: „god my preyer*e*

819 Ms. urspr. vngery.

So hath herd þat I as dung now despyse
Al *tempo*ral þ*ingis*, & my chyldry*n* here
To me þan oþir me*n*nys be no more dere,
And despyht & reproue I set ryht not by:
And þerfore, me semyth, w*yth* myn h*er*te entere
I loue no thyng ellys but god hy*m*-self oonly."
Eek maystyr Conrade hyr for to pr*o*ue,
Joynyd hyr oftyn þingys to hyr ful *con*(t)*rar*y;
And two maydyns wych she lengest dede loue,
Wych wyth hyr of youthe had be contunely,
He put awey out of hyr cu*m*pany —
And þis he dede oonly to þ*a*t ende
That hyr dygnytes & hyr fyrst glory
They shulde not reducyn out o) hyr mynde.
But in al hys p*re*ceptys euene by & by
Wych he hyr bad, wyth-out resystence
Or murmur or grocchyng eu*er*emore redy
She was fou*n*dyn to hys obedy·nce,
And þer-wyth constau*n*te to pacyence:
By wych hyr soule she myht possede.
And by meke obecyau*n*ce w*yth*-outy*n* vyolence
She myht vyctory han & heuene to mede.
And oft she seyde: „yf for god drede y
An erdely man, þe heuenely iuge to fere
Mych more I owe. & þerfore trewely
To þis pore man wyche ys but a begg*er*e
I chese to be subiect & obedyent rathe*r*e
Than to ony oþir mor· ryche man,
To eschew al occasyou*n*s þat I myht lere
By wych tempo*r*al cou*n*fort I ony myht han."
Aftyr þis yt happyd in-to a nu*n*nery
Hyr onys to entry*n* w*yth*-owty*n* hys leue,
Requyryd of þe nu*n*nys ful deuouthly.
Wych hym so sore dede agr·eue
That not wyth wurde oonly he hir dede rep*r*eue,
But he hyr so sore eek dede betyn be
That thre wokys aftyr both morwe & eue
The merkys of hyr wu*n*dys men myht se.
And þan to hyr maydyns she dede seye,
Both for here & hyr*e* owy*n* consolacyoun:
„Lyche as, whan a flode rysyth up heye,

852 *conrary*. 858 Ms. out st. onto.

Gres goth vndyr, & whan yt fallyth doun,
Gres surmountyth: so, whan afflyccyoun
To us comyth, we owyn wyth mekenesse
Vs to submyt, & whan yt sesyth, we moun
Rysyn up to God wyth (g)oftly gladnesse."
And so wele she grounded was in loulynesse
That she nolde suffryn in no-maner wyse
Hyr maydyns hyr clepyn lady nere maystresse.
Nere, whan she cam, ageyn hyr for to ryse,
As among ientelys yt ys þe guyse,
Nere in þe plurere nounbyr spekyn hyr to
But oonly in þe syngulere, she hem dede deuyse.
As souereyns to subiectys be won to do.
She dysshys in þe kechyn ful oftyn also
Wolde wasshyn & wypyn, (&), to exclude lettyng,
Hyr maydyns she sent oþir thyngys to do
In þe mene-tyme of þis doyng.
And ful oftyn she seyd wyth chere smylyng:
If ony lyf of more despecteuousnesse
She coude han fondyn in ony thyng,
She hyt wold han chosyn wyth greth gladnesse.
Aftyr þis, þat she myht wyth Marye
Of þe best part han sum porcyoun,
Hyr-self ful dylygently she dede applye
To ben exercysyd in contemplacyoun.
In wych she had so greth consolacyoun
That, aftyr terys wych she shedde copyously,
She had many an heuenely vysytacyoun
And men to loue god she steryd besyly.
And þis grace she had most syngulerly:
That, whan she sempte most mery to be,
Than of pore deuocyoun most copyously
She terys out shedde ful of pyte;
And þat was doon in so meruelous degre
That wepyng & ioying to ony manys syht
To-gedyr she was, for no deformyte
Ner rymple aspyin in hyr no man myht.
„For tho wych in wepynge, quod she,
Deformen her chere inordynally
And altryn here face in sundry degre,
God to skornyn þei seme, treuly.

890 Ms. oftly st. gostly. 900 & fehlt.

But so to doon yt ys vncomely;
Wherfore yche man for hys byhoue
That he yeuyth god, yeue yt gladly,
For a glad yiuer god doth loue."
And in þis astate of contemplacyoun
Wych she wyth Marye dede excercyse,
Many an holy reuelacyoun
And many a vysyoun of hy empryse
To hyr was shewyd in sundry wyse.
Of wych oon I now entende
Here to tellyn. as doth deuyse
Jannence in hys golden legende.
Onys, swych tym as euery man
That crystene ys doth hys deuer
Wyth al þe dylygence þat he kan
From synne to make hys conscy(e)nce clere,
I mene in lente, wyth þe feer
Enflawmyd of perfyht cheryte
In a cherche in deuouth preyer
As she lay. thus vysytyd was she:
On-to þe awter as she hyr eyne
Vpward kest wyth greth dylygence,
So sadly fyxid þei wer both-tweyne
And stablysshyd wyth so greth reuerence
As she had ben in goddys presence —
And þis enduryd a ful longe space; —
Wher wyth heuenely influence
And gostly conforth she refresshyd was.
But whan she home cam & for febylnesse
In hyr maydyns lappe lenyd softly,
Owt at a wyndow she dede dresse
To heueneward hyr eyne ful deuouthly:
And anoon forth-wyth euene sodeynly
Swych gladnes in hyr þer dede appere
And swych ioye, þat ryht enterly
She low & wyth thy hertly chere.
And whan she longe in þis vysyoun
Of greth gladnesse had counfortyd be,
Sodeynly hyr hert syne she kest doun
And shed oute terys in greth plente.
And eftsonys she low as fyrst dede she,

961 Ms. nyht st. ryht. 962 Ms. thy st. hy.

And aftyr wept ageyn ful plenteuously;
And tyl complyn-tym in swych degre
She alteryd þe tyme meruelously.
And whan þat she longe in þis manere
Contunyd had, no word seyng,
At þe last wyth a ful glad chere
She gan to oysyn þis talkyng.
As she had answerd to a nothyr spekyng:
„Ya. lord, wylt þou ben wyth me,
So to be wyth þe yt ys my lykyng,
And from þe neuere departyd to be.“
And aftyr þis whan she preyid was
Of hyr maydyns wyth humble supplycacyoun
That she wolde of a specyal graas,
To goddys worshepe & here edyfycacyoun,
Declaren to hem hyr reuelacyoun
That she had þan, & what yt ment:
And by here importune preyer ouyr-comyn,
She þus hem shewyd hyr entent:
„I sawe þan, quod she, heuene on hy
Beforn me opnyd, to my semyng,
And Jhesu, my loue, most benygnely
Of hys good grace to me bowyng;
And whan I hys chere most bryht shynyng
Behelde, so ful I was of gladenesse:
Myn hertys ioye þan wyth lawhyng
Me thouht I coude no bettyr expresse.
And eftsonys whan yt hys goodnesse
Lykyd hys presence to wythdrawyn fro me,
I so oppressyd was wyth heuynesse
And ouyrcomyn wyth sorwe in swyche degre
As ye þan dede beholde and se,
And for I myht not hym wyth me kepe
At my wyl, whan he dede fle,
I koude noht ellys but sorwyn & wepe.
But whan yt plesyd hys mercyfulnesse
On me to rewyn & han mercy,
He shewyd me ageyn þe bryhtnesse
Of hys glad chere & seyd goodly:
„„Yf þou wyth me wylt ben, sothly,
I wyl be wyth þe, be not aferde!““

970 Ms. altenyd. 974 Ms. oysyn mit v über auspunkt. oy.

And I hym answerde ageyn redely
Euene in swych forme as ye haue herde."
And þan hyr maydyns gunne hyr beseche
That þe vysyoun wych at þe autere
Che had in cherche, she wold hem teche.
And she hem answerd in þis manere:
„It nedyth not you þat for to here;
But þis I wyl ye knowe, treuly,
That in ioye & myrth I was entere
And þer many a prynce of god I sy."
And not oonly þus in contemplacyoun
Thys blyssyd wumman had þat honour
To be inspyryd wyth heuenely reuelacyoun,
But hyr preyer eek had swych fauour,
So strong was eek & of swyche vygour,
That sum wych cold bodyly were
And gostly, yt causyd of both feruour,
As by an exaunple ye may lere.
A yong man oo tyme she dede se
Arayid, as she thouhte, to seculerly;
To whom she seyd in þis degre:
„Yung man, þou lyuyst to dyssoluthly
An seruyst not oure souereyn lord on hy;
Desyryst ony helpe of my preyere?"
„Ya, þat I do, quod he, sekyrly.
I beseche yow þer-of wyth hert entere."
And she anoon wyth ful glad chere,
Desyryng þis yung man for to wynne,
Bygan to makyn hyr preyere,
An counselyd hym eek for hys synne
To preyin also. & anoon wyth-ynne
He wex uery hoot in al hys body;
Wherfore, of preying þat she wolde blynne,
He hyr besowht ful benygnely.
But she preyid furth & wold not cece,
Wyth deuouht herte & entent pure;
And euere hys hete dede more encrece,
Þat no lengere hym þouht he yt myht endure;
Wherfore he cryid: „o blysful creature,
Sesyth of preying. I beseche yow!
For so sore I brenne, þat my nature

1013 Ms. Che st. she.

Consumyth & wastyth, but I ne woot how."
And in uery treuth so hote was he
That he swet & rekyd meruelously,
And hys armys, as he wood had be,
Kest to & fro & al hys body —
As ych man myht se þat stode hym by,
Wych hym myht neyþir reule ne stere;
And so he ferd euere contunely,
Whyl Elyzabeth contunyd hyr preyere.
And whan she secyd & preyid no more,
Hys heet eek secyd, & he mekely
Knelyng thankyd hyr þerfore:
And anoon he, compunct inwardly,
Seyng how strong & how myhty
Hyr preyer was, wyth an holy entent
The werd he forsuke uttyrly
And to þe menours ordre went.
Of þe holy conuersacyoun of þis wumman,
Blyssyd Elyzabeth, who-so lyst to knowe,
Mo exaunplys he redyly may han
In Januencis legend, wych ys kouth & knowe;
Two or thre stondyn euene by rowe
Next þis wych last I of made mende.
But as for me now, best ys, I trow,
To eschewe prolyxite, to make an ende.
For, þow I had kunnyng for to ryme
And eek to endyten as copyously
As had Gower & Chauncers in þer tyme
Or as now hath þe munk of Bery,
Joon Lytgate. yet cowd not I
Thys b yssyd wumman Elyzabeth commende
Aftyr hyr merytys suffycyently;
And þerfore to secyn I now intende.
What tym þat god þis blyssyd creature,
Thys holy Elyzabeth, þorgh hys goodnesse
Delyueryn wold from þe foule ordure
Of þis woful werdys wrechydnesse
And bryngyn hyr up to þe gladsumnesse
Of þe blysse of heuene: to hyr he sent,
To been hyr massagere, a feruent accesse;
And she yt receyuyd wyth glade entent.

1077 Ms. Chauncees (vgl 1, 177). 1088 Ms. be st. he. 1089 hyr st. hys?

And as she lay in þis syknesse,
To þe wall she hyr turnyd sodeynly,
And euyn furthw*yth* of greth swetnesse
Syngyng she made a melody.
And anoon hyr maydyns stondy*n*g by
To hyr went & hyr dede beseche:
Of þis melodyus song þe cau*s*e why
She wold fouchesaf hem for to teche.
To whom demurely þus answe(r)d she:
„I wyl þat ye haue ful knowlechyng
That here betwyx þe wal & me
Cam sodeynly a feyr*e* byrd flying,
*S*wych as I neuyr sawe *in* my lyuyng,
And to syng began *in* so sweth manere
That I ne myht me *con*teyne for no thy*n*g
But song wyth hyr, as ye dede here.“
And in þis syknesse she eu*er*e mery
Was & neu*er*e secyd for to preye.
But whan hyr tym neyhyd ny,
That ys to seyn whan she shuld deye,
The day beforn she þus dede seye
To hyr maydyns: „what wold ye do,
If þe deuyl, wych ych man to trey
Is eu*er*e besy, come now yow to?“
And anoon aftyr she had seyd so,
Wyth an hy voys she gan to crye,
As þow þe deuyl she had spoke to:
„Fle fast awey & hens thė hye“ —
And þus thryis she dede specyfye
Thys wurd fle — „for I the despyse.“
Aftyr wych wurdys ful demurely
To hyr maydyns she seyd þis-wyse:
„Lo, now neyhyth þe tyme of mydnyht
In wych Cryst Jhesu born wold be,
And yn þat same oure he throgh hys myht
To hys heuenely dwellyng clepyd hath me:
Now fare wele alle!“ & þerwyth she
In-to þe handys of hyr creatour
Yald up hyr spiryth; & anoon yt he
Led in at þe gatys of hys heuēnely tour.
And not-wythstondyng þat hyr body

1103 s in swych vorgeschr. 1113 Ms. tray in trey corr. 119 Ms. thryid.

Foure dayis kept vnberyid was
Aftyr hyr deth, yet certeynly
Noon euyl odour from yt dede paas,
But rather an odour of solace,
Wych alle men meruelously dede *con*forte
That al þat tyme in-to þat place
The body to vysyte dede resorte.
More-ouyr of byrdys a ful greth route,
Swych as men to-forn neuere had se,
On þe cherche-rof syttyng wyth-owte
Begunne to synge in meruelous degre,
And in here song madyn swych melode
Þat alle men wundryd þat yt dede here:
For, as yt sempt, þei seydyn a dyryge
In her maner wyt ful glad chere. —
Now, blyssyd Elyzabeth, w*yth* hert entere
And al humblenesse I þe beseche:
Accepte þe entent of my preyere:
For my synnys to þe heuenely leche
Be medyatryce & a mene me teche
How wyth-owtyn ony empechement
Askapyn I may þe cruel wreche
The day of þe last iugement.
And fynally, lady, to þe trew entent
Of hyr attende wych specyally
Thy lyf to make me yaf comaundement
And þe in hert louyth ful affectuosly,
In mene dame Elyzabeth Ver, sothly;
A chartyr hyr purchase here of pardoun,
And whan she shal passyn from þis owtlaury,
Of god hyr brynge to þe contemplacyoun.
Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

In thys boke be wretene þe leyntys lyuys, fyrst of

FO. (des Ms).

THE LYF OF SEYNT MARGARETE 5
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Translatyd into englys be a doctor of dyuynite clepyd Osbern Bokenam [a suffolke man], frere austyn of the conuent of Stokclare [and was doon wrytyn in Canebryge by hys ſoñ ffrere Themas Burgh: The yere of our lord a thousand foure hundryth seuyn & fourty: Whose expence dreu thretty schyligys; & yafe yt on-to this holy place of nunnys that þei shulde haue mynd on hym & of hys systyr Dame Betrice Burgh. of þe wych soulys Jhesu haue mercy Amen].*

* Das Eingeklammerte ist klein überschr. v. a. H.

BEILAGE.[1]

This Dialogue betwix a Seculer asking and a Frere answeryng at the grave of Dame Johan of Acres shewith the lyneal descent of the lordis of the honoure of Clare, fro the tyme of the fundation of the Freeris in the same honoure the yere of our Lorde MCCXLVIII, unto the first day of May the yere MCCCLVI.[2]

(Aus dem Monasticon Anglicanum VI, p. 1600.)

1. *What man lyeth here? sey me, sir Frere!* —
No man. — *What ellis?* — It is a woman. —
Whos doughter she was, I wolde lefe here. —
I wol you tell, sir, liche as I kan:
King Edwarde the first aftir the conquest began,
As I have lernyd, was hir fadir:
And of Spayne borne was hir modir.—

Quis jacet hic? — Nullus. — *Quid tunc?* — Est foemina. — *Cuius Filia, tu mihi dic!* — Ed. pri. post con. mihi fert sic Cronica, si memorem; dedit huic Hispania matrem. —

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1 Das folg. Gedicht wird in der Roxburgh Ed. Bokenam zugeschrieben (s. p. VII, Anm.), vielleicht mit Unrecht; doch ist es jedenfalls in seinem Kloster und in seinem Geiste gedichtet (c. 1456). Woher das Gedicht genommen ist, wird im M. A. nicht angegeben. Ueber dem Titel steht ein Bild, einen Laien und einen Mönch neben einem Grabe darstellend. Zwischen dem engl. und dem lat. Texte stehen Wappen mit lat. Ueberschriften, neben Str. 1 mit Ueberschr.: Dominus Ricardus Comes Glovern. qui circiter annum MCCXLVIII induxit fratres ordinis S. Augustini in Angliam, et Domina Matilda Comitissa Herefordiae, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Gilbertus filius et haeres dicti Ricardi, et Dña Matilda filia Comitis de Vlster, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Gilbertus filius et haeres dicti Gilberti, et Dña Johanna de Acris, filia Edwardi primi, vxor ejus.

Darauf: Dñs Johannes de Burgo Comes de Vlster, et Dña Elizabetha filia et haeres in parte dicti Gilberti, vxor ejus.

Darauf: Dñs Lionellus Dux Clarentiae: et Dña Elizabeth filia et haeres dicti Johannis, et Elizabeth, vxor eis.

Darauf: Dñs Edmundus Comes Marchiae, et Dña Philippa filia et haeres dicti Leonelli, et Elizabeth, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Rogerus filius et haeres dicti Edmundi, et Dña Elianora, filia et haeres in parte Cancie, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Edmundus filius et haeres dicti Rogeri, et Dña Anna filia Comitis de Stafford, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Ricardus Comes Cantabrigiae, et Anna filia et haeres Rogeri Comitis Marchiae, post obitum fratris sui Edmundi, sterilis.

Darauf: Dñs Ricardus Dux Ebor. filius dictae Annae, et Dña Cecelia filia Comitis Westmer-land, vxor eius.

Das letzte Wappen neben Str. 17 ist ohne Ueberschrift.

2 In dieser Zahl ist wohl ein C ausgelassen und der 1. Mai 1456 als das Datum des Gedichtes anzunehmen.

2. *What was hir name?* — Dame Johan she hight
Of Acris. — *Why so declarid wolde be?* —
For there she sey first this worldes light,
Borne of hir modir, as cronicles tell me.
Wherefore in honoure, O Vincent, of the,
To whom she had singuler affection,
This chappell she made of pure deuotion. —

Cognomen mihi da! — De Acris sic dicta Johanna. —
Cur sic, declara! — Quia nam fuit haec ibi nata.
Hinc in honore tuo, Vincenti, pectore puro
Qua cubat hanc bellam fundaverat ipsa capellam. —

3. *Was she ought weddid to ony wight?* —
Yea, sir. — *To whom?* — Yf I shulde not lye,
To Gilbert of Clare, the erle by right
Of Gloucestre. — *Whos son was he?* — Sothlye.
Another Gilbertis. — *This genealogye*
I desire to know: wherefore telle me
Who was his fadir, yf it plese the. —

Nupta fuit necne? — Fuit immo. — *Cui?* — Mihi crede:
Gilberto comiti Gloucestir. *Quis pater illi?* —
Alter Gilbertus. — *Quis erat, mihi dic, pater ejus?* —

4. This Gilbertis fadir was that noble knyght
Sir Richard of Clare, to sey al and sum,
Which for a freris love that Giles hight,
And his boke, clepid De Regimine Principum,
Made first freres Augustynes to Ingelonde cum,
Therein to duelle: and for that dede
In heven God graut him joye to mede. —

Nobilis et nardus redolens fuit iste Ricardus,
Qui, quos dilexit, heremitas trans mare vexit
Ordinis egregii doctoris, nomen et illi
Augustinus erat; quos princeps ipse fovebat
Ob merita Egidii dulcisque amore libelli
Quem de Regimine procerum composuit ipse,
Ut suus in regno noviter succresceret ordo
Anglorum: hinc sit ei summe merces requiei! —

5. *But laterally, who was, telle me,*
This Richardis wife, whom thou preisest so? —
The countesse of Hereforde, and Maulte hight she,
Which, wan dethe the knotte hadde undoo
Of temporal spousale bitwixe hem two,

Sed precor ex latere: fuit uxor quae, mihi pande,
Istius eximii quem effers sic laude Ricardi? —
Haec fuit illustris domina et recolenda Matildis,
Quae, postquam sponsum mors stravit seva Ricardum,

With divers parcels encrecid our fundation,
Liche as oure monumentys make declaration. —

Particulis nostrum variis prius undique strictum
Auxit fundamen: hinc merces ei detur, Amen. —

6. *Of the first Gilbert who was the wife?* —
Dame Maulte, a lady full honourable,
Borne of the Ulsters, as sheweth ryfe
Hir aarmes of glasse in the easte gable.
And for to God thei wolde ben acceptable,
Her Lorde and she with an holy entent
Made up our chirche fro the fundament. —

Et que Gilberti fuit uxor, dic mihi, primi
Istorum haeredis? — Praeclaris, si michi credis:
Ex Ulstris nata fuit ipsa Matilda vocata,
Ut monstrant arma majori picta fenestra
Ecclesiae istius; fabricam de pulvere cuius
Munere magnifico fundarunt hii duo primo. —

7. *Now to dame Johane turn we ageyn,*
Latter Gilbertis wife, as to-forne seid is,
Which lyeth here: Was she bareyn? —
Nay, sir. — *Sey me, what frute was this?* —
A branche of right great joie, I-wis. —
Man or woman? — A ladie bright. —
What was hir name? Elizabeth she hight. —

Num sterilis domina fuerat praefata Johanna? —
Non, set foemineo ditata est germine claro. —
Nomen daque michi! — Fuit Elizabeth. —

8. *Who was hir husbonde?* — Sir John of Burgh,
Eire of the Ulstris; so conjoyned be
Ulstris armes and Gloucestris thurgh and thurgh,
As sheweth our wyndowes in housis thre,
Dortur, Chapiter-hous, and fraitour, which she
Made out the grounde, both plauncher and wall. —
And who the rofe? — She allone did al. —

Fuit illi
Num sponsus quisquam? — Fuit immo. — *Dicito quisnam?* —
Ex Ulstris haeres, dictus de Burgo Johannes,
Duxerat hanc, juxta qua (!) sunt Ul. Glouc. simul arma,
Ut patet in multis vitratis ecce fenestris
Capituli, dormitorii, refectoriique,
Quae loca trina suis fundavit sumptibus haec. — *Quis*
Muris adjecit tectum? — Sola omnia fecit. —

9. *Had she ony issue?* — Yea, sir, sickerly. —
What? — A doughter. *What name had she?* —
Liche hir modir; Elizabeth, sothely. —
Who evir the husbonde of hir might be?

Sanguinis egregii num rivulus affuit illi? —
Affuit hinc clara, fuit Elizabeth sibi nata
Altera, quae egregio post haec nupsit Leonello,

Kyng Edwardis son the third was he:
Sir Lyonel, which buried is hir by,
As for such a Prince, to simpilly. —

Ed. terni nato, post fataque sic tumulato,
Ut vides, exigua pro tanto Principe tumba,
Inque chori medio. —

10. *Lefe*[1] *he ony frute, this Prince mighty?* —
Sir, yea, a doughtir, and Philipp she hight;
Whom sir Edmond Mortymer weddid, truly,
Firste erle of the Marche, a manly knight;
Whose son, sir Roger, by title of right
Lefte heire a nothir Edmonde ageyn;
Edmonde left noone, but deide bareyn. —

Set dum tam clara propago
Liquerit haeredem? — Sic. — *Quam, dicas michi, prolem?* —
Foemineam. — *Quota fuit ipsa vocata?* — Philippa,
Quae, comiti Edmundo le March data virgo marito,
Rogerum genuit; hic Edmundum generavit;
Edmundus sterilis obiit sine semine. —

11. *Right thus did cese of the Marchis blode*
The heire male: Whither passid the right
Of the Marchis londis, and in whome it stode,
I wolde fayne lerne, yf that I might.—
Sir Roger Myddil erle, that noble knight,
Tweyn doughters lefte of his blode roial;
That ones issue deid; that othris hath al. —

Juris
Ergo cui titulus huius cessit dominatus? —
Rogeri natae. —

12. *What hight that ladie whos issue had grace*
This lordship tatteyne? — Dame Anne, I-wis;
To the erle of Cambrigge and she wife was,
Which both be dede, God graunte hem blys.
But hir son Richard, which yet liveth, is
Duke of Yorke by discent of his fadir,
And hath Marchis londis by right of his modir. —

Cuius, dic, nominis? — Anne;
De Cambrigg comiti nupsit quoque. — *Filius illi*
Num fuit? — Ut nardus redolens, quinimmo Ricardus
Hinc nascebatur, patris qui jure vocatur
Dux Eboracensis, cuius praefulguret ensis
Bellorum titulis gloriosus atque triumphis;
Cuique natura donavit munera plura,
Et fortuna suis hunc pinxit dotibus amplis;
Gratia succurrat quod longo tempore vivat
Foelici vita virtutibus et redimita. —

1 l. lefte.

13. *Is he sole or maried, this Prynce myghty?* —
Sole, God forbede! it were grete pitee! —
Who hath he weddid? — A gracious lady. —
What is her name, I the praie telle me! —
Dame Cicily, sir. — *Whos doughtir was she?* —
Of the erle of Westmerlond, I trowe, the yengest,
And yn grace hir fortuned to be the hyest. —

Conjugus aut solus extat dux hic metuendus? —
Absit ut hic tantus Princeps sine conjuge solus
Esset, nam nephas foret. — *Ergo michi, rogo, dicas*
Quam duxit? — Dominam te scire volo gratiosam. —
Nomen des huius! — Extat Cecilia. — *Cuius*
Filia, declares, fuerat? — Reor, ultima proles
Westmurlond comitis sexus saltim muliebris;
Quo non obstante divino munere dante
Cunctis praelata sit honore sororibus ipsa. —

14. *Is there ony frute betwix hem two?* —
Yea, Sir, thonks be God, ful glorius. —
Male or female? — Sir, bothe-two. —
The nombir of this progeny gracious
And the names to know I am desirous,
The order eke of birth telle, yf thou kan,
So I wil ever be even thyn own man. —

Num sunt hiis soboles alique? — Sunt. — *Dic michi quales?* —
Bis sene proles. — *Harum michi nomina dones,*
Quomodo fatale (l. fate), *quo sunt et in ordine nate?* —

15. Sir, aftir the tyme of longe bareynesse
God first sent Anne, which signifyeth grace,
In token that at her hertis hevynesse
He as for bareynesse wold fro hem chace;
Harry, Edward, and Edmonde, eche in his place
Succedid; and after tweyn doughters cam:
Elizabeth and Margarete, and aftir William.

Post annos steriles multos fit primula proles
Anna decora satis, sed post hanc stirps probitatis
Nascitur Henricus, cito quem virtutis amicus
Cristus in arce poli fecit regnare perhenni;
Prodiit Edwardus post hunc, haeresque futurus;
Edmundus sequitur, hinc Elizabeth generatur;
Post Margareta, Willielmus postera meta
Fit pro presenti donec sua munera ventri
Det Deus hinc matris solitae signum pietatis.

16. John aftir William nexte borne was,
Which bothe be passid to Goddis grace;

Margret post proles hinc Williel-musque Johannes,
Quos raptos seculo statuit Deus almus Olimpo;

George was next, and after Thomas
Borne was, which sone aftir did pace
By the path of dethe into the hevenly place;
Richard liveth yet; but the last of alle
Was Ursula, to him whom God list calle.

Inde Georgius est natus, Thomasque, Ricardus,
Thomas in fata secessit sorte beata.
Ultima jam matris proles fuit Ursula, regis
Quae summi voto coelesti jungitur agno. —

17. To the duke of Excestre Anne maried is
In her tendir youth. But my lord Henry
God chosen hath to enherite hevenblis,
And lefte Edward to succede temporally,
Now erle of Marche; and Edmonde, of Rutland sothly
Counte; bothe fortunabil to right high marriage.
The othir foure stonde yit in their pupillage.

Optime naturam pinxisti; pande futuram,
Si scis, fortunam! — Dux Excestir tenet Annam
Uxorem, quae...[1] comes March est Edward patris haere(s);
Rutlonde Edmundus comes existit vocitatus.
Tres reliquas proles solita pietate parentes
Tempore condigno titulabunt nomine digno.

18. Longe mote he liven to Goddis plesaunce,
This high and mighty Prince, in prosperite;
With virtue and victorie God him avaunce
Of al his enemyes, and grante that he
And the noble Princesse, his wife, may see
Her childres children, or thei hens wende,
And aftir this outelary the joy that nevir shal end!

Istam progeniem soboles et utrumque parentem
Omnipotens firmet, et incolumes, rogo, servet
Temporibus longis, et secum vivere coelis
Prestet, post fata ducens ad galmata grata.
Conferat hoc flamen, pater, et proles, precor, Amen.

1 Hier fehlt ein Vers.

BEMERKUNGEN.

Die gewöhnlichen abbreviationen habe ich durch cursiven druck wiedergegeben, charakteristische oder zweifelhafte zeichen jedoch beibehalten. ɳ (= n*e*) und seltener ɱ[1] (bei hem 1, 201, custom 297, nam cam 851, cam 1078) begegnen fast nur in Marg. (v. a. h.). In der endsilbe -oūn (in Marg. auch ouɳ oūɳ und anfangs, v. 155 und 56, ouñ) steht die abbreviation des schluss-*e* auf dem vorletzten buchstaben, desgleichen in moūth' deuoūht (= mouth*e* deuouht*e*), sowie in stondyñg 3, 170 lastyñg 9, 1013 (= stondyng*e*). Auch in oñ doñ seyñ hevyñ eueñ crowñ returñ com̄ bezeichnet der strich schluss-*e* (on*e* don*e* u. s. w.). Hingegen ist oū aū = ou*n* au*n*; in Anna wird statt oū auch oñ (deuocioñ) geschrieben, welches offenbar ebenfalls in ou*n* aufzulösen ist, sogar comāndyd 2, 157 (= comau*n*dyd), penānce 2, 205 (= penau*n*ce). Auch woū (woñ) stroūg foūg amoūg bez. wou*n* strou*n*g fou*n*g amou*n*g (so findet sich ausgeschrieben amoung 3, 632). In noūbyr chaūbyr exaūple Ipossible kann der strich *n* und *m* bezeichnen, da ausgeschrieben beide formen vorkommen (vgl. auch launpe tounbe); in toūnbe exaūnple tyraūnt expoūnyd scheint der strich bedeutungslos (doch vgl. ausgeschr. exꝑounnyd 11, 3). Das ms. schreibt öfter graut remnauht, wo wahrscheinlich der strich ausgelassen ist; ich habe hier jedoch einfach grant remnauht gesetzt. In myh~ 3, 616 brouh~ 3, 104[2] scheint der strich t zu vertreten (myht brouht); -cōn (nur 2, 255 sustentacōn) ist -cion. Von andern abbreviationen des schluss-*e* begegnen: syth~ (syth*e*) Prol. 102, chaung~ (chaung*e*) 1, 565 — besonders ist g~ häufig in Anna; wych~ (= which*e*) 2, 61; 82, all̄ (= all*e*) 2, 46; in Christina ist schliessendes r' (= r*e*) häufig, ebenda begegnen tak' (= tak*e*) 3, 928, aprochyd' (= aprochyd*e*) 3, 754; in Fides assayl' (= assayl*e*) 5. 90, duel' (= duell*e*) 5, 306, fast' 5, 397, shalt' 5, 339 (= fast*e* shalt*e*), throw' (= throw*e*) 5, 186; ob mow̄ 9, 529 mow*e* oder mow*n* vertreten soll, ist zweifelhaft. In Christina ff. haben die abbrev. für *er, e, is* (an ll, wie in angell' = angell*is*, doch Isabell' 8, 37, = Isabell*e*) dieselbe form; dasselbe zeichen über y vertritt blos die stelle eines punktes über y; in cumyng' (so mit auspunkt. n) 3, 476 und returnyg' 4, 226 vertritt das zeichen *n* (cumy*n*g). Eine eigenthümliche abbrev. ist obengeschr. ᵗ in nyt myᵗ, wofür ausgeschrieben mycht myght u. myht sich finden; es

1 Dieses m mit verlängerungsstrich konnte im druck nicht wiedergegeben werden.

2 Der strich an h in myh~ brouh~ und über n ist im druck zuweilen etwas unförmlich dick gerathen.

kann hier cht (wie in schott. mss) oder th (st. ht) bezeichnen. In w^t bezeichnet es *wyth*, wie in anderen mss.; die daneben vorkommende schreibung wy^t habe ich beibehalten, da ausgeschrieben sich wyth u. wyt finden. Eine seltene Abbrev. ist wy^c = wy*ch* 10, 649 (u. 12, 296 wo wy^t st. wy^c verschrieben ist). Noch zu bemerken sind die Abbrev. ūgynyte 6, 142 = u*er*gynyte, langage 2, 6 = lan*guage*, phebȝ = phe*bus*; srstycyoun 6, 214 = *super*stycyoun, dd' 2, 231 = D*auid*.

Im ms. übergeschriebene oder corrigirte buchstaben habe ich ebenfalls durch cursiven druck bezeichnet (z. b. bei her*and* 1, 1041, w*h*ose 3, 639, t*h*reting 5, 347 u. a., wo die cursiven buchstaben im ms. übergeschrieben sind). Davon zu trennen sind die correcturen, durch welche ursprüngliche laute des ms. abgeändert sind: so ist in Anna in clepud 2, 273, blessud 2, 565, lengure 2, 659 u in y corr., wyntour 2, 259 in wynt*re* verändert, in Christina in foulk 3, 22, ould 3, 198, tould 3, 340, tuo 3, 518 u. ö. u auspunktirt, e in offreyn 3, 195 (aber vgl. spekeing 11, 25), e in fulle 5, 284; ferner ist bei at = þat oft ein þ vorgesetzt, in þe = þei i (1, 1059 u. 5, 9 in the*y* y) übergeschr. Doch sind die urspr. formen oft genug stehen geblieben (z. b. at 3, 74; 9, 131, 237. 716; 10, 142). Diese correcturen stammen jedenfalls nicht von einem der schreiber oder von Thomas Burgh her, sonst würde es unerklärlich sein, warum so viele offenbare fehler des ms. unverbessert gelassen sind; doch scheinen sie bald nach dem ms. gemacht. Ich habe in diesen fällen die urspr. laute, die für die schreiber characteristisch sind, beibehalten (l. also auch wyntour 2, 259) und das zugesetzte þ in *þ*at, i in þ*ei* cursiv gesetzt. Uebrigens sind einzelne correcturen des ms. geradezu unrichtig, z. b. die tilgung des l in richels 3, 469, des n in malyncoly, die corr. von for in forth 3, 82. Andere correcturen scheinen von den schreibern selbst gemacht, wie die tilgung des d in ondly vnwardly 2, 384.

Zu den häufigeren fehlern des ms. gehört die schreibung gu st. qu in gueme, guyte, Aguarye, Aguens, inguysytyf; ferner öfter forwyth st. forthwyth; die vertauschung von & und in; von s und d (so ist askys 3, 819 st. askyd verschrieben). Auch die schreibung thying paleyis dyryuyid browhtyyn (11, 310) seyin seying st. seyng und seyng st. seying scheint fehlerhaft. Da im reim haue und hane (inf. u. praes. plur.) sich finden, so ist es oft zweifelhaft, welche form in den text aufzunehmen ist; ich habe durchgehends im text haue gesetzt (ausser 3, 592 wo das ms. deutlich hane hat; in 6, 446 ist es zweifelhaft).

Eigene correkturen habe ich nur in zweifellosen fällen in den text aufgenommen und dann durch cursiven druck gekennzeichnet — l. daher auch h*im* 2, 283, h(o)us*holde* (ms. husbonde) 2, 563, sy*th* (ms. swych) 3, 563, *cur*yde (ms. airyde) 6, 330. —

Schliesslich lasse ich hier noch einzelne nachträgliche Bemerkungen zu einzelnen Stellen des Textes folgen.

p. 1 Der Prolog zu Marg. hat im ms. keine überschrift (der zu Magd. ist Prolocutorye betitelt). Ich habe diesen Prolog, obwohl er speciell zu Marg. gehört, gesondert aufgeführt, weil

er zugleich als eine allgemeine einleitung betrachtet werden kann. — p. 2, v. 44 ff. ähnlich p. 10, 107 u. p. 55, 17 ff. — v. 57 crepaude Krötenstein. — p. 3, 72 tellee (so ms.) st. teele = to blame. — p. 4, 140 ms. behoden st. beholden. — p. 6, 216 Ageland ist mir unerklärlich. — p. 11, 169 l. philosophycal? (es ist des Boetius schrift de consolatione philosophiae gemeint). 177 Die form Chauncers ist wohl auch p 264, 1077 anzunehmen, sonst findet sich Chauncer. — p. 12, 193 the ist im ms. überschr. — p. 13, 245 l. lefe? (ms. lefe) 256 ms. abreyd st. a breyd. — p. 18, 450 ff. Diese schilderung des drachen stimmt am meisten mit der lat. version in Mombritius tom. 2, a fol 103 (vgl. Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 28). — p. 19, 474—5 vgl. Mombr. l. c.: sed crux Christi quam sibi fecerat b. Margareta, *crevit* in ore draconis et in duas partes eum divisit. — p. 23, 648 beyke to stretch, auch Prompt. Parv. p. 29. — ib. 663 Die vermuthung, dass vnthende st. vnhende steht, scheint unnöthig, da Halliwell vnthende: abject, outcast (eigentl. = nicht gedeihend) aufführt; dem Sinne nach würde vnhende besser passen — p. 26, 761 Papye = Pauye (lat. Civitas Papiensis). — p. 28, 840 carage st. corage. — p. 31, 979 ff. Die jahreszahl ist sicher verschrieben; die stelle in der Transl. Marg. (Act. SS. Boll.) lautet: Sed anno salutis MCLXXXV Indictione tertia, Urbano tertio Romano pontifice, regnante Frederico imperatore, erant in silva Marchionis, quae est inter Neapolim et Terracinam, duo eremitae, viri admodum religiosi, quorum alter dicebatur Johannes. — p. 32, 996 der Name Burgundio findet sich in der lat. Transl. (Act. SS. Boll.) nicht. — p. 37, 3 firsh ist st. fresh verschr. (vgl. p. 11, 176). — p. 38, 39 im ms. ist thentent durch überschr. e in the entent corr. — p. 40, 135 ms. The wolde mit auspunkt. w. In wol*d* ist d überschr. — p. 41, 149 wyl st wel. 175 ms. ȝouyn in ȝeuyn corr.? — p. 42, 199 to = two (die annahme dass to st. do verschrieben, ist unnöthig). — p. 43, 259 das urspr. wyntour ist wohl in den Text aufzunehmen st. des corr. wynt*re*. — p. 47, 417 sotheynly st. sodeynly verschr. (der Schreiber hat zuerst wohl sothe schreiben wollen). — p. 49, 486 þe vor saluatour ist überschr. — 502 seyn st. sey, 507 seye st. seyn; p. 50, 525 were st. wore, 528 ayeyn st. ayen, 529 was com st. com was. — p. 51, 565 blessude in blessyde corr. — p. 53, 659 ms. urspr. lengure. — p. 54, 687 Es kann fraglich sein ob In balaade ryme nicht zum folg. gehört und der punkt nach 686 zu setzen, da ein lat. Gedicht in balaade ryme (7zeil. strophen) auffällig ist; doch würde in diesem Falle die stellung von wherfore auffällig sein. — p. 54, 4 weldful st. welthful. — p. 56, 64 degre (so ms.) st. manere. — p. 61 264 all ist überschr. im ms. — p. 62, 331 o in wol scheint corr., l. wohl wil. — p. 68, 575 mayle (ms. mffayle mit ausgestr. ff) scheint verschrieben (st. me*r*uayle?). — p. 69, 594 rehete (erfreuen) ironisch; oder st. threte verschr.? 621 quenchyddyst (ms. in euchyddyst) kann dreist in den text aufgenommen werden, da es unzweifelhaft die urspr. lesart ist. — p. 70, 655 l. For in (þis) mayde. — p. 74, 819 askys st. askyd verschr. — p. 75, 832 ms. ony oder eny? — p. 76, 879 u. 897 seying st. seyng. 898 gyr-

nyng = *grynnyng*. — p. 78, 987 *wyth* überschrieben. — p. 81, v. 38 *fair* fehlt im ms. — p. 84, 154 l. *To* (ms. And) here soulys? — p. 85, 226 ms. returnyg. — p. 88, 317 *yde* ist wohl st. *per*de verschr — p. 91, 14 *slow* ist praet.; diese schreibung mit o in slow drow ist nicht selten; l. daher auch p. 163 v. 163 wohl drow. — p. 92, 45 l. edyfy(i)d. — p. 96, 195 nepmst ist wohl st. nempnid verschr. — p. 98, 300 l. hey st. hey*er*; das häkchen über y ist wohl nur der über y häufige Punkt. 303 *welt* = welth. — p. 100, 361 e in whyle ist angesetzt. — p. 102 Von dem lat. motto ist der erste vers aus dem Carmen eleg. de martyrio et laudibus S. Agnetis von Philipp ab Eleemosyna Abb. Bonae Spei (cf. Act. SS. Boll. Jan. II p. 350), dessen Anfang lautet: Agnes sacra sui pennam scriptoris inauret Linguam nectareo compluat imbre meam. — p. 105, 102 & ist vorgeschr. — p. 107, 204 welyng = willyng. — p. 109, 290 begettyn (so ms.) als Part. kann richtig sein. — p. 110, 311—7 vgl. Ambr. V. Agn. C. 2: Sicut enim illi igne conflati sunt ut funderentur, sic colentes eos perpetuo incendio conflabuntur: non ut fundantur sed ut confundantur in aeternum et pereant. 322 *prot*erfly kann nur als Adv. = protervely (von lat. protervus) gefasst werden; es ist also zu interpungiren: þis wyche, proterfly Oure goddys skornyng; (lat. Agnetem virginem sacrilegam, Diis blasphemiam inferentem.) — p. 114, 493 seying st. seyng. — p. 116, 540 wyth st. whyl? 573 of hern = of theirs; Vgl. Ambr.: corpus posuerunt in praediolo suo non longe ab Urbe, in via quae dicitur Numentana (dieser Weg führte von der Porta Viminalis nach Nomentum, Stadt der Sabiner, cf. Act. SS. Boll.). — Nach 576 lässt der Dichter die Episode von der Emerentiana aus. — p. 118, 642 l. And (whan) þei. — p. 124, 172 mende aus minde corr. — p. 132, 241 eloquencye aus eloquence corr. 246 asperence st. experience? — p. 133, 280 purchace wohl st. þorgh grace verschr. — p. 137, 422 dislauynesse Unreinheit, vom afrz. deslaver beflecken. — p. 141, 618 langwyryng wohl st. langwyshyng verschr. — p. 147, 860 l. heuyin? — p. 148, 880 l. per*y*lous; l ist über y überschr. — p. 151, 997 kothe ags. coþ coþa morbus, swoon. — p. 153, 1066 i in preyid überschr. 1099 koude = kou l he. — p 154, 1142 prendyd = printyd. — p. 158, 1293 in dwer = in wer? — p. 160. 26 ms. neychbôr; l neychbo*ur*? — p. 166, 267 die bedeutung von byyete ist zweifelhaft. — p. 179, 793 cache st. kecche. — p. 172, 493 e in phylosophy*e* überschr., ebenso p. 178, 751 in contrary*e*. — p. 173, 535 leuene (sonst blitz) muss hier „feuer“ bedeuten. — p. 176. 660 and st þan auch p. 200, 585 — p. 180, 824 A st. IIII? L. A quatuor millia. 835 l. (she) had. 857 a noth = an oth. — p 186, 23 empler = exempler. — p. 206, 821 lawhe laughed, ausgelacht. — p. 209, 49 sowde st. sownde? — p. 212, 153 semyng st semyn (nicht st. semyth). — p. 223, 485 hangyr = angyr mit anorg. h. — p. 227, 96 hys ist wohl richtig. — p 247. 387 ähnliche Verse auch in andern Dichtern. — p. 252, 580 bedlaure bettlägerig. — p. 254, 765 Nachahmung aus Lydgate's Edmund.

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